Everybody's

MAGAZINE

PERIODICAL ROOM
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FEED *the* EAGLE
—
SALT
WON'T CATCH
the DOVE

☆ The All-Round Magazine

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38 West 59th. St.,
N.Y. April 22/15

Victor Talking Machine Co.
Camden, New Jersey

Gentlemen:--

I would like to express my delight at renewing my contract with the Victor Talking Machine Company for ten years more.

During my extensive travels I have had such a vivid illustration of the great work you are doing for the world that it is with the deepest feeling that I say I'm proud to be a part of such a great work, and that I may long enjoy the privilege is the earnest wish of

Yours very sincerely,

Alma Gluck

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OCTOBER 1915

Everybody's MAGAZINE

VOLUME 33 NO. 4

Leaders Toward World Peace

True Ones and False Ones

by William Hard

EVERYBODY'S is for National Defense. This month we offer a study of the Peace Movement and its possible menace to the United States. Next month we will take the lid off the Army and Navy Pork Barrel.

THIS country has been scientifically inoculated with Pacificism. Every year it gets several hundred thousand dollars' worth of certified anti-war vaccine injected into its brain-cells.

Besides the peace *societies*, which are supported by current dues and donations, we have three great peace *institutions*, which are heavily equipped with permanent capital. There is the World Peace Foundation, established by the publisher Edwin Ginn, in Boston, with a capital of one million dollars. There is the Church Peace Union, in New York, with a capital of two million dollars. There is the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, in Washington, with a capital of ten million dollars.

The combined income of these societies and institutions runs well up above three-quarters of a million of dollars annually.

The Carnegie Endowment, in one of its projects (a minor one), has sent out nearly two million documents within the space of a few months.

Pacificism can not claim for a moment that it has not been heard on its merits. It has been heard on its merits—and also on its subsidies.

The Carnegie Endowment announces $31,000 as a year's contribution out of its treasury to the American Peace Society. It announces $56,000 as a year's contribution to the American Association for International Conciliation. It announces $23,000 as a year's contribution to the Permanent International Bureau of Peace at Berne. It announces $10,000 spent during a year on

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REV. JOHN HAYNES HOLMES, HEAD OF THE MORAL RESISTANCE LEAGUE, A FOUNDER OF THE LEAGUE FOR THE LIMITATION OF ARMAMENTS, AND OF THE ANTI-ENLISTMENT LEAGUE.

Photo by Paul Thompson, N. Y.

COUNT OKUMA, PRIME MINISTER OF JAPAN. HE PREACHES PREPAREDNESS TO HIS COUNTRYMEN.

"International Visits of Representative Men."

The intelligent and forceful activities of the Pacificist campaign managers create in the beholder a sense of a mighty army of Peace marching forward to a warless world. It is a sense, indeed; but it is the sixth sense of modern life—publicity.

The Church Peace Union's whole capital of two million dollars is a lump-gift from Mr. Carnegie alone. Through the Union this money flows on into other bodies of workers and speakers till Pacificism, though remaining a genuine ideal, becomes also a standard profession. The Union appropriates $10,000 this year, for instance, to the Peace Commission of the Federal Council of Churches, and it appropriates $20,000 to the World Alliance of Churches for Promoting International Good Will.

At Lake Constance, in Switzerland, just before this present war broke out, there was a great gathering of ministers from many parts of the world in favor of abolishing war. Sixty persons went from the United States. It looked like an uprising. It was one, too. But it was a highly artificial one. It was promoted and financed by the Church Peace Union. It was not an international crisis so much as a Carnegie house-party.

Certainly there could be no nobler way of spending money. Grateful applause is due to the purposes of the devoted men who administer the Pacificist publicity fund, and grateful applause is due also to most of the results they have secured. Nevertheless, there are two of those results which are, in effect, treasonable to the security of the United States.

The first is the spreading of the illusion that preparation against war will produce war and that failure to prepare against it will prevent it.

What are the facts of history—facts drowned out from view in the welter of Pacificist literature with which the world has been swamped?

The best-prepared great nation in the world, during the last hundred years, has been Prussia. During that time Prussia has fought a war against Denmark, a war against Austria, a war against France, and the present war against the Allies. It has been engaged in warfare for a total of *two years and four months*, including the first fourteen months of the present conflict.

The worst-prepared great nation has been

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the United States. During the last century it has fought a war against Mexico, a war between North and South, and a war against Spain. It has been engaged in warfare for a total of *five years and nine months*.

As for China, I do not wish to infringe on the patent which is owned by Mr. Roosevelt and which gives him the exclusive right to possess and enjoy China as an argument. I only point out a fact about it which Mr. Roosevelt has not emphasized: China has not merely been plundered but she has been obliged to conduct actual wars.

She had a foreign war in 1840. She had another one in 1856. She had another one in 1860. She had a civil war which lasted fourteen years, from 1850 to 1864. She had a foreign war in 1894. She had another one in 1900. She fought six wars within sixty years.

Did our ancestors, in the forests of Europe, two thousand years ago, fail to go to war because they had no machine guns? They went to war continuously. Did the Romans and the Carthaginians look at each other peacefully across the Mediterranean because they had no dreadnoughts? They went at each other in sail-boats and row-boats; and, if necessary, they would have gone at each other in canoes and dug-outs.

And were those wars bloodless? The Romans went into battle against the Carthaginians at Canne, two hundred and sixteen years before Christ, with 86,000 men. The Carthaginians slaughtered 70,000 of them before night.

The sword and the lance were weak for attack, but they were still weaker for defense. The beaten army could not keep the enemy at a distance with artillery—and escape. It had to meet the enemy face to face—and succumb. Primitive war, in proportion to the number of men engaged, was more deadly than modern war.

Nations go to war to gain certain ends. They use whatever weapons are available—clubs, knives, muskets, Zeppelins. Unpreparedness, far from preventing war, does not even mitigate its horrors. The North and the South, in this country, both being almost totally unprepared, managed to fight the bloodiest war of the last half of the nineteenth century—and also the longest, with the exception of the Civil War of 1850 to 1864 fought by that even more unprepared country, China.

If the Germans and Russians *want* to

Photo by Paul Thompson, N. Y.

REV. FREDERICK LYNCH, D.D., SECRETARY OF THE CHURCH PEACE UNION. AN ENDORSER OF THE AIMS OF THE LEAGUE TO ENFORCE PEACE, WHICH RESTS SQUARELY ON *FORCE*.

Photo by Paul Thompson, N. Y.

COUNT ALBERT APPONYI, OF AUSTRIA-HUNGARY, MEMBER OF THE ADVISORY COUNCIL OF THE CARNEGIE ENDOWMENT.

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fight, you may destroy every inch of metal and every ounce of chemicals in their possession and they will continue to fight, as their ancestors did before them, with weapons improvised of wood and stone.

The second illusion spread by Pacificist publicity is that the moral improvement of the world is tending today toward the abolishment of war.

This illusion is an illusion because nations do not go to war in order to be wicked. They go to war in order to gain certain ends which they think to be righteous. A nation may become increasingly moral and then go to war with an increased belief in the righteousness of its cause. Professor Royce of Harvard has expressed this fact very tellingly. He says:

"Civilization makes men more thoughtful about moral issues. Such thoughtfulness, if once inspired by patriotism and by international jealousies, can wage war deliberately *with a righteous assurance* such as our ancestors never knew."

Is democracy an advance in morality? Surely! Yet we have seen the government of Italy, this very year, discountenance war and the democracy of Italy demand it and get it. And we have seen the government of Greece trying to avoid war and the democracy of Greece trying to plunge into it.

Photo by Harris & Ewing, Washington, D. C.

JAMES BROWN SCOTT, SECRETARY OF THE CARNEGIE ENDOWMENT FOR INTERNATIONAL PEACE, AND OF THE AMERICAN SOCIETY FOR JUDICIAL SETTLEMENT OF INTERNATIONAL DISPUTES. THE CARNEGIE ENDOWMENT HAS $10,000,000 WHICH IT SPENDS IN INVESTIGATING THE CAUSES OF WARS AND IN CONSOLIDATING INTERNATIONAL LAW.

Australia is the foremost English-speaking country in democratic humanitarian experiments. It is also the first English-speaking country to adopt universal compulsory military training.

Even among the officers of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, there are men who have not been afraid to tell the truth with regard to the world's prospects of peace. Among such men, serving on the Endowment's board of advisers, is Count Okuma, Prime Minister of Japan. Out of his lifelong knowledge of international politics he warns his countrymen thus:

"We must prepare ourselves with power to meet the struggle for existence. The people who can not meet the struggle will be crushed. Those who are superior will govern those who are inferior. We must from now on prepare ourselves to be a governing nation."

It is for these

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reasons that Pacificism itself is changing. Pacificism itself, among its most matured exponents, is surrendering the illusions that peace can be purchased by unpreparedness and that war can be abolished by moral improvement.

This change is making Pacificism over from a fiasco into a world-force. It is worth while here to speak of the stages through which the world's aspirations for peace have moved.

In the first stage those aspirations are aspirations only, consisting of nothing but a horror of the horrors of war. This first stage was reached as long ago as the time of the decadence of Rome.

Our modern Pacificists may flatter themselves that they discovered that war is brutal. Cicero knew it several years back. He said that war is characteristic of beasts. Seneca was even more severe about it. He anticipated Mr. Bryan. He was the first man to put a bright rhetorical polish on the sentiment:

"What can we call it but plain insanity to rush in anger against a man you never saw and to kill a man you do not hate?"

Musonius Rufus went to the camp of Vespasian and harangued Vespasian's soldiers on the beauties of peace and of desertion, so gaining eighteen hundred years on the Rev. John Haynes Holmes of contemporary New York, and his Anti-Enlistment League.

If war could be stopped by pointing out that it gives pain, the Roman Pacificists would have stopped it. They were numerous and eloquent. But then came the Germans, persons quite unmoved by Italy's preference for peace. They descended from the Alps and stopped the Roman Empire and Roman Pacificism together.

In the United States the ability to aspire toward peace was just as well developed three generations ago as it is to-day. The New York Peace Society, which is one of the strongest and finest peace societies in the world, was founded in 1815. By 1826 there were fifty peace societies in the United States. Then came the Mexican War and the Civil War.

My personal experience does not include any memories of veterans of the Mexican War, but it includes many memories of the veterans of the War between the States. Pacificists may talk as they please about the brutalizing effects of war on human character. I myself have never known any group of men comparable, in kindliness and in quick recoil from all cruelty, to the men who went through the four years of horrors from Sumter to Appomattox. Those men know what pain is. And when I hear that men who make war are callous to the sufferings of their fellows, it is enough for me to think of the bleeding hearts of Lee and of Lincoln, and to reflect that I look about in vain among the men of to-day to match them—not in strength, but in *gentleness*.

In any case, the ability to aspire toward peace did not prevent the war of the 'sixties. When it was over, Pacificism began to be less vague. It began to move, all over the world, toward the specific idea of disarmament.

The fate of that movement we know. Its epitaph has really already been written by—curiously—the Church Peace Union.

The Church Peace Union has issued an address to the "Churches and Clergy of America" on the subject of the present war. It says:

"If nations hate and fear one another, they will fight whether they add annually *one* or a *dozen* battle-ships to their navy—or a *thousand* or a *hundred thousand* men to their army."

Disarmament not proving feasible, the leaders of the Peace Movement began to specialize more on arbitration. Much real good was there accomplished. The notion persisted, however, that Peace would be reached along the route of Good Will—that nations would surrender their deepest interests, through arbitration, *voluntarily*.

There were set up, at The Hague, the International Commission of Inquiry and the Permanent Court of Arbitration.

Austria-Hungary, last July, instead of starting toward The Hague, started toward Belgrade.

There are moral snobs in the United States who say that European diplomats are—European. Which is to say that they are aristocrats and morally feeble-minded. If they had been sound democratic Americans, they would have arbitrated. Really? Are we going to arbitrate our affair with Mexico?

Well, that is because of Mr. Wilson. He is a stern man. With him in charge we may not arbitrate about Mexico. It would be different with Mr. Bryan, now. He would arbitrate about everything. Would he?

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William Jennings Bryan had just one chance to arbitrate, while he was Secretary of State, with a nation that wanted to arbitrate with him. That nation was Colombia.

Colombia thinks that the United States helped Panama to secede. Colombia is right in so thinking. When the United States forbade the landing of Colombian troops within fifty miles of Panama, it made Panamanian independence sure. We think we were right in doing what we did. Colombia asks us to submit our morals and our interests to arbitration. What does Mr. Bryan say?

He expresses himself in terms that might be used by Sir Edward Grey or by any other socially highbrow and morally lowbrow mere European statesman. He says:

"Colombia has all along insisted on arbitration; *but it is not the policy of nations to settle by arbitration questions like those arising between the United States and Colombia.*"

So there we are! Nations—even the best of them—such as ourselves—refuse sometimes to arbitrate; nations always, all of them, refuse to disarm; even if they did disarm, they would re-arm themselves to fight at any moment when they wanted to fight; and the wars among the emotional democracies of the future threaten to have more popular moral fervor, many times over, than the wars among the cynical absolute monarchs of the past. What to do? What, indeed, except to bury the fallen idol of Voluntary Pacificism and to build, slowly and painfully, the temple of Enforced Law and Order throughout the world—not by mere Good Will but by Might?

Therefore—"The League to Enforce Peace, American Branch."

This League proposes, in certain cases, to cause an alliance of nations to make war on certain nations in order to prevent those certain nations from continuing to make war. It rests itself squarely on *force*.

Yet it has the favor of a very large proportion of the most experienced American Pacificists. Among members of its executive committee is Mr. William H. Short, secretary of the New York Peace Society. Among its vice-presidents are eight of the trustees of the Church Peace Union. It has been endorsed by the officers of the World Peace Foundation. And it has even secured the approval and the participation of Jane Addams.

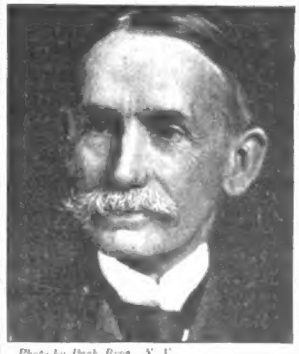
The fact is that the League to Enforce Peace has simply taken the great stock argument of the Pacificists, and has determined to try to put it into operation. The Pacificists say: "Individuals do not conduct wars. Why should nations?" The League of Peace says: Very well. But wars among individuals were not stamped out by disarmament, or by arbitration, or by any other form of mere Good Will. The cowboys in a frontier community, where there are no courts and no sheriffs, do not sign scraps of paper engaging

Photo by Aime Dupont, N. Y.

HAMILTON HOLT, EDITOR OF THE *INDEPENDENT*, AN ORGANIZER OF THE LEAGUE TO ENFORCE PEACE, AND A VETERAN PEACE WORKER.

Photo by Paul Thompson, N. Y.

CRYSTAL EASTMAN BENEDICT, SOCIAL INVESTIGATOR AND SUFFRAGE LEADER, WHO IS ONE OF THE YOUNGER IDEALISTS OF THE PEACE CAUSE.



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JOHN BATES CLARK, OF COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY, DIRECTOR OF THE DIVISION OF ECONOMICS AND HISTORY OF THE CARNEGIE ENDOWMENT.

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not to shoot, nor do they hold a love-feast in the local barroom and lay their pistols unanimously on the bar and depart in peace. Their method is very different.

After tiring of perpetual slaughter, they choose an unlucky man and make him judge, and they choose a still unluckier man and make him sheriff. They empower these men to have associates and helpers and to see what they can do in the way of maintaining order in very simple matters, such as horse-stealing and unprovoked, ill-considered murder. They themselves remain armed. A competition ensues between the old private method of maintaining order and the new public one. Little by little the public one, at the cost of many sheriffs, prevails. It proves that it is better. Gradually the cowboys disarm. And gradually the judge spreads beyond horse-stealing and murder to other crimes, till at last his jurisdiction includes slander and breach of promise, and civilization is complete.

The League to Enforce Peace puts its whole proposition into one sentence:

"Always peace has been made and kept, when made and kept at all, by the superior power of superior numbers acting in unity for the common good."

So we come apparently to the end of our researches. We will have a great League of great nations. It will dispense international justice. Any nation which disputes any of its decisions will be coerced. Individual preparedness on the part of individual nations will become totally superfluous.

But no. Not at all. William Howard Taft, President of the League to Enforce Peace, objects. A. Lawrence Lowell, President of Harvard University and Chairman of the Executive Committee of the League to Enforce Peace, objects. The League itself, in its platform, objects.

For what is it that the League really proposes? What is the exact nature of this farthest fling of practical Pacificism? This:

Every nation which enters the League shall refer all unsettled disputes to a "judicial tribunal" or else to a "council of conciliation." If it goes to war *before* appealing to one of these two bodies, the other members of the League will proceed against it with "both their economic and military forces." The League pledges itself to give the common sense and the impartial justice of the world an opportunity to express itself. It hopes, very reasonably, that such an expression will deeply impress the nations concerned and will prevent many wars. But if any nation, *after* listening to the decision of international judges or conciliators, decides nevertheless that it must go to war, the League, as a League, remains neutral.

Why this timidity? The only sure route—in fact, the only possible route—to permanent universal world peace is through a World State with power, in all circumstances, to

Photo by Pirie MacDonald, N. Y.

DARWIN P. KINGSLEY, PRESIDENT OF THE NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE CO., AN OFFICER OF THE LEAGUE TO ENFORCE PEACE.

MRS. FANNIE FERN ANDREWS, ORGANIZER OF THE AMERICAN SCHOOL PEACE LEAGUE, FOR TEACHING CHILDREN THE BENEFITS OF PEACE.

GEORGE NASMYTH, DIRECTOR OF THE INTERNATIONAL BUREAU OF STUDENTS AND FOUNDER OF THE POLITY CLUBS TO FOSTER PEACE WORK AMONG COLLEGE STUDENTS.

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coerce any and all nations into peaceableness, just as individuals, *after* as well as *before* the decisions of the courts, are coerced into peaceableness continuously by judges and sheriffs and militiamen.

Why this recoil from the World State? Why this relapse into the necessity of preparedness on the part of each nation?

The reason is an excellent one. It can be illustrated by a question.

What would a "judicial tribunal" or even a "council of conciliation" have said to France when she joined the revolting English colonies in North America, and gave them the military assistance without which they might not have been able to achieve their complete independence?

It would have been obliged to say to France that she was wrong technically, and also that she was wrong from the standpoint of the "general welfare."

France was wrong technically, because the quarrel was a domestic quarrel between Englishmen in England and Englishmen in America. France had nothing to do with it.

France was wrong from the standpoint of the "general welfare," because the Americans had started the quarrel in order to forward a novel and whimsical idea—namely, the idea that a colony should be taxed only with its consent. What colony was permitted then to control its taxes? For that matter how many mother-countries were permitted then to control their taxes? It was a matter for governments, by the common consent of the mass of the world.

Therefore any League-to-Enforce-Peace, existing at that moment and including the principal nations of Europe *and empowered to coerce its members at all times*, would have been obliged to summon forth the total military array of the civilized world to coerce France into ceasing to disturb the world's peace.

It would have been peace. But would it have been ultimate rightness?

The "common sense" of the world is nothing but the sum of the world's *dominant* prejudices, right or wrong, at a given instant. It may be said that similarly the decisions of the domestic courts, within any country, are nothing but the sum of the dominant prejudices of the inhabitants of that country. Which is true. But the difference between the two cases is this:

The inhabitants of any given country are usually substantially "like-minded." Their manners and customs are similar. Their ideals are similar. Their standards of all sorts are similar. In fact, their like-mindedness is at bottom the reason why they have stopped fighting and have made themselves into a nation. Instances in our own day: Italy, Germany.

The world, as a whole, has not yet reached this stage. The nations of the world are by no means substantially like-minded. What seems right, for instance, to the progressive nations of the world will often seem preposterously wrong to the conservative ones. And the conservative ones are always in the majority. That is the very definition of conservatism. Every progressive movement, at its start, is an attempt, wise or unwise, to break with the mass of opinion.

It was natural, accordingly, that the greatest League of Peace ever formed with power to enforce its decisions turned out also to be the most effective instrument ever manufactured against progress.

What crushed political liberty—parliamentary government—in Italy in 1821? What crushed it in Spain in 1823? The Holy Alliance of the supreme European continental nations. Religiously, conscientiously, it did what any similarly empowered League, if formed to-day, would do: it discovered adequate reasons, in the name of peace, for interfering with all "turmoils" and "disorders" anywhere that might lead to anything not sanctioned by the "common sense" of the world.

Yet it is precisely through "turmoils" and "disorders" that every new great liberty has been achieved. The decisive event in the history of the liberties of the English-speaking race was not the signing of the Petition of Right, but the Battle of Naseby.

Thither came Charles the First, the "Accurst," with his legal claim to govern without Parliament. Thither came, to oppose him, Fairfax and Cromwell, with the cousins and neighbors of the men who sailed to Plymouth Rock. They ought to have spent a thousand years "persuading" Charles and his successors with programs and platforms and pageants by Percy Mackaye. Instead,

Their heads all stooping low, their points all in a row
Like a whirlwind on the trees, like a deluge on the dikes,
The Roundhead yeomen burst on the ranks of the Accurst,
And at a shock they scattered the forest of his pikes.

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And when he fled from that field, absolute monarchy fled with him out of English-speaking lands forever.

Russia has never fought a real war to get the Supremacy of Parliament, and it has never got it. Germany has never fought a real war to get the Supremacy of Parliament, and it has never got it. France fought all Europe for it once—and fought itself within itself four times—and got it. But the men who gave the first final proof of perfect devotion to it are buried at Naseby.

When we think of what those men did for us and for the whole world, and of how they did it, surely we must find something very perverse in the language I am now about to quote from certain Pacificists. They met at the Henry Street Settlement in New York—fine, earnest men and women—many of them well-known personages—and at last composed an account of war in which there are no more favorable words than these:

"It has scattered like burst shrapnel the hands of the sculptors and the violinists, the limbs of the hurdlers and the swimmers, the sensitive muscles of the mechanics and weavers, the throats of the singers and interpreters, the eyes of the astronomers and painters."

True. And tragic. But life often comes to be a choice between tragedies. To stop playing the violin is a tragedy. To fail to get political liberty—to fail to get industrial liberty—to fail to get whatever has developed to the point of being supremely right—that is a tragedy, too.

I can imagine a violinist going to Yorktown to help Washington drive Cornwallis out of America, and I can imagine his epitaph in Pacificist terms:

> Here Lies a Violinist Who Was Murdered By the Continental Congress, Thereby Preventing Boston From Hearing Him Fiddling In His Old Age (Under George the Third).

But I can imagine another epitaph for him, equally grotesque, but surely truer:

> Here Lies a Fiddler Who Gave His Whole Body That the Strains of Yankee Doodle, Meaning Independence and Liberty, Might Never Cease to Resound In the Air of America.

Among the signers of the Henry Street Settlement Manifesto there are a number of men who are believers in industrial democracy, in industrial self-government. Let us ask them a personal

Photo by Campbell Studio, N. Y.

WILLIAM H. SHORT, SECRETARY OF THE NEW YORK PEACE SOCIETY, THE OLDEST, LARGEST, AND RICHEST PEACE SOCIETY IN THE WORLD, OF WHICH ANDREW CARNEGIE IS PRESIDENT. ELIHU ROOT AND JOSEPH H. CHOATE ARE VICE-PRESIDENTS. MR. SHORT IS ALSO SECRETARY OF THE LEAGUE TO ENFORCE PEACE, WHICH GREW OUT OF THE WORK OF THE NEW YORK PEACE SOCIETY.

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A. A. TENNEY, ASSISTANT PROFESSOR OF SOCIOLOGY AT COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY, WHO BELIEVES THAT PEACE WILL COME ONLY WITH WORLD-WIDE "LIKE-MINDEDNESS." HE PROPOSES THE ESTABLISHMENT OF A WORLD CONSULAR SERVICE, AND WORLD COMMISSIONS TO DEAL WITH THE ECONOMIC AND SOCIAL PROBLEMS THAT LEAD TO WAR.

question. Political self-government was won only by fighting. If it should appear that industrial self-government can be won only by fighting, would they fight?

If they would, what about the eyes of their astronomers and the sensitive muscles of their weavers?

If they would not, their remedy is indeed the World State—the one sure means of keeping hurdlers hurdling in permanent peace, and fiddlers fiddling even amid the fires of misery with which the Henry Street Settlement is surrounded.

For years and years the "Concert of Europe," the combined judgment of the great powers of Europe, listened to the cry of agony from Turkish Macedonia, and told the victim to stay on the rack in the name of "peace." In 1912 the Slavs and Greeks of the Balkan Peninsula determined to drive the Turks finally back into Asia and make Macedonia European again.

Mr. Theodore Marburg, of Baltimore, is a man so able and so public spirited that he is president of "The American Society for Judicial Settlement of International Disputes." He is exactly the kind of man who would be appointed to an International Court. What does he say about Macedonia?

He deplores the weakness of the "Concert of Europe." That Concert forbade the Balkan states to go to war and it forbade them, later, to "appropriate" Turkish territory. The Balkan states disobeyed. They fought; they won; and they "appropriated" the countrysides which a band of Asiatic marauders had stolen from their forefathers and which those marauders, remaining marauders, had for five centuries merely taxed and plundered. Mr. Marburg deplores the fact that the Concert of Europe was not so organized as to have been able, by force, to prevent this violation of the world's "peace," this "self-seeking" of the Balkan states and this "appropriation" of Turkish territory.

Even so did Joan of Arc "appropriate" English territory when she drove the English out of their holdings in middle France. Even so did the Continental Congress "appropriate" English territory when it drove the English out of Virginia. And even so would they have been condemned by the legal technical justice of a Peace-Making World Tribunal.

No, let us not clothe any such tribunal

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with omnipotence as long as the local ideals and the local needs of the world remain so various—and often so evidently unintelligible to the world's mass-mind.

There we come, really, to the end of our researches. If all the peoples of the world became *like-minded*, would they not do what the Germans did and what the Italians did—tend to stop fighting among themselves and move toward union? Might not the world then become virtually one nation?

Professor Tenney, of Columbia University, has developed this idea with great ingenuity and power. He suggests that the nations of the world might and should strive toward like-mindedness *consciously*. They can do so by joining with one another in common enterprises. There might be, for instance, an International Consular Service, reporting to all the nations of the world on the world's commercial changes and prospects. There might be an International Conservation Commission, guiding all the nations of the world toward the proper use of the world's natural resources. There might be an International Bureau for all of the many projects grouping themselves around the phrase "human betterment"—personal health, community sanitation, child welfare. There might be many other international official joint efforts leading toward a common improvement of this planet, and a common understanding among its inhabitants.

In direct line with these suggestions is the novel work recently done by Mr. E. A. Filene of Boston. Mr. Filene helped to persuade the International Congress of Chambers of Commerce to take a referendum among its members in all parts of the world on certain business practises coming under the term "unfair competition." It seems a small thing—very small. But business is nine-tenths of human life. Mr. Filene's referendum is a big thing—very big. Whatever gives to the world's business a common set of ideals and a common set of rules goes farther toward peace than any other kind of effort conceivable.

Compared with such growth toward world-wide like-mindedness, all other Pacificist projects for permanent universal peace are superficial and hopeless. But how long will it take the world to come to like-mindedness? Many decades. Perhaps many centuries. What of the interval between now and then?

THEODORE MARBURG, FORMER UNITED STATES MINISTER TO BELGIUM, PRESIDENT OF THE AMERICAN SOCIETY FOR JUDICIAL SETTLEMENT OF INTERNATIONAL DISPUTES, AND AN ORGANIZER OF THE LEAGUE TO ENFORCE PEACE, WHICH SEEKS TO APPLY THE PRINCIPLES BY WHICH ORDER IS MAINTAINED AMONG INDIVIDUALS, TO NATIONS.

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The true character of that interval, full of the clouds of stupendous storms, full of the possibilities of colossal wars, is increasingly recognized by the Pacifists themselves.

When Mr. George Haven Putnam became one of the founders of the National Security League, the New York Peace Society did not expel him. It elected him to be one of its vice-presidents. At least eight of the most prominent members of the New York Peace Society are prominent members of the National Security League to-day.

Mr. Norman Angell, most famous of Pacificist writers, says:

"I do not object to spending money on armaments at this juncture. On the contrary, I am emphatic in declaring that, while the present philosophy is what it is, we are bound to maintain our position with other powers."

Even the *Advocate of Peace*, the organ of the American Peace Society, says in its August issue, editorially: "We believe that, in our ungoverned world, 'adequate defense' is necessary to us."

Such are the issues of Pacificism.

On its political side, it tends to issue into a new belief in force. Its confidence in voluntary disarmament and involuntary arbitration gets eclipsed by its confidence in a coercive "World State" of some sort. But that confidence, in turn, is darkened by a just fear of a consolidated world-wide tyranny which would suppress all progressive local revolutions that were genuine and fundamental. What survives then is a confidence in the value of a "League to Enforce Peace" with the limited power of compelling its members to *listen* to the voice of world-justice before proceeding to war. Which leaves the necessity for individual national preparedness just where it was in the dark days Before Carnegie.

I believe that the United States should endeavor to form a "League to Enforce Peace" with the limited power above-mentioned. It would be an adventure. But it would be an adventure treading on the soil of reality.

Meanwhile, on its sociological side, Pacificism tends to emerge from its belief in peace - through - individual - moral - aspiration and to issue into a belief in peace-through - world - wide - intellectual - similarity.

I believe that the United States should endeavor to persuade other nations to join with it in international cooperative enterprises, as suggested by Professor Tenney. To this end it might appropriate many millions of dollars of public money. Such sums, however large, would be justifiable premiums on a gigantic international peace-insurance policy.

Finally, on its philosophical side, on its peace-is-always-right side, on its war-is-always-wrong side, Pacificism issues into a bottomless pit.

At Columbia University, there is a local branch of the Collegiate Anti-Militarism League. It sent a communication to President Wilson about the *Lusitania*. It showed perfectly what happens to a man's soul when he withdraws from the real world—where force has always been, and is, the one effective guarantee of progress and of peace—and removes himself into an imaginary world where force is abolished.

He there loses at last his very power to distinguish between *right* and *wrong;* for that distinction is one that has been bloodily evolved through life-and-death struggle.

These young "anti-militarists," in their communication to Mr. Wilson, request him to do nothing about the *Lusitania*. Nothing at all, one way or the other. Why? Because the sinking of the *Lusitania* was an "event of no legal or moral significance." Yes. Those are the words.

Surprising? I do not think so. Simply the natural result of war-is-always-wrong,—Pacificism on stomachs young enough and therefore bold and strong enough to swallow and digest it whole.

It is a soft, easy world—that imaginary one. Its inhabitants do not believe and say that the sinking of the *Lusitania* was *right*. They do not believe and say that the sinking of the *Lusitania* was *wrong*. They believe and say that it was *nothing*. Why?

Because their whole world is *nothing*. Because it doesn't exist. Because war-is-always-wrong Pacificism is a beaten flight from the difficult moral decisions which the real world of force obliges living men to face. Because it is even worse than a flight. Because it goes on and on till it comes face to face with its own impossibilities, and then turns on itself and begins to excuse the vilest forms of force in order to justify itself, after all, in not resisting them. That's why.

And its final issue is into the bottomless pit of moral death for any individual and for any nation.

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Nan of Music Mountain

by

Frank H. Spearman

AUTHOR OF "WHISPERING SMITH," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHARLES SARKA

HERE begins an intense, quick-moving, dramatic serial. The hero is true to a fine, Western type that is just as American as the Stars and Stripes—the type that is always the advance agent of law, order, and the courts. Courageous, self-reliant, and quick on the drop, these men live adventure as part of the day's work. Such a man is Henry de Spain in this vivid story. And Nan—Nan of Morgan's Gap—born to the saddle, straight-shooting, and alluringly feminine, presents a new heroine to EVERYBODY'S readers. Mr. Spearman knows these people. His story rings true.—THE EDITOR.

LEFEVER, if there was a table in the room, could never be got to sit on a chair; and, being rotund, he sat preferably sidewise on the edge of the table. One of his small feet—cased in tight, high-heeled, ill-fitting horsemen's boots—usually rested on the floor; the other swung at the end of his stubby leg

"I live near Music Mountain," said Nan ungraciously, using her skill to walk her horse away from her unwelcome companion.

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slowly in the air. This idiosyncrasy, his companion, de Spain, had learned to tolerate.

But Lefever's subdued whistle, which seemed meditative, always irritated de Spain, despite his endeavor not to be irritated. It was like the low singing of a tea-kettle, which, however unobtrusive, indicates steam within. In fact, John Lefever, who was built not unlike a kettle, and whose high, shiny forehead was topped by a pompadour shock of very yellow hair, never whistled except when there was some pressure on his sensibilities.

The two men were sitting in the private office of the Division Superintendent at Sleepy Cat—a railroad town lying almost within gunshot of the great Continental Divide. De Spain, tilted back in his chair, was at one end of the shabby, cloth-topped table, his elbows resting on the arms of the revolving chair, while with his hands he gripped rather defiantly the spindles supporting them; his feet were crossed on the walnut rim of the table.

In this attitude his chin lay on his soft, open collar and tie—black and red; his tanned lips were shut tight, and just above his nervous brown eyes were two little furrows of perplexity and regret. He was looking at the dull-finish barrel of a new rifle which lay across Lefever's lap. At intervals Lefever took the rifle up and, whistling softly, examined with care a fracture of the lever, the broken thumb-piece of which lay between the two men on the table.

From the Main Street side of the large room came the hooting and clattering of a Frontier Day celebration; and these noises seemed not to allay the discomfort of the two men.

"Hang it, John," blurted de Spain peevishly, "what possessed you to send for *me* to do the shooting, anyway?"

His companion answered gently. "Henry," he remonstrated, "I sent for you because I thought you could shoot."

De Spain's expression did not change under the reproach. His bronzed face was naturally amiable, and his mental attitude toward ill luck was rarely more than one of perplexity. His features were so regular as to contribute to this undisturbed expression, and his face would not ordinarily attract attention but for his extremely bright and alive eyes—the frequent mark of an out-of-door mountain life—and especially for a red birthmark, low on his left cheek, disappearing under the turn of the jaw. It was just a strawberry, so called, but an ineradicable stamp.

Lefever's reproach was naturally provocative. "I hope now," retorted de Spain, but without any show of resentment, "you understand I can't."

"No," persisted Lefever, good-naturedly. "I only realize, Henry, that this wasn't your day for the job."

The door of the outer office opened, and Jeffries, the superintendent, walked into the room. The two men rose to greet him. Jeffries had just come in from Medicine Bend with his car. He asked about the noise in the street.

"That noise comes from all Calabasas and all Morgan's Gap, William. The Morgans are celebrating our defeat," explained Lefever, still fondling the rifle. "They have put it all over us. We were challenged yesterday," he continued in response to the abrupt question of Jeffries. "The Morgans offered to shoot us off-hand, two hundred yards, bull's-eye count. The boys here—Bob Scott, and some of the stage guards—put it up to me. I thought we could trim them by running in a real gunman. I wired to Medicine Bend for Henry. Henry comes up last night with a brand-new rifle. This is the gun," explained Lefever feebly, holding forth the exhibit. "The lever broke," he added with a patient expletive. "It was a time limit, you understand, William," he persisted, continuing to stick pins calmly into de Spain. "Henry got to shooting too fast."

"That wasn't what beat me," asserted de Spain, curtly. And, taking up the offending rifle, he walked out of the room.

"Nor was it the most humiliating feature of his defeat," murmured Lefever, as the door closed behind his discomfited champion. "What do you think, William?" he grumbled on. "The Morgans ran in a girl to shoot against us—true as there's a God in heaven. They put up Nan Morgan, old Duke Morgan's little niece. And what do you think? She shot the fingers clean off our well-known Black-Hand scout. I never before in my life saw Henry so fussed. The little Music Mountain skirt simply put it all over him. She had five bull's-eyes to Henry's three when the lever snapped. He forfeited."

"Some shooting," commented Jeffries, signing letters.

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"Think of it," gasped Lefever, "to be beaten by an eighteen - year - old girl!"

"Now that," declared Jeffries, waking up as if for the first time interested, "is exactly where you made your mistake, John. Henry is young and excitable——"

"Excitable!" echoed Lefever, taken aback.

"Yes, excitable—when a girl is in the ring—why not? Especially a trim, all-alive, up-and-coming, blue-eyed bussy like that girl of Duke Morgan's. She would upset any young fellow, John."

"A girl from Morgan's Gap?"

"Morgan's Gap, nothing!" responded Jeffries scornfully. "What's that got to do with it? Does that change the fire in the girl's eye, or the curve of her neck and shoulder, or the color in her cheek? De Spain got to thinking about the girl. The girl, and her eyes and neck and shoulders and pink cheeks rattled him.

"Against a girl, you should have put up an old one-eyed scout like yourself or me or Bob Scott. But now that you've brought Henry up here, we'll keep him."

The figure revealed in the half-light confused and startled him—he saw it was a woman.

De Spain is Offered a Dangerous Job

DE SPAIN expressed both surprise and impatience when Lefever told him Jeffries wanted him to go to work at Sleepy Cat. He declared he had always hated the town; and Lefever readily understood why he should especially hate it just now. Every horseman's yell that rang on the sunny afternoon air through the open windows was one of derision at de Spain's galling defeat.

When he at length consented to talk with Jeffries about coming to Sleepy Cat, the interview was of a positive sort on the one side and an obstinate sort on the other. De Spain raised one objection after another to leaving Medicine Bend, and Jeffries finally summoned a show of impatience.

"You are looking for promotion, aren't you?" he demanded threateningly.

"Yes, but not for motion without the 'pro,'" objected de Spain. "I want to stick to the railroad business. You want me to go into the stage business."

"Temporarily, yes. But I've told you when you come back to the division

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proper you come as my assistant if you make good running the Thief River Stages. Think of the salary."

"I have no immediate heirs."

"This is not a matter for joking, Henry."

"I know that, too. How many men have been shot on the stages in the last six months?"

"Why, now and again the stages are held up, yes," admitted Jeffries brusquely. "That is to be expected where the specie shipments are so large. The Thief River mines are rotten with gold just now. But you don't have to drive a stage. We supply you with good men for that, and good guards —men willing to take any kind of a chance if the pay is right. And the pay is right, and yours as general manager will be right —four thousand dollars a year. We must have a man to run the line who can curb the disorders along the route. Calabasas Valley, de Spain, is a bad place."

"Is it?" de Spain asked as innocently as if he had never heard of Calabasas.

"There are a good many bad men there," Jeffries went on, "who are bad simply because they've never had a man to show them."

"The last general manager was killed there, wasn't he?"

"Not in the valley, no. He was shot at Calabasas Inn."

"Would that make very much difference in the way he felt about it?"

Jeffries, with an effort, laughed. "That's all right, Henry! They won't get *you*."

"Thank you."

"We have temporized with this Calabasas outfit long enough," declared Jeffries, dropping his mask at last. "Deaf Sandusky, Logan, and that squint-eyed thief, Dave Sassoon—all hold-up men, every one of them! Henry, I'm putting you in on that job because you've got nerve, because you can shoot, because I don't think they can get you—and paying you a whaling big salary to straighten things out along the Spanish Sinks. Do you know, Henry"—Jeffries leaned forward and lowered his tone. Master of the art of persuading, the strong-eyed mountain man looked his best as he held the younger man under his spell—"do you know," he repeated, "I suspect that that Morgan Gap bunch are really behind and beneath a lot of this deviltry around Calabasas? You take Gale Morgan: why, he trains with Dave Sassoon. Take his uncle, Duke: Sassoon never is in trouble but what Duke will help him out. Was there ever a thief or a robber driven into Morgan's Gap that didn't find sympathy and shelter with some of the Morgans? I believe they are in every game pulled on the Thief River stages."

"As bad as that?"

Jeffries turned to his desk: "Just that bad. Think it over, Henry."

De Spain picked up his hat, poked the crown discontentedly, and, rising with a loss of amiability in features and manner, walked out of the room.

Nan Morgan Has Something to do with de Spain's Decision

DISTURBED and unhappy, he turned out into Main Street and walked toward the Thief River stage barn. He knew an old Scotch Medicine Bend barnman who worked there, a boyhood friend; but McAlpin was out. After looking the horses over and inspecting the wagons with a new but mild curiosity, awakened by Jeffries' proposal, de Spain walked toward the station. He had virtually decided not to take the job that Jeffries painted as so attractive, and had concluded now to take the night train back to Medicine Bend. Medicine Bend was his home. He knew every man, woman, and child in the town. Before the tragic death of his father his mother had lived there, and de Spain had grown up in the town and gone to school there. He was a railroad man anyway, and not eager for stage-line management.

Besides, the prospect of reducing the Sinks to a law-and-order basis at his own proper risk could not be alluring to the most aggressive of law-and-order men—and de Spain was not aggressive. Yet, within a few moments of his sensible decision, his mind was sharply changed by a mere accident.

As he walked along Main Street he heard music from the open-air dancing pavilion in Grant Street. Stirred by an idle curiosity, he turned the corner and stopped to watch the crowded couples that were whirling up and down the raised platform under paper lanterns and red streamers to the music of an automatic piano. He took his place in a fringe of onlookers that filled the sidewalk.

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But he was thinking as he stood, not of the boisterous dancing or the clumsy dancers, but of the broken lever and the defeat at the fair-grounds. It still rankled in his mind. While he stood thinking the music ceased.

A man, who appeared to be in authority, walked to the center of the dancing-floor and made an announcement that de Spain failed to catch. Then, when the floor had been well cleared, he nodded to the boy operating the piano and looked toward a young couple standing in an attitude of waiting at the head of the hall.

All eyes being turned their way, de Spain's attention as well was drawn toward them. The man was powerful in stature and rather too heavy, but straight as an Indian. His reddish small face was tanned by the sun and wind, and his manner as he stood with arms akimbo, his hands resting on his belt, facing his partner and talking to her, had the easy confidence of a man at ease with women. From the handsome hat which, as he turned to his partner for the dance, he sent spinning toward a table beside the piano, the soft brown shirt and flowing tie, down to the small, high-heeled and spurred boots, he wore the distinctive cowboy rig of the mountains, even to the heavy hip-holster in which his revolver was slung.

He was, in fact, too smartly rigged, too confident in manner to please de Spain, who was in no mood to be pleased, anyway. He seemed to recall, too, that this particular fellow had crowed the loudest when he himself had forfeited the shooting match earlier in the day.

But de Spain, unamiable as he now was, looked with genuine interest at the man's dancing partner. She, too, was browned by the mountain sun and air—a slight, erect girl, her head well set, and a delicate waistline above her belted brown skirt, which just reached the tops of her small, high tan riding-boots. She wore a soft French-gray Stetson hat. Her dark brown hair was deftly hidden under it, but troublesome ringlets strayed about her ears, and these, standing with first one hand and then the other laid against her leather belt, she put up into place.

Instead of looking at her partner, who talked to her while waiting, her eyes, noticeably pretty, wandered about the platform, pausing at moments on the closely drawn lines of spectators. They reflected in their unrest the dissatisfied expression of her face.

A talkative woman standing just in front of de Spain told a companion that the man was Gale Morgan, a nephew of Satterlee, laziest of the Morgans. De Spain at once recognized in his partner the little Music Mountain girl who had been his undoing at the target; the woman added that Nan was, in some degree, Gale's cousin.

The energetic piano thumped the strains of a two-step. Gale Morgan extended his arm toward Nan. But instead of taking her position, she drew back, looking up and frowning as she seemed to speak objectingly to Gale. De Spain saw her hesitation without catching its import. The talkative woman near at hand was more divining.

"Lord, that Nan Morgan makes me tired!" she exclaimed to her gum-chewing companion. "Ever see anything like her? First she wouldn't dance unless the floor was cleared—Sleepy Cat folks ain't good enough for them Music Mountain cattle-thieves! And now the music doesn't suit her. Listen to that boob of a boy trying one piece after another to get one to suit my outlaw lady. Nerve!"

But while the impatient woman chafed, the right tune was found and Nan Morgan's face, as she watched the manipulator of the piano, brightened. "Faster!" she cried under her breath, taking her position on her cousin's arm. Then, responding with a sort of fiery impatience to her partner's guidance, she caught the rapid step of the music and together the two swept down the floor.

Whatever the impatience of the crowd over the finicky start, the spectators soon showed their admiration of the dancing with unrestrained hand-clapping and outcries of applause. De Spain, standing apart, watched the flying feet of Nan, wondering whether she and her people could possibly be what they were painted. Every swaying step, every agile turn proved how sure she was of herself and how perfectly her body answered to every exaction of the quick movement of the dance.

Once the two swung away out, near to de Spain's corner. As Nan whirled by, de Spain, either with the infection of the music or from her nearness to him, caught his breath. His eyes riveted on her flushed face as she passed, oblivious of his presence, and he recalled how in the morning she had

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SHE IS NAN MORGAN—
OF THE OUTLAW CLAN
OF MORGAN'S GAP;
AND THE BEST SHOT
IN THE REGION.

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HE IS HENRY DE SPAIN—MANAGER OF THE THIEF RIVER STAGE-LINE, WHOSE JOB IS TO SUPPRESS THE MORGANS.

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handled her rifle in the same quick, sure way.

It was only now, as she came so very close to him for the first time since the mortification of the morning, and he saw the smoothness of her pink-brown cheeks, that he could ungrudgingly give her full credit for shooting him down. He felt an impulse to go up to her—now that she had stopped dancing—and congratulate her sincerely, and to say, unreservedly, that she was the better shot.

But while he thought of all this, Gale Morgan caught sight of him. His eyes lighted and he turned quickly to Nan. De Spain could not at first hear his words, but he could interpret his laugh and the expression on his face. Nan, persistently importuned, looked around, and her eyes rested on de Spain for a moment. The substance of her cousin's words she apparently had not caught, and he repeated them in a louder voice: "There's your handsome Medicine Bend gunman!"

Nan, glancing again toward de Spain, seemed aware that he heard. She looked away coolly. De Spain stiffened in a rage. The taunt struck in; the blood rushed to his face.

Not content, Gale, turning to a group of three men standing near him, invited their attention to the defeated contestant. De Spain felt minded to hurl an insult at them in a body. But he only stood still, returning the group's inspection as insolently as silence could. And in a few moments, Nan touching her partner's arm in protest, the two disappeared.

De Spain went out, too. Reaching the station platform while still busy with his thoughts, he encountered Jeffries and Lefever.

"When are you coming up to take my job, Henry?" demanded the superintendent without any parley.

Spain looked at him a long minute in silence. Then—"To-night," he said curtly.

The Inn at Calabasas and a Morgan Challenge

FROM Sleepy Cat, stretching far down into the southwest may be seen a chain of towering peaks, usually snow-clad, that dominate the desert in every direction for almost a hundred miles. In two extended groups, separated by a narrow but pretty well-defined break, they constitute a magnificent rampart named by Spaniards the Superstition Mountains, and they reach beyond the horizon to the south along a vast depression known as the Spanish Sinks.

The break on the eastern side of the chain comes about twenty miles southwest of Sleepy Cat, and is marked on the north by the most striking and majestic peak in the range, Music Mountain. The break itself has taken the name of its earliest white settlers and is called Morgan's Gap. No railroad has ever yet penetrated this country, despite the fact that rich mines have been opened along these mountains—the Thief River gold-fields.

The Music Mountain country still leans on stage-line law. The bullion wagons still travel the difficult roads. They look for safety to their armed horsemen: the four- and six-horse stages look to the armed guard, the wayfarer must look to his horse—and it should be a good one; the mountain rancher to his rifle, the cattle-thief to the moonless night, the bandit to his wits, the gunman to his holster; these include practically all of the people that travel the Spanish Sinks, except the Morgans. They look to themselves.

For many a year they have been almost overlords of the Music Mountain country. They own, or have laid claim to, an extended territory in the mountains, a Spanish grant. One of the first mountain Morgans married a Spanish girl, and during the early days, when the Morgans were not fighting some one out of court they were fighting some one in court on their endless and involved titles.

But one pearl of their holdings they never submitted to the jurisdiction of any tribunal other than their own arms. This was Morgan's Gap, a narrow valley that opens south of Music Mountain less than ten miles west of Calabasas.

At Calabasas the Thief River stage-line maintains completely equipped relay barns. They are over twenty miles from Sleepy Cat; but nearly fifty the other way from the town of Thief River. A large number of horses are kept at Calabasas, and the barn crews are quartered there in a company barrack. Along the low ridges and in the shallow depressions about Calabasas spring there are a very few widely separated shacks occupied chiefly by squatter

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outlaws. And except these shacks there is nothing between Calabasas and the mountains but sunshine and alkali.

But there is a queer inn at Calabasas. A pioneer Thief River prospector, mad with thirst, fought his way across the Sinks to the Calabasas spring and wandered thence one day into Sleepy Cat. In a delirium of gratitude he had built at Calabasas what he termed a hotel, to provide at that forbidding oasis for the luxurious comfort of future thirst-mad wanderers. It was built of lumber hauled a thousand miles, and equipped with luxuries brought three thousand—a fearsome rambling structure, big enough for all the prospectors in the Rockies.

Having built this monument, the unfortunate man went really mad, and was put in the insane asylum at Bear Dance. And old Duke Morgan announced in due time that the hotel was built on Morgan land and belonged to the Morgans. His retainers carted away piecemeal most of the main building, leaving for years the kitchen and the servants' quarters adjoining it, to owls, lizards, scorpions, and spiders.

Meantime, to tap the fast-developing gold-fields, the freight route and stages had been put in and the barns built at Calabasas. A need naturally developed for at least one feature of a hotel, a bar-room. A newer lunatic answered the call of civilization—stocked the kitchen range with liquors and fitted up in a crude way the ice-boxes, serving pantries, and other odd nooks for sleeping quarters. And this shack, as it is locally called, run by a Mexican, is still the inn at Calabasas. And it continues to contribute, through its stirring annals, to the tragic history of the Continental Divide.

The very first time de Spain made an inspection trip over the stage-line with Lefever he was conscious of the sinister air of this place, lying in one of the loneliest cañons between Sleepy Cat and Thief River. He and Lefever, who, as general superintendent of the line, was really de Spain's assistant, had ridden down from the barn, while their horses were being changed, to see the inn.

No one was anywhere in sight. The stage men dismounted, threw their lines, and entered a room of perhaps sixteen by twenty feet. It appeared to have been the original bar-room. A long, high, elaborately carved mahogany bar, as much out of keeping as it possibly could be with its surroundings, stretched across the farther side of the room. The left end, as they faced the bar, was brought around to escape a small window opening on a court or *patio* to the rear of the room. Back of the bar itself, about midway, a low door in the bare wall gave entrance to a rear room.

Aside from this big, queer-looking piece of mahogany, the low window at the left end of it and the low door at the back, the room presented nothing but walls. De Spain covered every feature of the interior at a glance. "Quiet around here, John," he remarked casually.

"This is the quietest place in the Rocky Mountains most of the time. But when it is noisy, believe me, it is noisy. Look at the bullet-holes in the walls."

The batten door behind the bar now began to open slowly and noiselessly. Lefever peered through it. "Come in, Pedro," he cried reassuringly, "come in, man. This is no officer, no revenue agent looking for your license. Meet a friend, Pedro," he continued encouragingly, as the swarthy publican, low-browed and sullen, emerged into the obscurity of the bar-room and bent his one good eye searchingly on de Spain. "This—" Lefever's left hand lay familiarly on the back of de Spain's shoulder, "is our new manager, Mr. Henry de Spain."

Pedro did not even bat his remaining eye in response to de Spain's nod; but Lefever, nothing daunted, asked de Spain what he would drink. De Spain side-stepped by asking for a cigar.

While Pedro was producing it, the sound of galloping horses came through the open door. A moment later three men walked, single file, into the room. De Spain stood at the left end of the bar and Lefever introduced him to Gale Morgan, to David Sassoon, and to Sassoon's crony, Deaf Sandusky, as the new manager.

De Spain recognized Sassoon and Sandusky as members of the group to whom Gale Morgan had pointed him out on the night of the dance. Sassoon was yellow-haired, red-faced, with squinting eyes and slouched shoulders. Sandusky was a big fellow with a crooked jaw, rigged in a white shirt with a red tie and a soiled figured waistcoat fastened at the bottom by a cut-glass button.

The newcomers lined up before the bar, Sandusky next to Lefever and de Spain, so he could hear what was said. Pedro

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produced two queer-looking bottles and a supply of glasses.

"De Spain," Gale Morgan began bluntly, "one of our men was put off one of your stages last week by Frank Elpaso." He spoke without any preliminary compliments, and his heavy voice was threatening.

De Spain, regarding him undisturbed, answered after a little pause: "Elpaso told me he put a man off his stage last week for fighting."

"No," contradicted Morgan loudly, "not for fighting. Elpaso was drunk."

"What's the name of the man Elpaso put off, John?" asked de Spain, looking at Lefever.

Morgan hooked his thumb toward the man standing at his side. "Here's the man right here—Dave Sassoon."

Sassoon never looked a man in the face when the man looked at him, except by implication. He seemed now to regard de Spain keenly as the latter, still attending to Morgan's statement, replied: "Elpaso tells a pretty straight story."

"Elpaso couldn't tell a straight story if he tried," interjected Sassoon.

"I have the statement of three other passengers; they confirm Elpaso. According to them, Sassoon"—de Spain looked straight at the accused—"was drunk and abusive, and kept trying to put some of the other passengers off. Finally he put his feet in the lap of Pumperwasser, our tank and windmill man, and Pumperwasser hit him."

Morgan, stepping back from the bar, waved his hand with an air of finality toward his companion. "Here is Sassoon, right here—he can tell you the whole story."

"Those fellows were miners," muttered Sassoon. His utterance was broken, but he spoke fast. "They will side with the guards every time against a cattleman."

"There's only one fair thing to do, de Spain," declared Morgan. He looked severely at de Spain: "Discharge Elpaso."

De Spain, his hands resting on the bar, drew one foot slowly back. "Not on the showing I have now," he said. "One of the passengers who joined in the statement is Jeffries, the railroad superintendent at Sleepy Cat."

"Expect a railroad superintendent to tell the truth about a Calabasas man?" demanded Sassoon insolently.

"I should expect him at least to be sober," retorted de Spain.

"Sassoon," interposed Morgan belligerently, "is a man whose word can always be depended on."

"To convey his meaning," intervened Lefever cryptically. "Of course, I know," he asserted, earnest to the point of vehemence. "Every one in Calabasas has the highest respect for Sassoon. That is understood. And," he added with as much impressiveness as if he were talking sense, "everybody in Calabasas would be sorry to see Sassoon put off a stage. But Sassoon is off: that is the situation. We are sorry. If it occurs again——"

"What do you mean?" thundered Morgan, resenting the interference. "De Spain is the manager, isn't he? What we want to know is, what you are going to do about it?" he demanded, addressing de Spain again.

"There is nothing more to be done," returned de Spain composedly. "I've already told Elpaso that if Sassoon starts another fight on a stage, he's to put him off again."

Morgan's fist came down on the bar. "Look here, de Spain! You come from Medicine Bend, don't you? Well, you can't bully Music Mountain men—understand that!"

"Any time you have a real grievance, Morgan, I'll be glad to consider it," said de Spain. "When one of your men is drunk and quarrelsome he will be put off like any other disturber. That we can't avoid. Public stages can't be run any other way."

"All right," retorted Morgan. "If you take that tack for your new management we'll see how you get along running stages down in this country."

"We will run them peaceably just as long as we can," smiled de Spain. "We will get on with everybody that gives us a chance."

Morgan pointed a finger at him. "I give you a chance, de Spain, right now. Will you discharge Elpaso?"

"No."

Morgan almost caught his breath at the refusal. But de Spain could be extremely blunt, and in the parting shots between the two he gave no ground.

"Jeffries put me here to stop this kind of rowdyism on the stages," he said to Lefever on their way back to the barn. "This is a good time to begin."

As the horses of the two men emerged from the cañon they saw a slender horsewoman riding in toward the barn from the Music Mountain trail. She stopped in

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front of McAlpin, the barn-boss, who had been promoted from Sleepy Cat by the new manager. De Spain recognized the roan pony, but, aside from that, a glance at the figure of the rider as she sat with her back to him was enough to assure him of Nan Morgan.

He spurred ahead fast enough to overhear a request she was making of McAlpin to mail a letter for her. She also asked him, just as de Spain drew up, whether the down stage had passed. McAlpin told her it had. De Spain, touching his hat, intervened:

"I am going right up to Sleepy Cat. I'll mail your letter if you wish."

She looked at him in some surprise and then glanced toward Lefever, who now rode up. De Spain was holding out his hand for the letter. His eyes met Nan's, and each felt the moment was a sort of challenge. De Spain, a little self-conscious under her inspection, was aware of her rather fearless eyes and her dark hair under her fawn cowboy hat.

"Thank you," she responded composedly. "If the stage is gone I will hold it to add something." So saying, she tucked the letter inside her blouse and spoke to her pony, who turned leisurely down the road.

Nan caught the rapid step of the music, and together the two swept down the floor.

"I'm trying to get acquainted a little with your country today," returned de Spain, managing with his knee to keep his own horse moving alongside Nan.

She seemed disinclined to answer, but the silence and the awkwardness of his presence drew at length a dry disclaimer: "This is not my country."

"Oh," exclaimed de Spain, following his advantage, "I understood you lived out this way."

"I live near Music Mountain," said Nan somewhat ungraciously, using her own skill at the same time to walk her horse away from her unwelcome companion.

"I've heard of Music Mountain," continued de Spain, energetically urging his lagging steed, "and often wanted to get over there to hunt."

Nan, without speaking, ruthlessly widened the distance between the two. De Spain unobtrusively spurred his steed to more activity. "You must have a great deal of game in the mountains. Do you hunt?" he asked.

He could make no headway against her stubborn reserve. But his eyes were all the while as alive as his tongue. He watched

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her hands, graceful even in the heavy gloves; he noticed the neck-piece of her plain tan blouse, and liked the brown throat and chin set so resolutely against him. He surmised she felt some contempt for him because she had out-shot him, and so continued to ask about game, hoping to have a chance at some future time to redeem his marksmanship in her eyes. He gave her every possible opportunity to invite him to try the hunting around Music Mountain.

She was deaf to the broadest hints, and when at length she excused herself and turned her pony from the Sleepy Cat road into the Morgan Gap trail, de Spain had been defeated.

Heel-prints Lead Toward Morgan's Gap

NOTHING more than de Spain's announcement that he would sustain his stage-guard was necessary to arouse a violent resentment at Calabasas and among the Morgan following. Some of the numerous disaffected were baiting the stages most of the time. They bullied the guards, and fought with the passengers or strove to foment discontent among the drivers.

After de Spain's declaration, the grievance against Elpaso was made a general one along the line. His stage was singled out and ridden at times both by Sandusky and Logan—the really dangerous men of the Spanish Sinks—and by Gale Morgan and Sassoon, to stir up trouble.

But old Frank Elpaso was far from being a fool. A fight with any one of these men meant that somebody would be killed, and no one could tell just who, Elpaso shrewdly reckoned, until the roll-call at the end of it. He therefore met truculence with diplomacy, threatening looks with flattery, and hard words with a long story.

The chance came one night when he had imprudently allowed himself to be drawn into a card game at the Calabasas Inn. Elpaso was notoriously a stickler for a square deal at cards. He was apparently the only man at Calabasas that hoped for such a thing, and certainly the only one so rash as to fight for it—as he always did. A dispute on this occasion found him without a friend in the room. Sassoon reached for him from behind with a knife.

McAlpin was the first to get the news at the barn. He gave first aid to the helpless guard and, without dreaming he could be got to a surgeon alive, rushed him in a light wagon to the hospital at Sleepy Cat. Sassoon, not venturing to brave de Spain's anger in town, went into hiding.

Word of the stabbing reached de Spain at Thief River. He started at once for Calabasas, learned there during a brief stop what he could of the affray, and posted on to Sleepy Cat.

A conference was held in Jeffries's office. De Spain was instructed to see that Sassoon was brought in and made an example of for the benefit of his Calabasas friends. Accordingly, while the guard's life hung in the balance, the sheriff, Jim Druel, was dispatched after Sassoon. A great deal of inquiry, much riding, and a lot of talking on Druel's part accomplished nothing, although the rumor was notorious that Sassoon continued to haunt Calabasas.

Lefever spoiled with impatience to go after Sassoon himself. "The only way we'll ever get one of that gang is to go for him," he declared.

"Never mind, John," said de Spain; "forget about wanting him. Some time one of us will stumble on him, and when we do we will shackle him."

They took the precaution, meantime, to secure the warrant for the missing man, together with authority for either of the two to serve it.

Elpaso, in the end, made a recovery, with perilous intervals of sinking, it is true, but a recovery.

It was while he still lay in the hospital and hope was very low, that de Spain and Lefever rode one hot morning into Calabasas and were told by McAlpin that Sassoon had been seen within five minutes at the inn. To Lefever the news was like a bubbling spring to a thirsty man. His face beamed, he tightened his belt, shook out his gun, and looked with benevolent interest on de Spain, who stood pondering. "If you will stay right here, Henry," he offered, "I will go over and get Sassoon."

The chief stage-guard, Bob Scott, the Indian, was in the barn. He smiled at Lefever's enthusiasm. "Sassoon," said he, "is slippery."

"You'd better let us go along and see you do it," suggested de Spain.

"Gentlemen, I thank you," protested Lefever, raising one hand in deprecation,

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the other resting lightly on his holster. "We still have some *little* reputation along the Sinks. Don't let us make it a *posse* for *Sassoon.*" No one opposed him further, and he rode away alone.

With de Spain, Scott remained in front of the barn, saddled horses in hand. They could see nothing of the scene of action, and de Spain was forced to curb his impatience.

Lefever rode down to the inn without seeing a living thing anywhere about it. When he dismounted in front he thought he heard sounds within the barroom, but, pushing open the door and looking circumspectly into the room before entering, he found it empty.

There was something almost uncanny in the silence. Lefever walked cautiously inside. Surveying the interior with a rapid glance, he walked to the left end of the bar and, gun in hand, looked apprehensively behind it. Not so much as a strainer was to be seen underneath. He noticed, however, that the sash of the low window on his left, which looked into the *patio*, was open, and two heel marks in the hard clay suggested that a man might have jumped through it. Running out of the front door, Lefever sprang into his saddle and rode to where he could signal de Spain and Scott.

He told his story as they joined him, and the three returned to the inn. Scott rode directly to the rear. Lefever took de Spain in to the bar, showed him the open sash, and pointed to the heel-prints. An examination showed the impression of a spur-rowel behind one heel-mark, and indications of a hasty jump.

While they bent over the signs, a door opened across the courtyard and Pedro appeared. He was curiously dense to all inquiries, and Lefever revenged himself by searching the place. In the dark kitchen a very old woman and a slovenly girl were at their work. No one else was to be found.

De Spain, who was the more experienced tracker, thought he could follow the foot-prints to the arched opening across the patio. At some distance outside this gate, as de Spain threw it open, sat Bob Scott on his horse, watching. He had seen no one.

A better tracker than either of his companions, Scott after a minute confirmed the other's belief that Sassoon must have excaped by the window. He then took them to where some one within a few minutes had mounted a horse and galloped off.

"But where has he gone?" demanded Lefever, pointing. "There is the road both ways for three miles."

Scott nodded toward the snow-capped peak of Music Mountain. "Over to Morgan's, most likely. He knows no one would follow him into the Gap. Just for fun now, let's see."

Dismounting, the Indian scrutinized the hoof-prints where the horse had stood. Getting into the saddle again, he led the way, bending over his horse's neck and stopping frequently to read the trail, half a mile out along the Gap road, until he could once more readily point out the hoof-prints to his companions. "That is Sassoon," he announced. "I know the heels. And I know he rides this horse; it belongs to Gale Morgan. Sassoon," Scott smiled sympathetically on Lefever, "is half way to Morgan's Gap."

"After him, then!" cried Lefever hotly.

De Spain looked inquiringly at the guard.

Scott shook his head: "That would be all right, but there's two other Calabasas men in the Gap this afternoon that it wouldn't be nice to mix with—Deaf Sandusky and Harvey Logan."

"We won't mix with them," suggested de Spain.

"But if we tackle Sassoon they'll mix with us," declared Scott. "He has a shack in the Gap. The others stay at Gale Morgan's or Duke's. We might sneak Sassoon out without their getting on. I've got the Thief River run this afternoon——"

De Spain looked at him. "Well?"

Scott's face softened into the characteristic smile—akin to a quiet grin—that it often wore: "If I didn't have to go through to-day, and the three of us could get to the Gap before daylight to-morrow morning, I would give Sassoon a run for his money in spite of the other fellows."

"Don't take your run this afternoon," directed de Spain. "Telephone Sleepy Cat for a substitute. Suppose we go back, get something to eat, and you two ride singly over toward the Gap this afternoon; lie outside under cover to see whether Sassoon or his friends leave before night—there's only one way out of the place, they tell me. Then I will join you and we'll ride in before daylight and perhaps catch him while everybody is asleep."

It was so arranged.

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The strategy of their halt and their firing was not hard to penetrate.

De Spain Invades the Morgan Stronghold

DE SPAIN joined his associates at dark outside the Gap. Neither Sassoon nor his friends had been seen. The night was still, the sky cloudless, and as the three men with a led horse rode at midnight into the mountains, the great red heart of the Scorpion shone afire in the southern sky. Spreading out when they rode between the mountain walls, they made their way silently toward their rendezvous, an aspen grove near which Purgatoire Creek makes its way out of the Gap and, cutting a deep gash along the edge of the range for a hundred miles, empties into the Thief.

Scott was the first to reach the aspens. The little grove spreads across a slope half a mile wide between the base of one towering cliff still bearing its Spanish name, El Capitan, and the gorge of the Purgatoire. To the east of this point the trails to Calabasas and to Sleepy Cat divide, and here Scott and Lefever awaited de Spain, who had ridden slowly.

Securing their horses, the three stretched out on the open ground to wait for daylight. De Spain was wakeful, and his eyes rested with curiosity on the huge bulk of Music Mountain rising abruptly above him. Through the Gap that divided the great sentinel-like front of El Capitan, marking the northern face of the mountain rift, from Round Top, the south wall of the opening, stars shone vividly, as if lighting the way into the silent range beyond.

The breathing of his companions soon assured de Spain that both were asleep. The horses were quiet, and the night gave no sound save that vaguely through the darkness came the faint roar of tiny cataracts tumbling down mountain heights far distant. De Spain, lying on his side, his head resting on his elbow and his hands clasped at the back of his neck, meditated first on how he should capture Sassoon at daybreak, and then on Nan Morgan and her mountain home, into which he was about to break to drag out a criminal. Sassoon and his malice soon drifted out of his mind, but Nan remained. Her form, outlined in the mists that rose from the creek, seemed to hover near, until Scott's hand laid on the dreamer's shoulder drove

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her, frightened, away. Day was at hand.

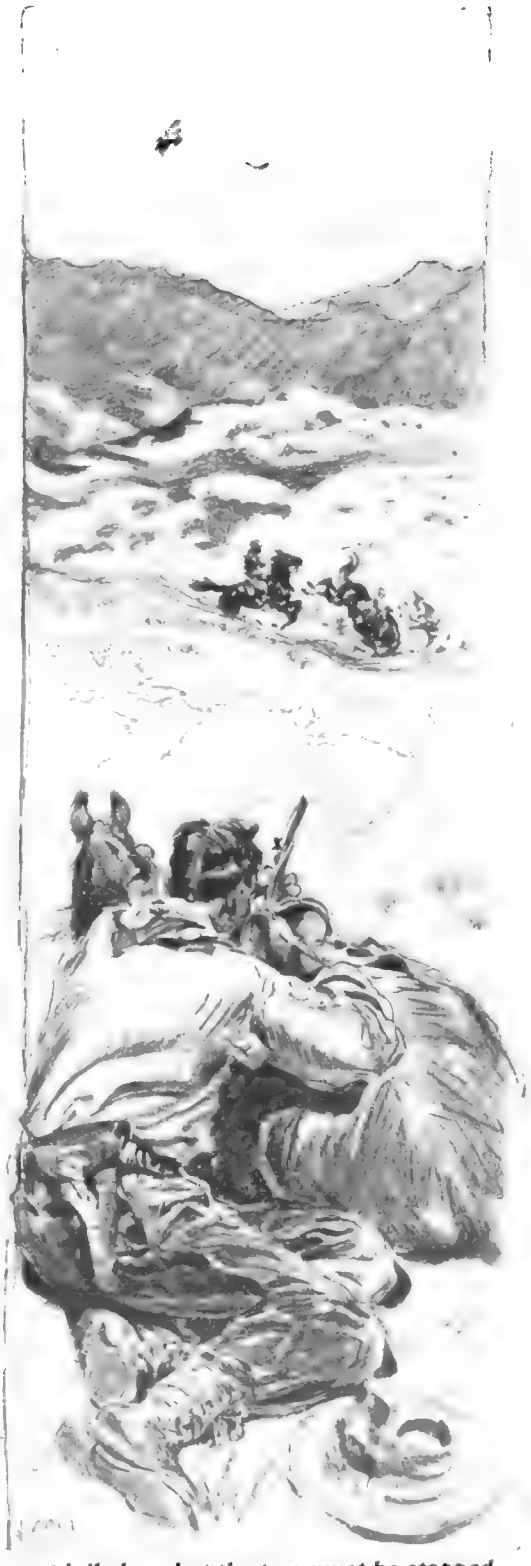
De Spain got up and shook off the chilliness and drowsiness of the night. It had been agreed that he, being less known in the Gap than either of his companions, could best attempt the difficult capture. It was strictly a *coup de main*, depending for its success on chance and nerve.

Bob Scott, who knew the recess well, repeated his explicit directions as to how de Spain was to reach Sassoon's shack in the Gap. He repeated his description of its interior, told him where the bed stood, and even where Sassoon ordinarily kept his knife and his revolver.

The western sky was still dark when de Spain, mounting, discussed the last arrangements with his scouts and, taking the bridle of the led horse, turned toward Round Top. At its narrowest point the Gap opening is barely two miles wide, and the one road, in and out, lies among the rocks through this neck; toward it all trails inside the Gap converge. De Spain gave his horse his head—it was still too dark to distinguish the path—and depended on the towering landmarks for his general direction. He progressed at a snail's pace until he passed the base of El Capitan, when, of a sudden, riding out from among high, projecting rocks full into the opening, faint rays of light from the eastern dawn revealed the narrow, strangely enclosed, and perfectly hidden valley before him.

De Spain caught his breath. No description he had ever heard of the nook that screened the Morgans from the outside world had prepared him for what he now saw. From side to side of the gigantic mountain-fissure could hardly be, de Spain thought, more than a mile—so completely was his sense of proportion stunned by the frowning cliffs which rose, at points, half a mile into the sky. But it was actually several miles from wall to wall, and the Gap was more than as much in depth, as it ran back to a mere wedge between unnamed Superstition peaks.

Every moment that he pushed ahead warned him daylight would come suddenly, and that his time to act would be short. The trail he followed broadened into a road—and he strained his eyes for signs first of life and then of habitation. His utmost vigilance could detect no living thing stirring. Then a sudden turn in the trail marked by a



He was loath to take life to get a cut-throat jailed . . but the two must be stopped.

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large pine tree and conforming to a bend of the Purgatoire, brought him up startled and almost face to face with a long, rambling ranch-house. The gable end of the two-story portion of the building was so close to him that he instantly reined up to seek hiding from its windows.

From Scott's description he knew this was Duke Morgan's ranch-house, set as a fortress almost at the mouth of the Gap. To pass it unobserved was to compass a very ticklish part of his mission, and without changing his slow pace he rode on, wondering whether a bullet, if fired from any of the low, open windows—which he could almost throw his hat into as he rode past—would knock him off his horse or leave him a chance to spur away. But no bullet challenged him, and no sound came from the silent house. He cantered away from the peril, thinking with a kind of awe of Nan, asleep so near under that roof—confident, too, he had not been seen.

He quickened his pace. The place he wanted to reach was more than a mile distant. Other cabins back toward the north wall could be seen dimly to his right, but all were well removed from his way. He found in due time the ford in the creek, as Scott had advised, made it without mishap, scrambled up a steep and rocky path, and saw confronting him not far ahead a small, ruined-looking cabin shack. Dismounting in a few moments before this, he threw his lines, shook himself a little, and walked up to the cabin door. It was open.

The mild-minded conspirators who had planned the details of the abduction were agreed that if the effort could be made a success at all there was but one way to effect it, and that was to act, in every step, openly. Any attempt to steal on Sassoon unawares would be a desperate one; while to walk boldly into his cabin at daybreak would be to do only what his companions were likely at any time to do, and was the course least calculated to lead to serious trouble. None of the three was unaware of the peculiar instinct of danger possessed by men habitually exposed to surprise—they knew how easily it may be aroused in a sleeper by the unusual happening about him, and how cunningly it is allayed by counterfeiting within his hearing the usual course of normal events.

De Spain, following the chosen policy, called gruffly to the cabin inmate. There was no answer. All had sounded extremely plausible to de Spain while he listened to Bob Scott's ingenious anticipation of the probabilities, and he had felt that the job was not a very complicated one.

But now, as he hitched his trouser-band, near to the butt of his revolver, with his right hand, and laid his left on the jamb of the door, stepped evenly across the threshold, and tried to peer into the interior darkness, Scott's strategy did not commend itself quite so convincingly to him. There seemed suddenly a great many chances for a slip in the program.

He coughed slightly, his eyes meantime boring the darkness to the left, where Sassoon's bed should be. The utmost scrutiny failed to disclose any sign of it; the tensest listening brought no sound of breathing from that corner. He took a few steps toward where the man should be asleep, and perceived beyond a doubt that there was no bed in the corner at all. He turned toward the other corner, his hand covering the butt of his gun.

"Hello, Shike!" he called out in a slightly strained tone of camaraderie, addressing Sassoon by a common nickname. Then he listened. A trumpeting snore answered. No sound was ever sweeter to de Spain's ear.

He tried again. "Where are you, Shike?" he growled. "What's this stuff on the floor?" he continued, shuffling his way ostentatiously to the other side of the room. But his noise-making was attended with the greatest caution. He had dropped, like a shot, flat on the floor, and crawled, feeling his way, to the opposite side of the room, only to find that the bed was there, but empty.

For a moment he was nonplused. An inside room remained, but Scott had said there was no bed within it. On his feet again, he felt his way toward the inner door. This was where he expected to find it, and it was closed. He laid a hand gingerly on the latch.

"Where are you, Shike?" he demanded again, this time with an impatient expletive summoned for the occasion. A second fearful snore answered him. De Spain, relieved, almost laughed as he pushed the door open, though not sure whether a curse or a shot would greet him. He got neither. And a dim welcome light came through a stuffy pane of glass at one end of the room. It revealed, at the other end, a man stretched

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asleep on a wall bunk—a man that would in all likelihood have heard the stealthiest sound had any effort been made to conceal it, but to whose ears the rough voices of a mountain cabin were mere sleeping potions.

Lying unsuspectingly on his back, the sleeper roused a moment later to feel a hand laid lightly on his shoulder. The instinct of self-preservation woke like a flash. His eyes opened and his hands struck out like cat's-paws to right and left: no knife and no revolver met them. Instead, in the semi-darkness a strange face bent over him. His fists shot out together, only to be caught in a vise that bent his arms sharply at the elbows and forced them back against his throat. Like lightning, he threw up his knees, drew himself into a heap, and shot himself out, hands, arms, legs, back, everything into one terrific spring. But the sinewy vise above only gave for the shock; then it closed again relentlessly. A knee like an anvil pushed inexorably into his stomach and heart and lungs. Another lay across his right arm; and his struggling left arm he could not, though his eyes burst, with the strain, from their sockets, release from the iron arm that bound it down, gripping with eagle-like claws at his throat.

Again and again, with the fury of desperation, Sassoon drew in his powerful frame, shot it out, twisted and struggled. Great veins swelled on his forehead, his breath burst in explosive gasps, he writhed from side to side—it was all one. After every effort the cruel fingers at his throat tightened. The heavy knee on his chest crushed more relentlessly. He lay still.

"Are you awake, Shike?" Sassoon heard from the gloom above him. But he could not place the voice. "You seem to move around a good deal in your sleep. If you are awake, keep still. I've come from Sleepy Cat to get you. Don't mind looking for your gun and knife. Two men are with me. You can have your choice. We've got a horse for you. You can ride away from us here inside the Gap and take what hits you in the back, or you can go to Sleepy Cat with us and stand your trial. I'll read your warrant when the sun gets a little higher. Get up and choose quick."

Sassoon could not see who his captor was, nor did he take long to decide what to do. Scott had predicted he would go without much fuss, and de Spain, now somewhat surprised, found Bob right in his forecast. With less trouble than he expected, the captor got his man sullenly on horseback and gave him severely plain directions as to what not to do. Sassoon, neither bound nor gagged, was told to ride his horse down the Gap just ahead of de Spain, and neither to speak nor turn his head, no matter what happened, right or left. To get his man out in this manner was, de Spain realized, the really difficult part of the undertaking.

Fortune, however, seemed to favor his assurance in invading the lion's den, for in the growing light the two men trotted smartly a mile down the trail without encountering a sign of life. When they approached the Morgan ranch house de Spain again felt qualms. But he rode close to his prisoner, told him in restrained monologue what would happen if he made a noise, and even held him back in his pace as they trotted together past the Gap stronghold. Nevertheless he breathed more freely as they left the house behind and the turn in the road put them out of range of its windows. He closed up the distance between himself and Sassoon, riding close in to his side, and looked back at the house.

He looked quickly, but though his eyes were off his path and his prisoner for only a fraction of a second, when he looked again he saw confronting him, not a hundred yards away, a motionless horseman.

The Captor Meets Opposition

WITH a low, sharp command to Sassoon to check his horse, and without a movement that could be detected, in the dawn, ten yards away, de Spain with the thumb and finger of his right hand lifted his revolver from its scabbard, shifted his lines from his left hand to his right, rode still closer to Sassoon, and pressed the muzzle of the gun to his prisoner's side.

"You've got one chance yet, Shike, to ride out of here alive," he said composedly. "You know I am a rustler, cousin of John Rebstock's. My name is 'Frenchy'; I belong in Williams Cache. I rode in last night from Thief River and you are riding out with me to start me on to the Sleepy Cat trail. If you can remember that much——"

While he spoke to Sassoon his eyes were riveted on the rider halted in their path,

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and he stopped half way through his sentence. The figure revealed in the half-light puzzled him for an instant. Then it confused and startled him, for he saw it was not a man at all but a woman—and a woman in whose place he would rather have seen six men. It was Nan Morgan.

Her head was never more attractively held, her slender waist never more gracefully outlined than now in the morning gray. De Spain's face reflected his chagrined perplexity. The whole fabric of his slender plot seemed to go to pieces at the mere sight of his frail and motionless foe. A feeling of awkward helplessness dissolved his cool confidence. He now reversed every move he had made so carefully with his hands, and, resentfully eyeing Nan, rode behind Sassoon, doing nothing further than to pull his kerchief up about his neck, and wondering what would happen within three minutes. His wits had temporarily failed.

Of one thing he felt assured: it was in no wise up to him to speak or to do first. He could already see Nan's eyes. They were bent keenly first on him, then on his companion, and again on him. De Spain kept his face down as much as he dared, and his hat had been pulled well over it from the beginning. She waited so long before accosting the two men that de Spain, who was ready to hope any improbable thing, began to hope she might let them pass unchallenged. He had resolved, if she did not speak, to push past without even looking at her.

They were now almost abreast. His fine resolutions went smash overboard. The very instinctive knowledge that her eyes were bent on him made him steal a glance at her in spite of himself, and the next instant he was shamefacedly touching his hat. Though nothing was lost on her, Nan pretended not to see the greeting, and he continued to dream she did not recognize him. Her eyes, in fact, were directed toward Sassoon, and when she spoke, her tone was dry with suspicion.

"Wait a moment, Sassoon. Where are you going?" she demanded.

Sassoon hitched with one hand at his trouser-band. He inclined his head sulkily toward his companion. "Starting a man on the trail for Sleepy Cat."

"Stop!" she exclaimed sharply, for de Spain, pushing his own horse ahead, had managed, without being observed, to kick Sassoon's horse in the flank, and the two were passing. Sassoon at the sharp summons stopped. De Spain could do no less: both men, halting, faced their suspicious inquisitor. She scrutinized de Spain keenly. "What is this man doing in the Gap?"

"He came up from Thief River last night," replied Sassoon monotonously.

"What is he doing here with you?" persisted Nan.

"He's a cousin of John Rebstock's from Williams's Cache," continued Sassoon. The yarn would have sounded decently well in the circumstances for which it was intended, but in the searching gaze of the eyes now confronting and clearly recognizing him, it seemed so grotesque that de Spain would fully as lief have been crawling between his horse's legs as sitting astride his back.

"That's not true, Sassoon," said his relentless questioner. Her tone and the expression of her face boded no friendliness for either of the two she had intercepted.

De Spain had recovered his wits. "You're right," he interposed without an instant's hesitation. "It isn't true. But that's not his fault; he is under arrest and is telling you what I told him to tell you. I came in here this morning to take Sassoon to Sleepy Cat. He is a prisoner, under arrest for cutting up one of our stage guards."

Nan, coldly skeptical, eyed de Spain. "And do you try to tell me"—she pointed to Sassoon's unbound hands—"that he is riding out of here, a free man, to go to jail?"

"I do tell you exactly that. He is my prisoner——"

"I don't believe either of you," declared Nan scornfully. "You are planning something underhand together."

De Spain laughed coolly: "We've planned that much together, but not, I assure you, with his consent."

"I don't believe your stories at all," she declared firmly.

De Spain flushed. The irritation and the serious danger bored in on him. "If you don't believe me it's not my fault," he retorted. "I've told you the truth. Ride on, Sassoon."

He spoke angrily, but this in no wise daunted Nan. She spurred in front of them. "Don't you stir, Sassoon," she commanded, "until I call Uncle Duke."

De Spain spurred straight at her; their horses collided and their riders' knees touched in the saddles. "I'm going to take

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this man out of here," he announced in a tone she never had heard before from any man. "I've no time to talk. Go call your uncle if you like. We must pass."

"You sha'n't pass a step!"

With the quick words of defiance the two glared at each other. De Spain was taken aback. He had expected no more than a war of words—a few screams at the most. Nan's face turned white, but there was no symptom even of a whimper. He noticed her quick breathing, and felt instinctively the restrained gesture of her right hand as it started back to her side. The move steadied him. "One question," he said bluntly. "Are you armed?"

She hated even to answer, and met his searching gaze resentfully, but something in his tone and manner wrung a reply from her. "I can defend myself," she exclaimed angrily.

De Spain raised his right hand from his thigh to the pommel of his saddle. The slight gesture was eloquent of his surrender of the issue of force. "I can't go into a shooting-match with you about this cur. If you call your uncle there will be blood shed. All I ask you is this: Is this cutthroat worth it? You can drop me off my horse right here and now before he appears. But if you shoot me, remember my whole posse from Sleepy Cat is right below us in the aspens. Some of your own people may be killed in a general fight. If you want to shoot me, shoot—you can have the match all to yourself. If you don't, let us go by. And if I've told you one word that isn't true, call me back to this spot any time you like and I'll come and answer for it."

His words and his manner confounded her for a moment. She could not decide what to say. Then she was robbed of her chance to answer. A yell came like a shot from down the trail. The clatter of hoofs rang out and men on horses dashed from the entrance of the Gap toward them. De Spain could not make them out distinctly, but he knew Lefever's yell. "There they are," he exclaimed hurriedly. "There is the whole posse. They are coming!" A shot, followed closely by a second, rang out from below. "Go," he cried to Nan. "There will be shooting here I can't stop!" He slapped Sassoon's pony viciously with his hand, yelled loud in answer to Lefever, and before the startled girl could collect herself, de Spain, crouching in his saddle, as a fusillade cracked sharply from Lefever's and Scott's revolvers, urged Sassoon's horse around hers, kicked it violently, spurred past her himself, and was away.

Nan, white with consternation and anger, steadied her pony and looked after the fleeing pair. Then, whirling her animal, she ran him back to the ranch-house to give the alarm.

Yelling like half a dozen men, Lefever and Scott, as de Spain and his prisoner dashed toward them, separated, let the pair pass, and spurred in behind to cover the flight and confront any pursuers. None at the moment threatened, but no words were exchanged until the whole party, riding fast, were well past El Capitan and out of the Gap. No one of the three coveted a close encounter with the Morgans within its walls.

"It's long heels for it, boys," cried de Spain. His companions closed up again. "We'll have the hornets after us now," he added, looking back.

"Save your horses," cautioned Scott, between strides. "It's a good ways home."

"Make for Calabasas," shouted Lefever.

"No!" yelled Scott. "They would stand us a siege at Calabasas. While the trail is open, make for the railroad."

A great globe of dazzling gold burst in the east above the distant hills. But the glory of the sunrise called forth no admiration from the three men hurrying the fourth urgently along the Sleepy Cat trail. Between breaths de Spain explained his awkward meeting with Nan and the strait he was in when Lefever's strong lungs enabled him to get peaceably away. They had the advantage now—could they hold it?

Scott's Indian eyes first perceived signs on the horizon that marked their pursuit.

"No matter," declared Lefever. "This is a little fast for a fat man, anyway." He was not averse to the prospect of a long-range exchange with the fighting mountaineers. All drew rein a little. "Suppose I cover the rear till we see what this is," suggested Lefever, limbering up as the other two looked back. "Push ahead with Sassoon. These fellows won't follow far."

"Don't be sure about that," muttered Scott. "Duke and Gale have got the best horses in the mountains, and they'd rather fight than eat. There they come now."

Dashing across a plain they themselves had just crossed, they could see three horsemen in hot chase. The pursued men rode

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carefully and, scanning the ground everywhere ahead and behind, de Spain, Scott, and Lefever awaited the moment when their pursuers should show their hand. Scott was on the west of the line and nearest the enemy.

"Who are they, Bob?" yelled Lefever.

Scott scrutinized the three pursuers keenly. "That big fellow on the right," he called back, "is Deaf Sandusky, sure. Harvey Logan likely, the middle man. The other I can't make out. Look!" he exclaimed, pointing to the foot-hills on their distant left. Two men riding out abreast of them were running their horses for a small cañon through which the trail led two miles ahead. "Some riding!" cried Scott, watching the newcomers. "That farther man must be Gale Morgan. They are trying for the greasewood cañon to cut us off."

"We can't stand for that," decided de Spain, surveying the ground around them. "There's not so much as a sage-brush here for cover." He pointed ahead: "Give them a run for that cañon, boys."

Spurring their horses, the Sleepy Cat men rode at utmost speed to beat the flanking party to the trail gateway. For a few minutes it looked an even break between pursuers and pursued. The two men in the foot-hills now had a long angle to overcome, but they were doing a better pace than the Gap party behind, and half-way to the cañon it was apparently a neck-and-neck heat for the narrow entrance. Lefever complained of the effort of keeping up, and at length reined in his horse.

"Drop me here on the alkali, boys," he called to the others. "I'll hold this end while you get through the cañon."

"No," declared de Spain, checking his pace. "If one stays, all stay. This is as good a time as any to find out what these fellows mean."

"But not a very good place," commented Scott as they slowed, looking for a depression.

"It's as good for us as it is for them," returned de Spain abruptly. "We'll try it right here."

He swung out of his saddle, Lefever and Scott following. Sassoon they dismounted. Scott lashed his wrists together, while de Spain and Lefever unslung their carbines, got their horses down, and, facing the west and south, spread themselves on the ground.

The men behind slowed up in turn. For the moment, the flankers were out of sight, but they must soon appear on the crest of a rise between them and the cañon. By the time the defense were ready with their rifles, the men behind spread out and came on, as if for a rush.

Lefever, picking Logan, the foremost, sent a warning shot in front of him. De Spain fired almost at the same moment toward the big man detouring to the right of the leaders. The two bullets puffed in the distant alkali, and the two horsemen, sharply admonished, swerved backward precipitously. After a momentary circling indecision the three rode closer together for a conference, dismounted, and opened a return fire.

The strategy of their halt and their firing was not hard to penetrate. The men from the foot-hills were still riding for the cañon. No views were exchanged among Sassoon's captors, but all understood that this move must be stopped. Lefever and Scott, without words, left the problem to de Spain as leader. He lay on the right of the line as they faced south, and this brought him nearest to the riders out of the foot-hills. Taking advantage of a lull in the firing, he pulled his horse around between himself and the attacking party, in such a position that he could command with his rifle the fast-moving riders to the west.

Something of a predicament confronted him. He was loath to take a human life in the effort to get a cut-throat jailed, and hated even to cripple a beast for it; but the two men must be stopped. Nor was it easy to pick up the range off-hand; but, meaning that the Morgans, if they were Morgans, should understand how a rush would be met, he sent one shot after another—short, beyond, and ahead of the horsemen—to check them and to feel the way for closer shooting.

The two dashed on undaunted: de Spain perceived that warnings were wasted. But the men *must* be stopped. He lowered his sight and, waiting his chance as the leader of the foot-hill pursuers rode into a favorable range, he fired for his horse's head. The beast jumped convulsively, and pitched forward, head down, in a half-somersault, throwing his rider violently to the ground.

*The next instalment of "**Nan of Music Mountain**" will appear in the November number.*

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A Challenge to Authors

by

James Montgomery Flagg

I TAKE pleasure in offering one thousand dollars to some author—I don't give a snort in Cincinnati whether he or she likes or despises my illustrations as such—

Wait a second—here are some illustrations (bragging again!) that have no visible means of support. They are like a kite without a tail! It's too long a story to tell how it all happened, and why these several drawings are stumbling tearfully up and down the aisles with cries of anguish and wild orphan expressions—it is enough for you to know that such is the case.

Not often, but every once in a while, an editor* (I used a small "e" for editor, but I suppose the editor will change it in the magazine!) will stumble over a bundle on the door-step of his magazine office, say "God bless my soul!" (editors use forms of speech), and turn back, pick the bundle up gingerly, and carry it to his den. It will be a set of orphan drawings! What to do with them? He must provide a home.

This is one of those times. This is a sort of mixture of appeal and challenge to authors. The appeal comes from the publishers, and the challenge from me.

I hereby offer the sum of one thousand dollars—$1,000.00—in real money (business of looking apprehensively over my shoulder at publishers)—to the author, without regard to sex, previous conditions of editorhood, or established rates, who shall write around these illustrations the story that shall most adequately, accurately, and

*The type is ours.—EDITOR.

THESE POOR THINGS ARE ORPHANS. WON'T SOME KIND, WARM-HEARTED AUTHOR ADOPT THEM?

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at the same time entertainingly, describe them—in other words, to the author who shall truly authorstrate them!

The contest closes October 5th. Authors are always wanting the pictures done next day after they sell their scenario. My turn now!

There is one restriction I shall make—this offer is open only to those authors who have had either the distinction or the ignominy of having their work illustrated by me. Don't walk away with the notion that I don't know which it is—distinction or ignominy! To these only; but to all of them equally, whether our names have been coupled once or many times on contents pages.

'Way back in the time when the Brooklyn Bridge was nothing more than a toothless little ferry-boat; when the Statue of Liberty was a little paper-weight on Bartholdi's desk; when they used to charge ten cents up to five P. M. on the "L;" when it used to take your grandmother from Fourteenth Street to the old Egyptian reservoir at Forty-second Street and Fifth Avenue to find the three-cent piece she dropped in the straw in the bus—ever since those times (and it seems earlier even than that) I have been picked upon by bilious authors for putting brocaded overalls on their heroines in spite of their describing these young ladies as coming home from the office in their regular stenographer's uniforms

SOCIETY STUFF! CAN OWEN JOHNSON, ON WHATEVER GOLF COURSE

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HE MAY BE PUTTING THE BALL, RESIST THE APPEAL OF THIS SITUATION?

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of lavender tulle and rubber hip-boots!

For decades they have jumped me for portraying their heroes with false red beards, asleep in hammocks in Trinity churchyard, when they clearly indicated in their manuscripts that these young gents were playing lacrosse in their underclothes in Pelham Bay!

They have wantonly accused me of showing their heroes' mothers sitting pensively in coal-holes on side streets in Yorkville, pleading with passers-by as to how many lumps they may take, when the typewritten words plainly demanded that these old gentlewomen should be shown disguised as Annie Oakleys selling clay pigeons to Delmonico's!

It has been repeated to me by some dear friend—for my own good—that a certain writer was much irritated by the fact that, although he had said in so many words—so *many* words is right!—that Clarissa, the Passionate Choir-Singer, was yanking a young man of twenty-eight forcibly from his mother's side on a hotel veranda in Lenox, Mass., I had represented her sitting calmly in a dory off the coast of Maine knitting wristlets for short lobsters!

I don't think I ever did such a thing!

An unknown authorine—and this is straight goods—had the hardihood, when she had been told that I was going to illustrate her woolly little stories—she belongs to the jelly-bean school of literature—to ask the art editor to tell me not to make her heroine FAT!

In the very nature of things I had to make her head fat!

I have no race prejudice against new authors—if they don't get too new! But the time has come for the worm to roll over on his side, crawl out

"GLADYS ERNESTINE, IN A SEVERE TAILORED SUIT AND A SMART LITTLE HAT, BURST INTO TEARS AT SIGHT OF HIM."

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THAT'S ABOUT WHERE *SOME* WRITERS I KNOW WILL LAND WHEN THEY TRY TO AUTHORSTRATE THESE HERE PICTURES.

from under the heel of the overbearing, cocky author, and assert himself! I am one of those worms. I now defy authors — *my* authors, so to speak—no matter how many clubs they belong to in "Who's Who," no matter how long and matted their hair is, no matter how big and round their tortoise-shell spectacles are, no matter how many editors crawl up to them on their stomachs—the editors' own stomachs, I mean to say—no matter how often they have added to the horrors of banquet photos—I defy any of them adequately to authorstrate these here pictures!

It's so easy to find flaws, that there are people who make a profession of it, and the human race is so viciously constituted that they get paid for knocking, too. Now let us see what you will do when the tables are turned—let us see you write a tale around these pictures that will leave no loophole for hypercritical nobodies, obviously out of employment, to write in to the publishers with purple ink on single-ruled sheets in handwriting that a chambermaid in a dollar hotel would refuse to acknowledge as her own, and complain that the author has referred to my hero's hair as a light cream color when any one can see that it is as dark as a chocolate eclair!

First, I openly challenge Owen Johnson! Owen, old top, you who get paid and illustrated before you have thought out your rough synopsis, I am making it much easier for you than you do for me! Here are the illustrations all finished and ready for you to work on!

You pull off only one novel a year, anyway, so what *do* you do with your spare fifty weeks? I can see no excuse for you, really! Now, if you were as

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COULDN'T REX BEACH GET AN ADVENTURE STORY OUT OF THIS PICTURE? THEY MAY JUMP ANY MINUTE.

busy as Julian Street— And besides, I don't require you to waste hours with me listening to me rave about my work under the pretense of giving you the atmosphere of the stuff!

And there is no chance in this of my asking you to do a certain chapter and calling you up later, after you've worked it all out, only to say that it probably won't come into this instalment, if at all!

Julian Street! Judy, come hither—I would a word with you! Couldn't you drape a clever little story around these characters of mine? Yes, you'll have to look at the drawings—don't I read your stories—and like 'em? All except those—Well, I realize that it will be fairly tough on you, as they don't perhaps suggest anything that has actually ever happened to you. But have a stab at it, that's a good feller! I don't want to butt in on those seven thousand words you have mapped out to do inside of the next two years—I don't like to crowd a friend—but the hand-bags in the grasp of the flunkey in one of these pictures ought to stir something in your breast!

Couldn't you do a story about travel? One of the men in these pictures looks like a druggist. Couldn't you pretend that he was a well-known druggist in Kansas City?—and then you could let yourself go and give a passionate list of the stock in his store on Main Street!

Sure you could. Why, there's alcohol, asafetida, alum, arnica, ammonia, arrow-root, aconite, antiphlogistine, antipyrene, aloes, brushes, bromide, bug-powder, baby-bath soap, belladonna, blood-orange tablets —and that is only the A's and B's!

And I'll bet you all the druggists in K. C. would be crazy about it! Oh, I know you're stuck on Wallace Morgan's stuff now, but you used to like mine once! Just for old times' sake, write a story for me! And don't forget it's a thousand dollars!

Oh, there *was* a time when you used to think a thousand dollars for a short story wasn't so bad! Don't put on airs, Judy!

Edna Ferber! Won't you come to the rescue? I know you've transferred the evergreen Emma McChestnut to some other magazine so as to sidestep my pictures of her! It would have been funny, after all your trouble of moving, if the other magazine had wished me on Emma again!

I'd like to know the inside story of that affair of the moving-van! Did Emma really

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complain of my unwelcome attentions? The kittenish old thing! I think I was darned polite to her, if anybody should sail up in a yawl and ask you! Of course I made her better looking than you said, but, gosh! I couldn't be so mean to a lady! Isn't my heroine young enough to have a son in Harvard? I'll bet you could call her Emma and get away with it, even now! Sure! Emma was getting younger every year! Here's your opportunity! Slip on your boxing mittens and go to it!

And Wallace Irwin! Come on in, Walrus! Write a story around my people, and perhaps some one will stop *me* in the street and say, "I know Irwin is a friend of yours, BUT—!" And perhaps *you* could say, "Ah, but that wasn't my fault — the editor put the wrong illustration over my caption!"

You and I wrote a play together once—

JULIAN STREET, DOESN'T THE SIGHT OF THESE YOUNG THINGS IN A RAILWAY TRAIN MAKE YOU WANT TO DO A—ER—OH—YES—A CLEVER LITTLE TRAVEL STORY ABOUT CRIPPLE CREEK?

HERE YOU ARE, RUPERT. HERE'S YOUR OWN HEROINE.

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remember? And they wouldn't have it as a gift! Said it was almost a good play! That would apply to all the ones they produce on Broadway, wouldn't it? So that was no answer! Collab. with me again, Walrus! For, although editors can only guess, as managers do, there is talk of real money—and we didn't overhear anything like that in connection with playwriting!

And George McCutcheon! Old George Barr McClockwork! Mein Gott—vat a system! George is so systematic he makes the Germans' methods look like a kitten's in a basket of yarn!

I'm afraid this isn't open to you, George! You see, you're rather peculiar. You write your romances before they are given over to the doubtful tendernesses of the illustrator. That is radical—insurgent! It doesn't leave any scope for the artist—he hasn't a free hand—the poor dub has to read the story then, and that hampers his imagination! But then I'm willing to overlook that and invite you in! Your idea of actually finishing the tale before it is out on the news-stands is laughably quaint and picturesque! It's abnormal to be normal these days, don't forget that!

The only condition I insist upon, Georgie, in your case, is that you shall begin the story twelve months before you see this challenge!

Rex Beach! Take a whack at it! You could lay the story up in Nome or Dawson City, as far as I was concerned—and I think that would go for the editors too—because I wouldn't know that people didn't look like that up there!

Jack Hines! Wouldn't you be able to work a dog story out of these scenes? You could say the dog was under the table or in one of the cages in the restaurant picture!

Rupert Hughes! Yes, Roop, I don't wonder at your lagging step and sheepish grin! You Post-Publication Author! I am about to sprinkle handfuls of red-hot clinkers on your beloved bean! I forgive and forget the anguish you have caused me! The clothes, the expressions, the features, the sexes—nay, the very characters I have supplied you with at club rates in advance! I don't even hold against you the scenery, taxicabs, fogs, limousines, and all the East Side smells I have smelled in your company, and all the elevated-pillars and dusty trips to the banks of the Hudson, and other local coloring matter I have delivered to you before you reached the instalment of whatever serial of yours I was toiling on!

I wipe off the slate the epithets you have assaulted my ears with over Mr. Bell's telephone (at the risk to yourself of having your telephone removed) because you, forsooth, had completely forgotten to introduce a certain gunman or whatnot into your mailed and long-overdue copy—a party you yourself had enlarged upon to me with detailed instructions and weird scrawls you said were sketches of this person and exactly how he was slitting your heroine's fair young gullet!

I thought you knew who you were writing about! You had yourself advertised, everywhere there was a blank wall, as the author!

I forgive you all the hours you sit in your mosquito-infested though slimy pergola in Folding Bedford Hills getting your cuffs dirty playing with your ninety soiled mongrel hounds, when you know you ought to be writing the finish of the sixth instalment, as I had nearly completed your eighth!

I forgive the long, dreamy evenings you have dawdled in your living-room with the air completely filled with David Bispham and other musical swells—the brilliant literati of many cities hovering about—the scores of beautiful women, including your wife, draped picturesquely on soft-chested divans, perhaps a half-dozen sitting gracefully on the piano, all, all whispering your praises, between ballads, and feeding you bonbons with their pink fingers—turning your poor, silly head!

What of me? You never thought of me! There was I in my garret—alone—with my drawing-board on my knee, a pencil in one hand, the telephone-receiver in the other, waiting—waiting for the description that never came—of the next double page!

You, Roop, are peculiarly fitted for this task. This occasion is right in your line—writing a story around my drawings! I dare you *not* to!

While I would particularly enjoy seeing one of the foregoing authors flounder on this job, I am not bigoted—it is absolutely open to all story-tellers whose stories I have illustrated. Positively no discrimination against any one! Whether my illustrations have ruined their stories or not!

Get in touch with EVERYBODY'S at once! This is on the level!

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The Road to Mandel's

by

Maximilian Foster

ILLUSTRATIONS BY J. H. GARDNER SOPER

THE road from the Rand to Chestnut Street is—put it roughly—six thousand miles or thereabouts by veldt, by sea, by city pavement. It was from the Rand that the Gem of Price came first. But for girls like Mary Sammis, the road to the plate-glass, velvet-lined showcases of Mandel's in Chestnut Street, where the Gem of Price finally rested, is generally a broad, *short* way, with a wide gate, and bright lights all along it.

Yawn if you must, but Mary was a daughter of the poor. She dwelt, however, up to her elbows in wealth; the gilt frame of luxury surrounded her; and daily she came and went, dazzled by the glitter of ostentation. Mary sat at a desk in the hall of the Paymore Arms; and from eight in the morning till eight o'clock at night, she plugged-in calls for the twenty-four families overhead. "Locust

IF OTHER GIRLS GOT WHAT THEY WANTED, WHY SHOULDN'T SHE TOO?

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five-five-o!" "Lombard six-nine-one!" "Yes, ma'am, I'm ringing Bryn Mawr two-five-nine, party J!" On Fridays, in lieu of a Saturday half-holiday, she was let off at seven P. M.

You know the place, no doubt. The girls call it swell. It is an apartment house, where a superintendent presides; and where, plead as you will, two thousand a year is the lowest figure he will consent to listen to. Positively! Probably it is worth it, though. Outside, a befrogged, gold-laced carriageman salutes you; three hall-boys greet you in the hall; while a thousand-dollar rug, its pile as deep as fur, cushions your way to the elevators. There are also three trimmed bay-trees and a Roman marble garden-seat.

Up-stairs, luxury, more luxury! There is gilt, there is enameling. There are plate-glass mirrors and hardwood floors. Satin lines the bedroom walls. The faucets are silver-plated. And besides ostentation, there is ventilation, refrigeration, exposed plumbing as well. And the women that live at the Paymore Arms spend as much a week on dog-biscuits, cream, and chicken for their Poms, their Pekinese, as Mary's wages. Her pay was seven per.

Mary often thought of the ladies' little pets. When the cabs and cars were at the door, and Fifi or Ootsy Tootsy or Ting-a-ling Ching was taken for a drive, Mary would have liked to be taken too. And when she came back from the drive, besides, she would have liked to lie in a wicker-work bassinette with silk lining and baby-blue ribbon round the edge, and have her hair combed and brushed, then be fed daintily on cream and cut-up chicken. Or beef-steak, even; maybe chops. It was pretty ridiculous, of course. You don't feed hello girls on cream and chicken. It is much too good for any one on only seven per.

What Mary thought of most, though, was the up-stairs ladies themselves. A good many of them were fat, and the majority were middle-aged. However, a few among them were passably young, and one or two really were good-looking. Mary envied these. Openly, sinfully, shamelessly, she wished she were in their boots. She did not envy their good looks, though; she had plenty of her own: gray eyes, brown hair, pink cheeks; a lithe, slender figure. What she wished for was their clothes, their furs, their fine feathers. And don't forget their gems! She would have liked to go out to her own limousine at the curb, enter it, and say to the choofer, "Pete, drive me down to Mandel's!" There she would pick out a pair of matched pearls for her ears, and for the pink third finger of her left hand a big water-white solitaire. It would be a regular Rock! Afterward, she would drive out to the Park——

Oh, what's the use! Old stuff, bo, you'll say: the world is full of seven-a-week kiddoes that hanker for the moon! Yes, but wait a bit!

Once opportunity had knocked at Mary's door! Once she had been offered much more than seven a week! It wasn't for plugging-in calls, though, at the Paymore's private branch. Hardly! Instead, six months or so ago, she had been invited to travel that broad, bright highway, the one we've told about—the road that leads to Mandel's. She hadn't known, of course, where she was going; few ever do when they start; but Mary, it happens, hadn't started. She had been frightened. She hadn't had the nerve! Even yet she gasped a little whenever she thought of it! 'Fraid cat!

"Jenkintown four-four-eight? — yes, ma'am," said Mary.

There were times, though, when, after the gasp, Mary's eyes took on a curious gleam. They were the times when some woman up-stairs grew peevish because Lombard rang "busy" or she could not get Bryn Mawr, party J. Or worse, when those same women from above sailed down in their Poirets, with their Poms and pugs under their arms. Of course it was only semi-occasionally she saw them, for Mary sat cooped in a dim cubbyhole under the stairs. But still even these rare glimpses were enough.

She could not forget, somehow, that on the road to Mandel's there were many of the things these other women had. There was music too—midnight music; you danced, then you had chicken à la king. Afterward, you danced again, then you took a taxi! All this had been offered Mary—was still offered her. What's more, the Party that offered it was a Swell, a Perfect Gentleman! Why, he had his own ottom'bile; 'nd on'y a night or two ago, why——

Mary gave a jump, then another gasp. The next instant she sat up straight; and with a grim, determined face, the light in

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the gray eyes once more shining bravely, her hands went flying over the switchboard, the slender fingers plying among the cords and keys with all their accustomed deftness.

"Yes, ma'am, this is the operator. The bathroom pipe's buss, you say? Juss a minute, please. I'll get Joe for you right away!" And, humming lightly, the sunshine of a smile playing on her lips, Mary plugged-in on the Bx drop, the call to the Paymore basement.

"That you, Joe? . . . What? . . . You quit y'r kidding, hear? There's a pipe buss in No. 16, third floor east! . . . Huh? . . . Well, I like your nerve! And say, this is no time f'r dialogue, either! You beat it!"

A half-hour later, Joe in person strolled down from Number 16, third floor east. Victory shone upon him, and white lead and candle-grease. Certainly Joe was no swell. He was just the Paymore's useful man, the aide to its ornamental superintendent. Still, Joe had ambitions.

You shall hear about them.

"How d'ye do, Mr. Vincent?" said Mary, formally. "How's the electric trade coming on?"

"Joe's the name, kid—and say," said Mr. Vincent, gleaming, "whattier think? That feller out Girard Ave., he offers to sell f'r nine hunderd—stock, goodwill, everything! I wooden' wonder if I buy."

Mary looked up, her eyes twinkling. Under her breath she hummed a bar of a popular song. Its refrain was "Dreaming, I was dreaming!"

"Not on y'r life!" retorted Joe. "I've got six hunderd a'ready in the savings, and the rest I c'n borry on time. That ain't what's worrying me!"

To all intents they were alone. Two of the three hallboys had withdrawn, one departing cellarward for his morning cigarette; the other, for the same purpose, ascending in the elevator to the roof. As for the third, he drowsed on the Roman marble garden-seat, recuperating, probably, from overnight exertions at the one-step and maxixe. Shifting his Stillson from his right hand to his left, Joe bent down

JOE BENT DOWN SWIFTLY AND TRAPPED MARY'S FINGERS IN HIS. "SAY, WHAT'D YOU SAY TO A RING?"

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swiftly and trapped Mary's fingers in his.

"S-a-y!" he said, and at the way he said it she looked up, startled—"Say, what'd you say to a ring?"

Mary turned quite white. "What d'you mean, a ring?"

"What I say, kid—an engagement ring! You gimme the word once, and I'll——"

Pshaw! All this is a long way from the Rock, that Gem of Price this set out to tell about—a long, long way. And, since that's the case, why. . . .

It was just six when Sylvia drove up to the parish-house. Hers was the first of the limousines to arrive. There were seven in all.

At the curb, Giles, the sexton at Ste. Guinevere's, stood waiting to receive them. He was a white-haired, smiling person with a deferent, often obsequious manner. Politeness pays, Giles could tell you. Ste. Guinevere's was the city's richest, most fashionable church; and to-night, as on each Friday night in winter, the Girls' Golden-Hour League met in the parish-house. Thirty young girls, all parishioners, made up its membership; but not all were rich nor fashionable. Instead, they were, as a rule, either shopgirls or factory-workers; leaving, in fact, only seven that really represented Ste. Guinevere's wealth and social distinction.

These were the seven that came in the limousines. Every Friday evening they met at the parish-house to make brighter (if they could) the others' difficult, grinding lives. Naturally, they were in charge.

Ere Sylvia's car had halted, Giles was at its door. "Evening, ma'am! Evening, Miss Deane!" he chirped. "Pleased to see you so well!" In spite of his deference, though, Giles was a little hurried. A second motor had just drawn up behind Sylvia's; and on this Giles seemed to have his eye. It had a footman as well as a chauffeur on the front seat, while the car itself was imported, French, expensive. "Here, you!" Giles said abruptly—this to a group of girls clustered at the gate—"one o' you young persons take this lady's bundles!" The next instant he had darted off.

Sylvia alighted. Giles's hurry had not escaped her, and she glanced at the car just stopping. It was Sally Harris's. She was one of the season's richest débutantes—perhaps the richest.

Sylvia did not know her very well. Somehow, the Harris fortune had seemed always to raise a subtle barrier between Sally and herself; besides, the Harris name was one of the oldest in the city. Not that Sylvia wasn't wealthy and well-connected. Her people had always been well-to-do and respected; but it was only recently that they had begun to "come up." You understand the term. The Deanes had still to make their way into the charmed inner circle of wealth and social influence. They were on the fringe only.

Smiling with a certain queer, confident satisfaction, Sylvia turned away.

"How do you do, Becky!" she said pleasantly to the girl who came to take her bundles. "Every one well at home?"

At once Becky writhed in a convulsion of shy delight. She was one of the club's shopgirls. Usually the ladies that she came in contact with—"swells," she called them—were anything but captivating. You know how it is in shops. So it seemed inconceivable that one so angelic, so rapturously beautiful as "Miss Sylvia," should take an interest in her. Overwhelmed, Becky's face took on that strangulated, boiled hue that ever signals honest adoration. "The fambly? Oh, they're fine," she said. "Just fine!"

A little to her astonishment, Becky found she was addressing air.

Her eyes lighting, her own face suffused with color, Sylvia had seen suddenly that Sally Harris was waving her a buoyant greeting. It was a bit unusual, perhaps, this cordiality; but Sylvia didn't pause for that. She went quickly toward the other girl. Again, on her face shone that look of subtle satisfaction. Her frail, delicate beauty seemed more than ever radiant.

"How do you do?" she said shyly.

For a moment the two girls stood chatting. Their talk was trifling, something or other about a young girl that Sylvia had asked to join the club; yet to Sylvia, at least, every word seemed fraught with significance. She was no longer held aloof. The other's tone was as friendly, as unreserved, as if she'd known Sylvia all her life.

"The girl's dreadfully shy," said Sylvia. "Besides, I'm afraid she's had a hard time of it—temptation; all that sort of thing. The worst of it is, though, she won't marry the young man I spoke about. He seems quite worthy, too—a hard-working fellow;

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but she doesn't think she loves him. Queer, isn't it?"

Miss Harris nodded. "I know. They're all like that, these shopgirls. They all are longing for things above them."

But this was not a shopgirl. It was, instead, a telephone-operator. "Ours, you know," added Sylvia, whereat Miss Harris gazed at her with a well-bred, mild bewilderment. "Yours?" Accustomed as she was to wealth, to ostentation, the luxury of one's own telephone-attendant seemed superfluous. Sylvia explained. While their new house, their country-place, was being finished, they were spending the winter at the Paymore Arms. Sylvia herself had been at Lenox all fall—was just back: but they had lived at the Paymore Arms last winter, too, and Sylvia had got interested in the little telephone-girl.

"Oh, yes; I remember now!" exclaimed Miss Harris. "I forgot you lived in apartments." Her eyes twinkling, she impulsively laid a hand on Sylvia's. "Lately, I've been hearing lots of nice things about you—Rob Emmons wrote me from Lenox. And I've seen him once or twice when he's been in town. We're old pals—he's my first cousin, you know!"

Sylvia knew it perfectly. All his connections were known to her—at any rate, by name; the Harris branch especially. She colored to her hair.

Again Sally Harris's hand gave Sylvia's an impulsive little squeeze. "I'm coming to call on you," she announced. "And I'm *so* glad it's happened! I'm sure we're going to be friends!"

Together, the two girls walked up the path to the parish-house. On Sylvia's face the vague, shadowy smile that had at first illumined her glowed now like an aura. It was a little thing she had won, the mere bubble of social esteem; yet when she reflected how much effort it had cost her—somehow the bauble's worth seemed magnified.

It was as if she had won a Gem!

She had, too! What's more, she had paid the price!

Ten o'clock struck at last—*ten!* that bourgeois hour which tolls a proper curfew for all good poor girls; and the club adjourned for the night. Long before this, though, Mary had wished she could go. Frankly, she hadn't had a good time. Not altogether, anyway.

Yet little had been spared to make her evening pleasant.

For example, there was Mr. Bulty. Mr. Bulty was the Paymore Arms' superintendent. At first, when Mary had asked for the evening off, Mr. Bulty had demurred. "A night off? . . . What!" Mr. Bulty had said. Once he had learned, though, why she wished a night off, the superintendent ceased to demur. "Well, that's different!" he'd said. "Why didn't you say Miss Deane's asked you?" It was quite different, in fact. Miss Deane's father had leased the Paymore Arms' most expensive apartment.

There was Joe, too. At half-past six, just as Mary was leaving, Joe had come up from the basement. For three days now, Joe had been lurking in the background of Mary's thoughts, his face pale, haggard, his eyes accusing and dark. So far, Joe had kept away from her; but as Mary rose to don her hat, Joe lurched up to the switchboard.

This time they were not alone. Two of the three hallboys now lounged on the Roman marble garden-seat; while in the elevator near by the third practised a new step in the hesitation, whistling sedulously as he did so. Little Joe cared about them, though!

He spoke, and you would have thought Joe had a frog in his throat. "Where you goin'?" he demanded.

At once the two youths on the garden-seat started. As for the third, his whistling ceased abruptly, after which his head emerged cautiously from the elevator-door. Catching each others' eyes, the three, in turn, winked.

"Out," said Mary.

In Joe's throat, the frog got a fresh hold on his larynx.

"I know y' are! Last night, you were out, too—I saw you! I follied you, and I saw that feller you met!" He cleared his throat. "That swell! The one in his car!"

Mary's fingers fumbled clumsily as she strove to drive in a hatpin. In the act, she very nearly scalped herself. "I didn't meet him!" she said doggedly. "It was just accidental. He met me."

"Yes; and to-night there'll be another 'accident!' You're going with him again."

Mary was quite white. She was trembling too. "I didn't go with him! I'm not going to-night, either! How dare you!"

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SALLY HARRIS'S HAND GAVE SYLVIA'S AN IMPULSIVE LITTLE SQUEEZE. "I'M *SO* GLAD IT'S HAPPENED. I'M SURE WE'RE GOING TO BE FRIENDS."

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"If you don't look out, some night you will!" said Joe.

Mary turned a little whiter. It was as if Joe's dull, dogged stare had pierced the marrow of her thought. It was before her always now—tempting, alluring—day and night enticing her. And it was so easy a thing to do! No more toil, no more drudgery! Instead there would be ease, comfort—all the pretty things she loved, besides! She had but to step into the car—and vividly she recalled it!—low, racy, flat, its brasswork gleaming! She had but to step aboard, to seat herself, her feet stretched out just as she'd seen other girls stretch theirs; then away she'd go, up the road, round the corners, *honk! honk!*—Oh, fine!

"*S-a-y!*" said Joe, his voice lowering. "You tell me his name, you hear? I want to know it!"

She didn't answer. It was what she had dreaded most—something like this. What if Joe Vincent went and made a scene? She sparred for time. "What d'you mean, his name?"

"Just what I say!" persisted Joe—"the name that swell's given you! It's probably a fake," he added sapiently. "Usually it is—the names those swells give a girl like you! . . . Well, how about it?"

She started, awkwardly. A fake? Jack Thatcher? She wondered now, her face flaming suddenly.

Jack's car, however, had been real. So had been his smile, his good looks, the smart clothes he wore.

"I won't tell you his name!" said Mary.

"All right, never mind!" said Joe; and again she started. There was a look in his eyes that again sent the blood from her face.

"Joe! What're you going to do?"

He was very brief. "Find him," said Joe. "Make sure he means marrying! If he does, I'm satisfied. If he don't, well——"

He didn't finish. His look, however, seemed sufficient; and with hands shaking on his arm Mary strove to stay him.

"Joe—listen! You're not going to play the fool!" said Mary, babbling. "He's twice as big as you are! Why, he c'd eat two like you! Promise me, Joe!—promise you won't touch him!"

He gazed at her agape, his eyes dull, his air baffled. "Not hurt him? Say, which are you worrying about? Me or him?"

"You—him, I mean—both of you! I can't have two men fighting over me! Think how it'd look!"

The speech may not seem heroic. It was sincere, however; for even poor girls may still have some regard for their—their—(what do you call it, now?) oh, yes—for their reputations. And as if to confirm this, all at once, a hot tide of indignation swept Mary from head to foot.

"How dare you!" she railed beneath her breath. "How dare you!" Joe, for an instant, quailed. "The idea! You're just like the rest of them! You think because a girl's poor, because she hasn't anything, she's sure to go wrong! Yes, that's what! . . . And why not?" she shifted her ground abruptly. "Don't you think I want swell things?—swell, just like them!" Joe, swept off his feet, still gaped. "Yes, and ain't I a right to them? Ain't I, as much as they? And don't they—" A drop fell, buzzing busily. By habit, instinctively, she plugged-in on it. "And don't they get 'em—Yes, ma'am, I hear you. Lombard six-six-four!—don't they get 'em any way they can? Why— Oh shucks!" said Mary; and ended helplessly with a shrug.

Joe gulped hurriedly. "Well, I've be'n on the level with you, ain't I? Didn't I show you the ring? Didn't I go out and soak a whole $29.50 for it? Say, I asked you to marry me, kid. I'm asking yet!"

"Well," said Mary—and she jabbed on her hat any way—"when I marry, it'll be a man I love!"

But the next instant Mary's anger had faded as swiftly as it had come. "I'm sorry, Joe. I didn't mean to hurt you. I like you, too, only you don't understand!"

He made a final effort. "Will you tell me his name?" asked Joe.

But Mary still said no.

Her hat askew, her face pale, and the tumult of her mind subsided now into a dull and unremitting ache, she turned away from the switchboard. Past the three bay-trees, past the marble garden-seat, and the three leering hallboys, she wandered to the door and so on out into the starlit street. But as she padded onward, hurrying in the dark, it was not just clothes, gems, fine feathers, that Mary dreamed about. The dream had changed. A face swam before her. It was the face of the boy, the man, rather, in the low, flat, racy runabout. He was looking at her, his eyes alluring; and he smiled, smiled, smiled. . . .

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But Mary knew. What they'd tell her at the parish-house was, after all, right. She was a poor girl, she mustn't think of such things! And that's why she was going there to-night, as Miss Deane had invited her to do. It was for help. She was frightened. Overhead, the tower clock was just striking seven as she opened the parish-house door.

For a moment Mary stood bewildered, blushing in shy confusion. She looked very pretty, very slender and winsome. Within, the assembly hall was crowded. Thirty or more girls stood there, all laughing, chatting together; and as they looked around, Mary shrank. Then she heard a voice she knew.

"Why, Mary!" Sylvia exclaimed.

She came forward swiftly, her face lighting, and gave Mary a cordial welcome. "I'm *so* glad! I was afraid you couldn't come!"—and Mary colored with pleasure. She had always admired Sylvia Deane, just as she had envied her. Sylvia was little like the other women that lived at the Paymore Arms. She seemed always simple, unaffected—in contrast with the other women, with their stilted voices, their arrogant airs, their dull, haughty eyes.

Miss Deane's beauty, too, was as unaffected as her manners. She had no need for paint, for powder; no need to dab up her face as those others did—lips rouged, eyebrows and lashes penciled. To-night, she looked more than ever beautiful. Radiant, adorable, Mary thought her; and as she glanced at Sylvia, all at once Mary's heart gave a swift, dismal thump!

It was in shame. What if Sylvia knew! What if she read in Mary's mind the ugly, sordid thoughts that flocked there! Inwardly, Mary writhed.

But not for long. Before she had more than time to catch her breath, she found herself surrounded by a dozen other girls. Their cordiality, buoyant and unaffected, swept away the last vestige of her shyness.

"This is Mary Sammis, girls," said Sylvia. "Just introduce yourselves, will you? I'm dreadfully busy!" She went away, laughing gaily. Mary laughed, too. There was laughter, high spirits, geniality, all about her; and she had been quick to catch it.

Becky twined her arm in Mary's. "Say," she announced, "Miss Sylvia's be'n telling me about you. You live where she lives, don't you!" Mary smiled, nodding; and Becky heaved a sigh. "It's swell to be a 'phome-operator! Real *ree*fined! I gotta mind to try it sumptime! Say," Becky added voluminously, "you heard, didn't you, Miss Sylvie's to be married?"

Mary gave a start there. She was surprised, interested. "Married?"

Becky nodded. "Sure! Yesterday's paper had it all in! To Rob Emmons, that awful big swell." Her voice lowered, and, awed, she gave Mary a subtle nudge. "Say, have you seen it? She's got it on!"

"Seen what? Got what on?"

"Why, the ring," said Becky. "It's a regular rock! They say it come f'm Mandel's!"

That ended it. As Mary turned, Sylvia herself appeared at the doorway. "Come along, girls! Everything's ready!" she called; and the room stirred in confusion. Beyond, seen through the open door, a long table was laid, spread with white napery and gleaming silverware. The girls trooped toward it. Esquired by Becky, Mary followed; and, having first properly presented her to Miss Sally, Becky found her new friend a place.

They dined. There was oyster soup, then there was turkey. There were plates of bread and butter and platters of paper-thin sandwiches. There was a salad also, then cream-puffs, cakes, and a regular young monument of ice-cream. Little screams of delight heralded its entry. Giggles and exclamations followed as it was cut and passed around.

And through it all, her face a mask, Mary sat whelmed in misery and revolt.

Her ears were deaf to Becky's amiable cackle. Across the table sat Sylvia; and on Sylvia's finger gleamed the Rock, the Gem of Price! Its depths of lucid whiteness flashed like a beacon at every turn of Sylvia's hand. The rays dazzled. They sparkled, leaping hot like flame, gleaming cold like ice. They flashed, then dulled again, as sinister as a reptile's eye—waiting, watching. But only momentarily. Again, with a turn of the hand, the stone's immortal fires blazed, while, opposite, the girl watched, as dizzied, as drunken, as if she stared into the sun.

Understand! It was not the gem's beauty, nor its size and value, that confounded her. Neither was it envy of its possessor that set her wits astray. She did not envy Sylvia; she marveled at her

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instead! Mute, the seven-a-week kiddo sat there watching—weighing, estimating, the whole of life's tragic comedy thudding at a gallop through her brain.

For, in short, how Sylvia had gained that ring was no secret to Mary!

She knew. No doubt could shade her certainty. The knowledge was as sure as if Sylvia had said, "Here, this is my soul. Walk in. Have a look around!" It was as sure as if Mary had walked in. As sure as if she *had* had a look around. "Mussy, ain't it! Don't you ever sweep? Look at those muddy footprints!" . . .

Staring across the table, all at once Mary wet her lips. No sound escaped her, but with her mouth she framed the words. "Sold herself!" breathed Mary.

Don't laugh. The phrase is hers. We disown it utterly. On authority (Ste. Guinevere's) it is shopgirls that sell themselves. That's why, on Fridays, they are asked there to the parish-house. It's so they won't.

But Sylvia . . . ? Impossible!

Yes. For, from the obscurity of Mary's silly little head a memory had leaped—the remembrance of a happening she had almost forgotten, though it was only about six weeks ago—one day when Sylvia had run back to town for some special shopping. It had not impressed her at the time.

She had been sitting, her eyes on the switchboard, her glance fastened on the drops; but what she saw was neither the numbers nor the network of cords plugged-in on them. Instead, there drifted to and fro across the board a low, flat, racy runabout, its brasswork gleaming. Last night it had waited at the corner near where Mary roomed; to-night it would be waiting there again. Startled, her hand had struck a key; and, the key springing open at her touch, through the wire a voice had come to her.

It was a voice she'd heard on the wire before. She thought, too, she had identified its owner in a caller who used to come often to the Paymore Arms. Never mind, though! This time, the voice that rang through the telephone was but vaguely like the one she was used to hearing.

Harsh and shaking, its tone cut. Mary caught it in the midst of a broken sentence. " . . . love him; or he, you. It's your money he's after; and you, position! For God's sake, be honest with me! I . . . "

That was all. The smaller sins Mary scorned, eavesdropping among them; and, hurriedly, she shut the key.

But now she knew! That fragment, briefly heard, still lingered; and with a mind that swung fitfully between wonder on one hand and scorn upon the other, she stared round-eyed at the laughing girl on whose finger the stone sparkled and glittered, gleaming like the Pole Star . . . That girl there, with wealth, good looks, everything—why should she too traffic, barter? Shopgirls do it, but why should she? It was as if within the temple Mary laid marigolds at the idol's feet, only to find the idol's feet were clay. For a moment she felt dizzy. She pushed her plate of ice-cream away.

Then reaction came. Inwardly, the fires paled; only the ashes remained. She sat, her eyes narrowing; while deep within her thumping heart revolt stirred, its voices clamoring. It was but a whisper first, a distant murmur; but ere long conscience fled, panic-stricken. If other girls—good girls—girls rich like Sylvia—got what they wanted, why shouldn't she get it, too? If they got it any way they could. . . . Oh, yes! "Selling 'emselves!" said Mary . . . then why shouldn't she too get it any way she could? Why not?

That settled it! He'd be there to-night, she knew—he and his motor-car. He hadn't told her, still she was sure. She must hurry!

Leaning forward, Mary snatched up her spoon; and in half a dozen gulps she had wolfed down the rest of her ice-cream.

Time lagged then—age-long, interminable.

Eight o'clock struck. . . . Then nine. . . . N-I-N-E! One hour more now! Only one!

There was a clock upon the wall—fat, round-faced, smug. Its pendulum, swaying ponderously behind the glass, ticked off time's measure of eternity with a thick, portentous voice. *Tick-tock! Glug-glug! Tick! tick! tock!* Leisurely, unhurried, pompous, its hands lagged on toward ten. Little *it* cared!

Mary sat, her fingers twined in her lap, while around her the room rang, echoing with gaiety the laughter of those other girls. The clearest, the most tuneful, was Sylvia's.

They danced. It was gay, it was all very real and sincere. For her partner,

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Becky the shopgirl, led out Sally Harris, the season's richest débutante. They danced, and—what's more—Becky showed her partner many unexpected, surprising steps.

Meanwhile, mured in a corner by the wall, Mary Sammis sat staring at them with dulled, unseeing eyes.

Sylvia, flushed and laughing, held out a hand to her.

"I'm—I'm not dancing," said Mary.

"Oh, come along!" urged Sylvia. "I'll lead you!"

A slight shudder ran through Mary. Her tongue thickened in her throat. "I—I don't wish to dance," she said.

Wondering, Sylvia withdrew; and a moment later away she went, whirling round the room with a young hat-trimmer for a partner. As she circled the room, the ring on her finger blazed fitfully, coruscating like a spark-plug. You could almost hear the sparks *crackle!*

Then the dance ended. There was a pause, a little gust of satisfied laughter; and, gagging sharply, with a brief preliminary whir, overhead the clock struck TEN!

"If you like," said Sylvia, "I can send you home. My car's outside, you know. I'm not going right away, myself."

Her car? Yes, but to-night Mary would have her own car! As good as her own car, that is. She shook her head. Then she spoke. The voice that emerged from her lips she did not recognize. It was small and thin and quavering, as if somehow the wires had crossed and she had broken in on a party line. "No, thanks!" said Mary.

Sylvia's brows raised slightly. She wondered. Saying no more, she went away.

But a fat lot Mary cared! She was as good as Sylvia was—no worse, at any rate. To-morrow, she'd have things, too! What's more, she'd have just as good a right to have 'em! Her eyes blazed feverishly as she went to get her hat and coat. As good a right, yes! A better right, she told herself. For it would be without love, without honor, that Sylvia gave herself, while with Mary it would be without honor, of course, but still it would be with love. Or what she thought was love. And, with hasty, fumbling fingers, she jabbed her hat on her head.

She must hurry, hurry! What if he got tired of waiting, and the runabout wasn't there! She was fairly running as she reached the parish-house door.

Outside, there were stars. From overhead they gleamed down on her, glittering like gems in a velvet-lined show-case. What if some one saw her, and guessed what she had in mind! A quick breath escaped her. She glanced swiftly over her shoulder.

But no, the street was vacant. No one saw her. Again she was hurrying on, when again she caught her breath. *None? No one?* In sudden fright, her eyes leaped upward.

There overhead, the dark night sky, the vault of heaven, arched above her, lit by its stellar multitude; and as she pored upon it, a swift remembrance swept through her mind, thundering in accusation. No one? None?

That depends.

At Ste. Guinevere's they have corded silk cushions on the pews; you worship from real morocco prayer-books; the altar service is solid silver washed inside with gold. THOU GOD SEEST ME!—says the text fretted in precious metal above the reredos. But then, this was different. She was not one of Ste. Guinevere's. She was just Mary Sammis. She was a little seven-a-week hello kid who wanted things she had a right to have.

In resentment and revolt Mary's ears grew deaf to the accusation that came thundering down to her out of the starlit sky!

She must hurry, hurry. The long street stretched before her, vacant and asleep. Little houses lined it—brick, she remembered afterward, each with a soaplike slab of marble at its door; and on the curb were ashcans. Cats prowled among them. On a corner, dim in the shadow of a grocery's wooden awning, a policeman drowsed. Somewhere, unseen, a belated victrola gave to the night canned melody. A clock struck. A dog howled. Mary hurried on.

There, in the distance, the perspective of brick, spotty marble, and cobblestones narrowed down to a point of glaring lights. It was the avenue. The Paymore Arms stood there. She must pass it on the way; and at the thought, fear, like an icy finger, touched her throbbing heart. What if they should see, should stop her? Yes, but who? Mr. Bulty? Pshaw! Then, Joe?

She smiled. Poor Joe! Poor fellow! She wished he hadn't blown in twenty-nine-fifty on that ring. It was a regular roll. She wasn't to blame, of course— she'd told him. But she was sorry. She wondered if he could get the money back.

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Hurry! A dozen blocks or so beyond, the machine would be standing, just as last night it had stood, just as it had stood the night before. She must not keep it waiting.

She could almost see it already. It was low and flat, a racy affair with brasswork gleaming like gold. There was no running-board. You just stepped aboard. Jack . . . ah, Jack! . . . he would seat himself in one seat, you would seat yourself in the other. You would stretch your feet out before you—a pity you hadn't on slippers, pretty slippers!—just as you'd seen other girls stretch theirs; then up the street you'd go—*honk! honk!* Swell? Oh, I say! And beside you, his feet on the pedals, his hand on the huge steering-wheel, Jack would look down at you; and smile, smile, smile. . .

Afterward——

But along that road this story has no afterward. At this point, Mary turned the corner; and it was as if Luck—Fate—Providence, or

"I WANT TO LOOK AT A REAL ROCK ONCE. STRIKE A MATCH, JOE!"

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whatever else you choose to call it, turned a page in the Book of Life. A car—a runabout—had just drawn up to the door of the Paymore Arms; and Mary halted, a stifled gasp escaping her. She stared. Her eyes bulged.

The next instant, with a roar in her ears like a landslide, the whole street rocked, swaying beneath her, while she stood and gaped at that car. Afterward, the housetops curtsied, then danced round and round.

Earthquake? Yes, but not geographically. Just mentally, morally. A man and a girl had just stepped from the runabout. The girl was Sylvia; and the man— Well —she had distinctly heard Sylvia call him Bob!—the man—yes!—the man was Rob Emmons, the one she was going to marry. You know. The Swell. The one that was marrying her for her money.

Mary gave one look at him, and then. . . .

You don't need any map, do you? If you were a seven-a-week kiddo, you'd believe what you saw yourself. Wouldn't you? Yes; so did Mary.

There was again a leak in Third Floor East, No. 16. For the second time that week a maid had left the window open so that a pipe froze, then burst. The hallboy in charge of the switchboard plugged-in on Bx, the drop for the basement call.

Joe Vincent answered the call.

"Say, feller," the youth up-stairs directed, "beat it to East Sixteen. One o' them dolls up there in the kitchen's left the windy open, and the pipe's buss and all over the floor!"

An incoherent mumble was the answer.

"What's that, young feller?" The hallboy shot back hotly.

But there was no answer. Joe had hung up the receiver.

He scuffled into the tool-shop. . . . Upstairs, the water crept along the kitchen oilcloth, eddying under the gas-range and around the legs of the sink, while the master of the house fought vainly with the rising tide, his wife and the cook and the housemaid urging him with cries. . . . Meanwhile, Joe hunted for a Stillson, then a can of white lead. When he'd found them, he next hunted in the dark for matches and a candle. These, ordinarily, he would have sought for first; but to-night Joe's mind was not working with its accustomed clearness.

Just then, out of the gloom at the tool-shop door, something flung itself upon him.

A grunt escaped him. For luck, thinking it the hallboy, and that the hallboy meant murder, he swung at him with the Stillson. Fortunately, the Stillson missed its aim. The next instant, a pair of arms wrapped themselves about him.

"Mary!"

She was weeping, a pent-up flood of misery, of shame, pouring down her cheeks. Babbling, she clung to him. Then, out of the incoherency of hysteric chokes and sobs, speech arose, intelligible, fierce.

"Joe!—Joe, dear! Good—you're good! *You're* good, anyway! I know you now! . . . And Joe—you hear me—Joe, I've come back! I love you! I learned just now! Out there! Out on the corner! You're no swell! You're good!—just plain good!"

"Say, for Gawd's sake!" said Joe. "*. . . S-a-y!*"

She only clutched and clawed at him more fiercely. "That ring—the rock—the one you give up twenty-nine-fifty for? Where is it?"

In the dark he strove to see her face.

"I got it here," said Joe—"in my pants pocket!"

She snatched it from him. Slipping it on her finger, she backed against the wall, both hands pressed to her breast.

"Strike a match!" said Mary. "I want to look at it! I want to see a ring that ain't all lies and false and nothing! I want to look at a real rock once! I want to see one of the twenty-nine-fifty kind! Strike a match, Joe!"

So Joe—he struck a match.

"Nan of Music Mountain"—a new serial by Frank H. Spearman—begins in this number, on Page 297. A Western story—full of fight and romance.

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Photograph from Universal Film Mfg. Co.

Nell Shipman, a scenario writer in the Los Angeles colony.

In Motion-Picture Land

by William Allen Johnston

EDITOR OF "MOTION PICTURE NEWS"

IMAGINE yourself at the entrance of a big, bustling Western ranch.

A swinging wooden gate lets you in over a dusty road, and at once a confusing jumble of unpainted shacks perched upon the hillsides in all directions meets your eye. There's a barber shop, a restaurant, a large commissary, a saddler's, stables, storerooms—and more shacks and much activity.

It's a ranch, you decide. It must be. And yet, as you climb a steep hillside, past long rows of low, ramshackle buildings, you catch a glimpse, at a lace-curtained window here and there, of a pretty girl rouging her face and pencil-ing her eyebrows. That strikes you as rather out of key. And then, suddenly, around a corner of one of the very modern frame buildings, you walk right into a village in France, and into the fifteenth century.

An old French butcher is smoking a long pipe in front of his shop. Two maids of Normandy, market baskets on their arms, are gossiping on the steps of the *boulangerie*. A town-crier is ambling along with his staff. Two gaily dressed courtiers come reeling and laughing out of a wine-shop.

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It is a very sudden, surprising transition, and a perfectly illusive one, except for the presence of several men in the street in twentieth-century garb. One, in puttees and riding-breeches, stands in the middle of the street clasping a megaphone. Another stands tensely back of a camera and tripod, his hands on the camera-crank. Both have their faces turned up anxiously, almost worshipfully, at the sun, which is momentarily hidden by wisps of clouds.

Suddenly the man with the megaphone yells: "There's the sun! Let go." Terse orders follow:

"All right, girls. Stand ready! You there! And you! Ready, *everybody!*"

There's a shout, a clatter of hoofs, and a mounted musketeer comes clattering down the street, laces, sword, and red coat flying in the wind.

"Shoot!" yells the megaphone man, and the camera-crank begins to turn.

"All right, this time, Mr. Johnson," yells the megaphone man; and the musketeer, a well-known legitimate actor, smiles, dismounts in a cloud of dust, and hurries to his dressing-room.

From the top of the hill, now, you can see more hills, cañons, plateaus, and a range of mountains in the

Photograph from New York Motion Picture Corp.

Thomas H. Ince at work in the great studio known as Inceville, at Santa Monica, California. There are nine directors under his supervision, and about five hundred people on his pay-roll. He is one of the two or three greatest directors in the country, and the greatest maker of "Westerns." "The Battle of Gettysburg" was his first big picture.

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near distance. The place still looks like a ranch, for down in the hollow is a great corral, housing horses and mules and oxen. But you can see, in odd positions on hillside and plain, more of these weirdly unusual and picturesque streets and buildings: a Japanese pagoda, a Dutch village with windmills and a canal, a Swiss chalet, the ruins of a Scotch castle, a Western mining town, a New York tenement district, Southern log cabins, and a perfect reproduction—walls, gardens, *patio* and all—of a Spanish mission.

The place is a large, complete motion-picture "studio." It is not a ranch, and never was. It looks like one because of its picturesque location, because it is far enough from a city to require its own restaurant, store, and other facilities; and because its buildings have increased so fast that necessarily they are rough in construction and helter-skelter in location.

Western pictures were made here not very long ago—the rough-riding kind of cow-puncher and Indian pictures. Now they are making photo plays of famous novels and stage successes. Well-known stars are working in them, and the indoor sets used are more beautiful, more substantial, and more detailed than the best modern stage scenery.

A half-mile back from the gate entrance and hidden away from sight on the top of a broad plateau, they are building a veritable city—with tracks, street-cars and all—just to use as a set in a photo-play. Work was begun in June and will not be completed till November. One building nearly finished resembles the English House of Parliament. It is a hundred and sixty feet wide, and is faced with a sweep of forty steps some eighty feet in width. Half a train-load of lumber was used in its construction. All this heavy material has to be carted by mules and oxen up steep roads which wind about those precipitous cliffs used often in pictures for thrilling automobile leaps.

Margarita Fischer has played parts ranging from an orphan slavey to a Madonna.

One wonders aloud at the great expense and labor, but gets little satisfaction for one's pains. The set is to be used in a big production like "Cabiria" and "The Birth of a Nation," they admit. Will it be permanent? Will it be used in other pictures? No reply. Even the studio publicity-man will not talk. Competition in the production of motion-pictures is very keen these days, and studios are careful not to let vital news leak out too early.

Some idea of the size of this motion-picture studio may be gathered from such details as these:

For the making of interior scenes there are three stages, the largest of which is two hundred by one hundred feet. In the scene rooms or "docks" are piled away about five hundred sets. There are nearly a hundred dressing-rooms for the actors and

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The youngest motion-picture actor. He is Bernie Oelze, of Universal City, two months old, and he has appeared in four pictures. This one is "Mother Instinct."

actresses, who number over two hundred and fifty. Eleven large automobiles are used to carry the actors about in their search for "location," that is, suitable backgrounds for out-of-door scenes. Most of these are found on the studio property, which includes eighteen hundred acres of plains, mountains, cañons, grottoes, sea-coast, and jungles.

Four staff scenario-writers create or adapt plots for the output of pictures, and these are directed by nine highly important personages known as directors, all of whom work under the personal supervision of a director-general, Thomas H. Ince. The studio itself is named Inceville.

All in all, there are about five hundred people on the studio pay-roll, and the cost of maintenance is a round half-million a year—save when the arrival of a famous star jumps up this amount.

The photo players live away from the studio. They report, for the most part, early in the morning, and at noon they crowd the restaurant with healthy appetites. I lunched here with the French musketeer, a millionaire stock-broker, and a priest. At the lunch-counter, each attacking a slice of watermelon, were: a king, a brigadier-general, a cow-puncher, an English clubman, a Red Cross nurse, and two maids of Normandy.

The democracy of the place is bewildering. The king left arm in arm with a pawnshop proprietor.

This studio is but one of the large Southern California group—about fifty in all, half of them located in and about Los Angeles, where more motion-pictures are made than in all the rest of the world. A *thousand* miles of the narrow cellulose strip of negative were produced here last year, from which approximately *forty thousand* miles of positive prints were made, to be shown all over the civilized globe.

The location of Inceville makes it the most picturesque of the studios—the most remarkable in its contrast of artificial and natural scenery. One of its cañons serves readily as a scene in Hades for the play, "The Devil." But at least two studios are larger, employ more people, and make more pictures.

One calls itself a city. It has very sightly new buildings of white stucco, and boasts a United States post-office, a police force, fire department, library, water and sewer systems, and other municipal possessions. On its great stage, built of concrete and steel trusses, sixteen companies of players generally work at one time.

This motion-picture city is known as Universal City, and its visitors, mostly California tourists, average a thousand a day.

Here, again, is found indomitable enterprise and reckless expenditure. Recently a scenario called for a coal-mining town.

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There is no such thing in Southern California, and very little coal. So coal-mining machinery and ten full cars of coal were ordered in; miners' shacks, trestles, screens, and a power-house were erected, and a smoky coal-mining village was shortly in busy operation for the camera.

Universal City has employed at one time over a thousand people. Twenty-four directors are engaged there. So much camera work is going on, over so wide an area, that a black flag atop a pole one hundred feet high is necessary to direct the directors. It is unfurled when the dazzling California sunshine is uncertain—which isn't often; and its big white letters warn—"Don't Shoot!"

Twelve thousand dollars' worth of camera lenses are locked away in the studio vaults every night, and that's a *minor* item.

The total cost of maintenance at Universal City is about one million seven hundred and fifty thousand.

Together, the studios in the Los Angeles picture colony—some of them merely branches of larger Eastern studios—employ about one hundred companies of players. Nearly fifteen thousand people are subsistent upon them. And their yearly expenditures total twenty million dollars. Salaries make the leading item; lumber, used in making the many and variegated sets, comes next on the ledgers.

Fifteen thousand people and a budget of twenty millions is an attractive asset to any city, and Los Angeles takes very kindly to the picture folk. Stores, hotels, theatres, factories, cafés, private residences, are thrown open to the studio players at almost any time for their work.

"We try to help 'em out in every way," said the owner of an overall factory. "Last week a director, a friend of mine, telephoned and said: 'I've got to have five hundred Confederate uniforms. Got to have 'em to-morrow. Can you help me out?'

"That was some order, wasn't it? Well, I did some quick thinking—and I hit on an idea. Blue denim is gray on the inside, you know, and we have thousands of denim suits in stock. So we turned five hundred of them inside out, sewed stripes on the trousers, fixed up shoulder-straps, and had 'em ready in time.

Teddy Sampson plays serious rôles for the Reliance-Majestic Company. Her husband, Fora Sterling, does comedies for the Keystone.

Emily Stevens—an actress who is now a photo-player with Metro Pictures.

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Photograph by Matsene, Chicago.

Edna Mayo—Essanay's newest leading lady; a star in "The Blindness of Virtue."

How's that? From the blue to the gray, eh?"

Traveling for the first time along the Ocean Boulevard from Long Beach to Santa Monica seems like visiting your home town. Many a beautiful residence has a strangely familiar look, until you realize you have seen it in pictures time and again. The fashionable hotels in Pasadena, Hollywood, Beverly Hills, Coronado, are frequently used, too; and they welcome the players.

"Can't you send your people over again?" telephoned a hotel manager one day. "My guests are a little bit bored. They want to see some picture-acting."

The city of Los Angeles makes a regular practise of lending its police and fire departments. An entire fire battalion is frequently engaged with the flames of a burning motion-picture street.

"It honestly looks to me as if the police force were geared up primarily for motion-picture work," said a studio manager recently arrived from the East. "A sergeant told me yesterday that he had just had himself transferred to night duty so that nothing would interfere with his daily picture-work. The other day I telephoned for six mounted policemen. They showed up right away. They were all fine-looking young chaps, regular features, blond hair, and brand-new uniforms. 'Are you fellows regular policemen?' I asked.

" 'Certainly,' they said; and of course they were sore. But, frankly, they looked to me like chorus men."

Motion-picture making is not only one of the leading industries of Los Angeles, but also a very prominent feature in its daily life.

Of the hundred companies, at least half are enacting outdoor scenes every day at various points all over the wonderfully varied landscape. You are apt to see them —grease-paint, fantastic garb, and all—in the most unexpected places: looking from the windows of a passing tram which has been chartered for the day; emerging from a theatre at midday—some fifty people in evening clothes. You may pass an automobile filled with Indian squaws and Hudson Bay trappers off to the high mountains to get snow scenes—in the studio vernacular, "snow stuff." Or, at a sudden turn in the road, you may come on a gaudy Moorish

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castle, and even a little lake—where was neither castle nor lake a few days before.

On a Sunday in July some thirty thousand people gathered on the ocean beach to witness a scene made for one of the recent serial pictures of intrigue and mystery. While a large and very realistic land battle was in progress in the foreground, in the offing a submarine and a torpedo-boat were in a finish fight; and in the end an aeroplane swooped down from the skies and rescued with a rope the sole survivor of the torpedo-boat crew.

The oddity of the scene was further heightened by the casual presence among the spectators of a band of pirates of the Captain Kidd era, who had been taking a scene up the beach.

The visitor at Los Angeles finally grows so used to picture-making that whenever anything happens unexpectedly he looks about him for a camera.

His suspiciousness misleads him seriously, sometimes. For instance:

Two idlers, at the corner of a studio famous for its slapstick comedies, saw two men meet on the sidewalk near by and suddenly grapple with each other. They smiled wisely and watched the incident critically. As they looked, one of the "actors" pulled from his pocket what looked remarkably like a blackjack, and felled the other to the ground.

"Jiminy!" exclaimed one bystander. "I heard his head crack."

"Trick stuff," said the other, and added admiringly: "He did a good fall."

A few moments later they had a man with a genuinely fractured skull on their hands, and in the police court they had embarrassing explanations to make.

Another incident which came under my own observation testifies further to the realism of present-day sets for pictures.

A studio situated on one of the suburban boulevards near Los Angeles needed an alley in a city-slum section. A small lane just back of the studio grounds, and opening on the boulevard, seemed just right, and the energetic manager had his set all finished late one afternoon for the next day's work.

Two tired street-cleaners came along a little later on their way home and surveyed the set pessimistically.

"Now, who done that mess?" said one.

Miriam Nesbitt—first woman director in the Edison Company. A photo-player, too

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This shows the studio of the American Film Manufacturing Company, at Santa Barbara. It is probably the most artistic among the fifty or so motion-picture studios in Southern California, where most of the world's pictures are made.

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"Let 'er go till to-morrow" suggested the other.

"Yes, and the inspector'll come along and we'll both be fired. Let's tackle it." So they called a dump-wagon and cleaned up the alley spick and span, vegetables, rags, old bottles, and all.

In the morning the manager said things. "I spent six dollars," he added ruefully, "for lettuce and radishes for those garbage-cans."

Realism up to the minute is shown in the recent supply of German uniforms to a Los Angeles studio. They were shipped from Paris in response to a cable—the uniforms of German prisoners.

At the Jesse Lasky studio, where "Carmen," with Geraldine Farrar in the title rôle, has recently been produced, every set is made from colored drawings scaled to the half-inch. Old prints and photographs furnish the specifications. Not a detail is omitted. Shades of color are also carefully chosen to secure the right photographic tones.

At this studio the set of a Bowery street was recently made to use in "Chimmee Fadden." On the corner was a saloon. I saw it, and the interior seemed unnecessarily exact in equipment, so I am half inclined to believe the story told of an innocent visitor who said he didn't believe the place would pay.

Remarkable scenes from the House of Representatives were recently taken at the Lasky studio for use in "The Woman." The set was built, true to every detail, upon the main stage; and excellent types of congressmen were secured.

A castle "set" in "The Smuggler's Lass," an Irish drama produced at Universal City.

Which brings us to the "extras" who work in pictures.

At the large Reliance-Majestic studio, where the splendid production, "The Birth of a Nation," was made, and where big scenes are frequently put on in Mr. Griffith's larger productions, the applications for "extra" work average forty a day—fourteen thousand a year. Except for the big battle and riot scenes, which don't come along very often, comparatively few applicants are chosen.

Just a word of warning here to the aspiring young girls all over the country who may believe that a trip to Los Angeles will put them in pictures. The warning is: *don't come.* The Los Angeles Welfare Committee is kept pretty busy right now taking care of young girls who failed to get work and are stranded.

The applicant fills out an identification card which notes matters of physique and of accomplishments such as dancing, swimming, driving, riding, and the like. The most important space is that after "Line of bus."—an abbreviation of "Line of business."

"Most of them don't

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understand it," said the woman in charge, wearily. "They think it means the car-line to their homes. One lady thought the *t* was left off of 'bus', and wrote down 'thirty-six'."

"Who are the applicants?" I asked.

"Oh, all kinds of people," she replied. "All ages, all ranks. One of the applicants yesterday was a woman of seventy-six, with palsy; and last week a baby two weeks old worked for three days. I have more than fifty babies registered."

She referred to her card files. "Here are some of the 'previous occupations.'" And she read in succession: "'Sign artist, driver, deep-sea diver, criminal detective, high-school teacher, stenographer, trained nurse, real-estate salesman, electrical engineer, hair-dresser and wig-maker, elevator-starter, architect,' and—here's one you rarely see—'housewife'!

"A great many are well-educated professional people in need of money. So many people of this kind come to Los Angeles for their health. Then others are anxious to get started in picture work; and still others do it just for fun, or because they want to see themselves on the screen. Lots of society women come out. They give fictitious names, and even try to disguise their appearance. All the middle-aged women want to take the parts of young girls. They admit that their faces are not really youthful—*perhaps*—but certainly their figures are girlish. It is rather pathetic at times—and more so when you realize that many really need the money. 'Extra' wages run from a dollar and a half to five dollars a day. Lunch is generally supplied by the studio. But the 'extras' have to furnish their own clothes."

When the great battle and riot scenes in Griffith's "Birth of a Nation" were put on, the studio resembled a huge barracks. Several thousand men were used, and practically every available horse in Southern California was requisitioned. Feeding-time alone was something of a problem, as may be imagined. However, officers of the regular army who were employed to drill the battle scenes also put army system into the making and serving of the lunch rations.

Hiring people for such big scenes and for smaller sets in hotels, theatres, and such places, is largely a matter of quantity; the securing of "extra" types, however, is difficult and highly important to the picture.

Photograph by Homer Art Co., Hollywood, Cal.

Betty Schade—"The Spanish Jade" in the photo-play dramatization of Hewlett's novel.

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At the studio where the House of Representatives scene for "The Woman" was produced, the employment of "extras" is in the hands of a very intelligent woman, who interviews as many as thirty applicants a day, with an eye constantly keen for types. These she catalogues mentally and on indexed cards, to which photographs are attached. No director advises her of scenes in advance, and she makes appointment only by telephone. So there is no crowd waiting wearily each day at the studio doors. When she lacks a type she goes right out and gets one—somewhere, on the streets of Hollywood or Los Angeles.

She filled the House of Representatives with splendid types of senators and congressmen—some of them closely resembling leading statesmen of the day—on twenty-four hours' notice. But nowhere could she lay hands on a Speaker of the House—an Uncle Joe Cannon!—so she went out on a still hunt.

By rarest luck she found him—in a drug-store. He protested volubly. "My dear lady, I'm a clergyman—a *Methodist* clergyman. Motion-pictures? I never go to them."

But meantime she was leading him to the studio. Something—her enthusiasm and diplomacy, perhaps—drew him on and in. Before he had recovered his mental equilibrium he was actually wielding the Speaker's gavel before a clicking camera, while rows of statesmen addressed him as "Mr. Speaker!"

At times, she admits, her zeal carries her too far. The other day she needed an ambassador—quickly, too. As she stood in her perplexity looking out of the window, she saw one leaning against a tree right at the studio doors.

She went straight out. "Do you want employment?" she asked.

"Sure!" smiled the man.

"All right! You're an ambassador. Come right in. I've got your suit."

The man hesitated. "What do you pay?" he inquired.

"I'll discuss that with you inside," said the businesslike woman, leading the way. But the ambassador did not follow.

They are laughing a good deal within the colony over the incident, because the man was a prominent producer and competitor; and he really wanted to know what his rival studio did pay for good "extras."

Another, though much smaller, group of players should not be overlooked. They receive no salaries, but are fed three times a day. They are the animals.

The Selig Jungle Zoo, which is at once a pretentious show-place and a large picture-studio, contains one thousand specimens of animals and birds; it is said to be the largest private collection of its kind in the world. There are one hundred and fifty specimens of the cat family alone, and the big lions and tigers have been used in many adventure pictures. Then there are large bear-pits, a giraffe hut, deer from many sections, and monkeys and rare birds. For sets there are artificial lakes, jungles, eucalyptus groves, and various forests of rare trees and imported plants. This studio is the most artistic and finished in the Los Angeles group.

The Horsley studio contains the Bostock collection of over a hundred trained animals. An ingenious arrangement has just been completed here for staging and photographing the animals. It consists of a spacious six-sided wire building, with a camera cage in the middle. Here the camera-man stands, protected by a moat full of water on all sides. Radiating away from him are six different sets, the ground, trees, and painted sides of which make native backgrounds for the different animals—a desert scene for lions, a jungle for tigers, a primeval forest scene for bears, and a tropical set where monkeys can hang by their tails. For the making of "close-up" views of the animals in action, there are safety cages for the camera-man at each angle of the building.

A visit to the Los Angeles studios would be incomplete without an inspection of the "props" room. Here are kept, in orderly array, all the many picture costumes, from the grass suit of the jungle native to a king's robes, and every conceivable article from a pin to a grand piano or an aeroplane.

Period sets of furniture, and the furniture for large and elaborate sets, are generally rented, but many studios own and store their own equipment. Often it is most extensive; the various rooms devoted to furniture, lamps, crockery, and electric-light fixtures, bric-à-brac, guns, explosives, clothing, rugs, and curtains give the impression of a sizable department-store. They represent, together with hundreds of flat sets, a very large investment in every instance.

"How do you keep track of all these

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things?" I asked the "prop"-man in the Balboa Studio, at Long Beach.

In reply he showed me his books, one for each room, where every item is listed, down to needles and pins, dice, fishing tackle, pipes, cigarette-holders, and stage money. "But I keep 'em all in my head. I know 'em all. You see, I've grown up with the place. When they started they only owned four suits and a parlor set of furniture."

He takes particular pride in his wardrobe-room, this property-man. Linen, used in sets, is brought in the following day all freshly laundered. Everything is clean and in apple-pie order. In one room I saw gowns costing five hundred dollars, and all hung in glass cases, as in a modiste's shop on Fifth Avenue. Above were many neat boxes, labeled: necklaces, head ornaments, belt-buckles, vanity boxes, maids' collars, bar-pins, etc.

There is an indication of the tremendous capacity of the Reliance-Majestic studio in the fact that all the thousands of costumes used in "The Birth of a Nation" came, very readily, from the studio's wardrobe-rooms.

Perhaps the most remarkable point about this motion-picture colony, with its wonderful and colorful activity, its population of actors, actresses, producers, writers, artists, its millionfold investment and still greater yearly budget, is the amazing swiftness of its growth. It is less than eight years ago that a small organization making travelogues found that Southern California had more varied scenery and more sunshiny days than any other available spot on the globe. To-day Los Angeles is the hub of the photo-play world, the producing center of an industry now rated as fifth in size in the country.

And the colony is still growing rapidly. It is already the Times Square of the theatrical world; more well-known folk from the legitimate stage have summered in and about the Los Angeles studios this year than Forty-fourth Street, New York, sees in the winter season. Just for instance: Nat Goodwin, Billie Burke, Geraldine Farrar, Raymond Hitchcock, Blanche Ring, Carter de Haven, Hazel Dawn, Marie Doro, John Barrymore, Dustin Farnum, Cyril Maude, Marguerite Clark, Flora Zabelle, and many others.

So we may continue to look for new and still more interesting lines of development.

FIREFLIES

by

BLISS CARMAN

THE fireflies across the dusk
Are flashing signals through the gloom—
Courageous messengers of light
That dare immensities of doom.

About the seeding meadow-grass,
Like busy watchmen in the street,
They come and go, they turn and pass,
To light the paths for Beauty's feet.

Or up they float on viewless wings
To twinkle high among the trees,
And rival with soft glimmerings
The shining of the Pleiades.

The stars that wheel above the hill
Are not more wonderful to see,
Nor the great tasks that they fulfil
More needed in eternity.

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Piute *vs.* Piute

by

Charles E. Van Loan

ILLUSTRATIONS
BY
WILL CRAWFORD

TO BEGIN with, we were broke. I tell you this right off the reel so that those who have been broke will make allowances, and those who have not will use their imaginations. We were broke to such an extent that we were overripe for treason, anarchy, and pillage, but mostly pillage. Frankie had two eighty-five, I had a Columbian half-dollar with a hole in it, and we were seven hundred miles from home as the crow flies. We figured the cash balance and estimated the mileage in the freight caboose after the engine whistled for Carson City.

This was in the summer of '04, between our sophomore and junior years, and vacation was drawing to a close. We had folks, of course, nice respectable folks, but they had advised us against spending the summer where, and how, we wanted to spend it. To write home and admit defeat would have damaged our pride and punched holes in our future independence. We had selected this little prodigal-son jaunt, the far country was of our choosing, and it was up to us to go the distance, husks and all.

The reasons why we were broke don't belong to this story. They had to do with our job in Bullfrog, which was to work for a mining company—nearly an hour a day—*and* play a game of baseball every Sunday afternoon. They also had to do with a squeeze play which went wrong, and gave the Bullfroggers the notion we had thrown the game. But never mind the details; even now it distresses me to recall them.

We found it was our move, and we moved—at once. After some promiscuous wanderings we headed for Carson City, because Frankie had once been there and claimed to have wealthy and influential friends in the town. We arrived in the morning, after pounding the rails all night in the freight caboose. The conductor had bet against Bullfrog in our last game, and felt under obligations to us.

As we were leaving the depot, Frankie let out a yelp of joy and dashed across the street, where he fell on the neck of a big, meaty-looking stranger. I followed, fearing that he had been hit by the sun and hoping that he had located one of the Carson millionaire pals that he had been babbling about the night before; but when I got a look at the meaty party, who should it be but dear old John Holderman! John graduated from

Any one could have told that he expected to remain there some time.

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college at the end of our freshman year, but we had one fine large season together on three 'varsity teams before he beat it from the halls of learning.

After the first shock wore off, John conducted us to a place where they had limes and ice and some other ingredients, and bade us be seated. We started to tell him our troubles.

"Coals to Newcastle!" said John. "Ossa on Pelion! What would you do if they asked you to make bricks without straw?"

"Your mouth is open," said I, "but you haven't said anything. Cut out the simile and the metaphor, and put her straight over."

"Briefly, then, and in words of one syllable," said John, "I am the physical director and athletic coach of the Stewart Indian school. I give the noble Piute the degree of A. B. C."

"Able Bodied Citizen," said Frankie. "Old stuff. Proceed with the rat-killing."

"Well, last spring," John continued, "our baseball team went crazy with the heat and beat the Nevada University bunch. Now the citizens of Carson have put it up to me to wipe out a long-standing grudge and lick the Reno ball-club. I can't cut the mustard."

"Why not?" asked Frankie.

"Because," said John, holding up three fingers to the waiter, "there is a hole in my Piute infield as wide as the Washoe Valley. G. Washington Delaware, my regular second-baseman, team captain, and brains of the outfit, if any, has mopped up all the civilization he can hold and gone back to the cactus, leaving us flat. The Reno people know I am up against it, and are hot on my trail. If I refuse to meet them, Carson will think I am a shine physical-director. If I meet them and lose, they will say I am a rotten baseball-coach and knock me out of my job. I am in a tough position."

"Haven't you got a boy you can break in?"

"You do not understand the Piute," said John sadly. "This G. Washington Delaware, aforesaid, was the only one of his kind. He was almost as smart as a J. Fenimore Cooper Indian. He was eighty per cent. of the team. It will take the rest of my life to develop his successor."

"H-m-m," said Frankie thoughtfully. "A second-baseman, eh? Suppose now, John, Heaven should send you a cracking good Injun infielder—a better man than G. Wash. Would there be any dough in it for him, or is this a glory job entirely?"

"If we could lick that Reno bunch," said John, "there will be plenty of both. Money is no object. We have a United States Mint down the street, and the grateful citizens of Carson would dynamite it. But why raise false hopes?"

"Take a good look at me, John." Frankie was away out on the edge of his chair. "Note these high cheek-bones, these classic features, these dark, soulful eyes, and this coat of tan. I was the star of the college dramatic club last season, John. 'Strongheart' was the piece; and while I do not wish to heave hyacinths at myself, Bob Edeson hasn't got a thing on me at the Injun stuff. And as for second-basing——"

"You?" said John. "*You?*"

"Me!" said Frankie. "Little old me! We need the money, John. Dress me up in beads, feathers, and moccasins if you want to. I'll cover that second pillow as it hasn't been covered in these parts for lo, these many moons!"

"By thunder!" said John. "I believe you could do it!"

"I've *got* to do it! We are seven hundred miles from home, and the walking is bad at this time of the year. Figure it out for yourself."

II

The whole thing was settled that night at the Indian school. First came the dress-rehearsal. John had managed to dig up a wig at the Emporium, but it was a tight fit, and we had to run the horse-clippers over Frankie's cranium before he could get it on. Then came the walnut stain and the baseball uniform. When we were through we stood off and admired our work.

"If you'll remember to stand pigeon-toed," said John, "you can go down and brace the Commissioner for your forty acres and reservation rights. At the very worst you'll pass for a half-breed."

"Part Injun, part engineer," said I, and Frankie just missed me with a right hook.

"Listen now to the scenario," said John. "The money part will be all right. I have a friend here named Clarke who is a betting fool. His father has money. Clarke was trimmed once by this Reno gang, and he wants r-r-revenge. He can get 2 to 1 by making a trip to Reno, and if we win he will

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come through with transportation back to that dear Southern California and two hundred large iron men on the side. Does that sound reasonable?"

"Yes, yes, go on!"

"Henceforth," said John, "your name is Running-foot. You have come in from Eureka County to get a snootful of summer education, which will consist largely of a study of the national pastime in all its dips, spurs, and angles. Bob, here, is an old college pal of mine who is visiting Nevada for his family's good. Having been an athlete in his day, and a ball-player, he will help me coach the team, pass out the interviews to the newspapers, and spread the salve generally. He is going to be the guest of the city, but you are going to be an Indian and stay out here at the school."

Frankie howled like a wolf. "But these other Indians will get on to me!" said he.

"They will think you are a half-breed, and let you alone."

"Well, ain't that lovely?" Frankie was growing sarcastic. "What am I—a Shoshone or a Piute?"

"You are a Piute. A Piute doesn't talk much. It will help some if you are dumb as possible. I can teach you a few Piute cuss words to use in case of emergency."

"Begin right now!" said Frankie.

The next morning we had a look at John's Indian ball-team. It really wasn't half bad. They were all free and healthy swingers, and the pitcher had control of his fast ball. The second-baseman was the fly in the gravy.

"I can't stand this!" said Frankie. "Take that fellow out of there and put me in!"

When Frankie began to play, the other Piutes looked at him with their mouths open. If they had any doubts about his ancestry they kept them quiet; you can usually trust a Piute to keep his thoughts, if any, to himself. Frankie covered the middle of that infield like a carpet; nothing got away from him, and he actually speeded up the Piute shortstop by sheer force of example. He had them all on their toes before he got through, and, mind you, he did it without opening his mouth. Clarke, the man with the money, turned up during the practise and all but shed tears of joy.

The week slid by nicely for me, but it was a tough period for Frankie. He had to practise every morning, play ball every afternoon, be stared at by the multitude, and stand for a lot of low-grade baseball, without talking back or expressing his opinions. But what made him sorest of all was to have me, an outfielder, tell him in pidgin English how second base ought to be played. He would stand out there and look at me with a face like a block of wood, but the things he whispered back under his breath were all in pure United States.

The big day finally came, and the entire sporting population of Carson entrained for Reno. Frankie wanted to ride with John and me, but we wouldn't let him.

"You're a Piute now," said I. "Go travel with 'em."

"Ungrateful swine!" said Frankie. "And I'm doing it all for you too!"

He was certainly a sad object. John had harnessed him into a tacky blue parade uniform with red stripes down the pants, and jammed a soldier cap over his eyes. He looked Piute enough to fool anybody. At the depot one of the town sports slapped Frankie on the back hard enough to make him drop his baseball clothes and his batbag.

"Hi, Running-foot!" said this enthusiastic party. "Going to skin 'em to-day?"

Now if there is anything that Frankie hates with all the depths of his soul, it is to be walloped on the back by a total stranger. He rounded on the Carson sport, and there was murder in his eye.

"Ugh!" he grunted. "White man too dam' fresh, mebbe so git his block knocked off!"

That was the only break he made, for a real Indian wouldn't have said anything.

When we arrived in Reno we took him to the hotel and worked on him for an hour, hammering it into him that no matter what happened he was to keep his mouth shut and play ball. Frankie always had a habit of bawling out the bleacherites, and we labored with him on this point until we made him so sulky that he wouldn't even speak to us. Then we thought it was safe to turn him loose on the public.

We marched out to the ball-field in a body, Frankie hemmed in by a solid wall of real Piute, and a mob of curious citizens swarming around to get a peek at him. True merit will tell, even in a horsehair wig and walnut-stain, and the Reno fans had heard that Running-foot was a cross between Lajoie and Wagner.

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'Me!" said Frankie. "Dress me up in beads and feathers if you want to."

I said ball-field, and field is right. Desert would have been even better. The sage-brush came right up to the foul lines and hovered around the outfield. There was only one short piece of fence and that was back of the plate. A good, healthy drive wouldn't have had anything to stop it but the Sierra Nevada Mountains.

The Reno boys were already on hand, and our Piutes practised first. John had found a suit for me, and I batted to the infield. The boys looked pretty good, even to me. For the sake of the moral effect on the Reno outfit, I had our players pull all the fancy stuff they knew—phantom doubles and plate pegs and the like—and while we had warned Frankie to key down and not attract too much attention to himself, he was the pivot on which all the fast stuff was turning. The Piutes made a deep impression on the Reno fans, as Clarke found out when he went hunting for more 2 to 1. They laughed at him, and the best he could get was 6 to 5.

When the Reno players took the field for practise, two of the biggest, beefiest Indians in the world turned up on the other side of the first-base line and began heaving a new ball back and forth. John went blue in the face when he saw them.

"Ben Beemis and Johnny Williamson!" he gasped.

"You don't mean it!" said I.

"What's the row?" asked Clarke. "They're only Indians, ain't they?"

"Carlisle Indians!" said John. "These are the birds who starred all through the East a couple of seasons ago. The last I heard of 'em they were playing in the California State League. Get the Carson committee together and enter a protest—quick!"

Well, we protested. We protested ourselves breathless. Pete Evans did the talking for the Reno outfit, and he stood pat like a brick house.

"An Injun is an Injun, ain't he?" said Evans. "Well! What's the difference between your Piutes and my Piutes?"

"Piutes—hell!" Clarke butted in here. "They're from Carlisle!"

"I give you my word," said Evans, "these boys never saw Carlisle unless it was on a map. And I'll bet you that they're real Piutes—and leave it to them. Up-state Piutes. They come from Humboldt County. I know their folks well. Now look

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here; we were willing to cross the color-line and play white men against Piutes, and I don't see where you Carson folks can kick against a Piute battery. And look here again: we're going to play these boys in our line-up or else there won't be any game."

And there we were. John raved and Clarke talked strong he-words into his collar, but they had us. It was two ringers against one. Frankie had been hanging around the outskirts of the argument, getting an earful and almost exploding because he couldn't say anything. He walked over to the bench with me.

"It's all right," said he. "Look at that Reno infield!"

I looked, and my blood began to come back to the surface. It was a case of anybody's ball every time it was hit, and the wonder to me was that they hadn't already spiked each other to death.

"They've had forty bumping matches out there already," said Frankie, "and if they do that in practise, what will they do in a real game? They've got no more *ongsomble* than a Democratic convention. They all want to be stars, and all we've got to do is hit the ball on the ground and let 'em wrangle for it. It'll be a cinch!"

"Y-e-s," said I, "but are we going to hit this Beemis?"

"*I* am, you bet your life!" chirped Frankie. "He's got more smoke than a smelter, but he is beginning to notice the effect of rarefied atmosphere on his curve ball. It won't break for him, and he doesn't know why. If he ever slips me that groover I'll knock it into the Carson Sink; but I don't know about these Piutes. If Beemis can get his hook to working at all, they will jam all the wind out of the Washoe Valley. For pity's sake, Bob, go and tell that pitcher of ours where to put the ball for these fellows! Make it in words of one syllable or he'll never get you."

I went over and stood behind our heaver. He looked about as intelligent as a second-hand totem-pole, and almost as big, but he had something and was zipping the ball squarely over the middle.

"Proud son of a decaying race," said I, "what is your name?"

"Jimblaine Johnson," said he, and went right on pitching.

"I will call you Jimblaine for short. Listen now and try to understand. Throw

That was his only break. A real Indian wouldn't have said anythir

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every ball as hard as you can. Keep them high and on the outside corner for the right-handers and high on the inside corner for the left-handers." I repeated this three times.

"Why?" One awful thing about a Piute is his habit of treasuring up the English language, letting go of it a syllable at a time.

"Because," said I, "if you do, most of the hits will go down to Running-foot and he is a baseball-player. High on the outside; high on the inside. Do you think you can remember that?"

"Uh-huh," said Jimblaine.

"Then go over to the bench and sit down and think about it. Don't think about anything else. Can you do that?"

"Uh-huh."

Jimblaine put on his sweater and went to the bench, trying so hard to think that I could almost hear the wheels go round.

"Rusty" Ferguson called the game. Rusty had been imported from Winnemucca for three reasons. First, he was neutral; second, he was a square, competent umpire; third, nobody could bluff him and get away with it. He had a reputation for being sudden in arguments of all kinds, and, as a general thing, he went on the field heeled for protection. I took a look at the old boy and, sure enough, there was a bulge over either hip.

Beemis and Williamson were announced under some phony Piute names, there was a lot of cheering and sagebrush comedy, and the Reno team took the field. John, Clarke, and myself constituted ourselves a Board of Strategy, with Frankie in an advisory capacity when not on the field. We thought the best thing to do would be to let the boys go up there and look at a few while we framed the method of attack.

Blacktooth, our shortstop, led off. He swung so hard at the first ball that we could hear him grunt clear over on the bench. Beemis came back with another curve and Blacktooth swung again, missing the ball not less than two feet. Then he stood still and let a straight fast one cut the heart of the plate for a third strike.

"What did I tell you?" said Frankie. "Beemis will have all these birds blowing their noses to keep his smoke out of their eyes!"

The next batter fouled out, which brought Frankie to the plate. Now Frankie was always a tough man for a pitcher to work on. He stood up there with a James Edward Britt stance, as we golfers say, and it wasn't any use putting them an inch inside or an inch outside; he wouldn't go after 'em. They had to be *over* for him.

Beemis tried him with a wide hook outside, to see if he would "fish." Frankie stood still and laughed at him. Beemis tried one inside, and Frankie let it go for another ball. The next one was a groover, and Frankie called the turn on it; he had been praying for that fast, straight ball, and he piled into it regardless of expense. The shortstop just managed to get out of the way of the drive, and a good thing for him that he did. Frankie reached second on the hit.

I was afraid that he would slop over as soon as he got on the bases, and he did. He began to yell at Beemis—in perfectly good English. "You a Piute? You're a *Siwash*, that's what you are! A Siwash! Warm up another pitcher! Warm up two or three pitchers!"

It was lucky for us that the Carson fans were making a lot of noise at the time. Old John was coaching behind third, and finally managed to flag Frankie, but he couldn't muffle the boy entirely—not with a possible run in sight. Frankie switched to Piute, and he had learned a lot of it in ten days. He gave Beemis his entire vocabulary, but it was breath wasted.

Scarface, our next batter, took three terrific jams at Beemis's curve and the inning was over, so far as we were concerned.

I chased Jimblaine nearly into the diamond. "High up on the outside for the right-handers; high up on the inside for the left-handers. Can you remember that?"

"Uh-huh."

I'll give Jimblaine credit. He did remember it. I doubt if he remembered anything else. He kept his fast ball whistling high and over the corners, and the only Reno man who hit it into the diamond sent it straight at Frankie. Our little bogus Piute dug it out of the dirt with one hand and beat the runner a city block.

The next man fouled to the catcher, and the third man struck out. We felt somewhat encouraged, and the Board of Strategy held a second meeting. How to get at Beemis was the point under discussion.

Right here I want to hand that big Carlisle buck a nosegay—and wherever he is,

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I hope it will choke him. Counting Clarke, there were four of us matching wits with Beemis, but at no stage of the game did we have anything on him when it came to baseball strategy. He was certainly there with the immediate perception and the counter-irritant. Pitching against the best gray matter of the Eastern universities had sharpened his low, native cunning to a razor edge.

I had the first brilliant idea—that is, it would have been brilliant if it had worked.

"Why not start bunting on Beemis?" said I. "All the boys have got to do is meet that speed and dump the ball anywhere between the lines. Get that Reno infield to going after bunts and they'll bump each other off the lot."

"Noble head!" said John. "Parker Jones, you're elected. Go up there and bunt. Everybody bunt!"

Now there is another distressing thing about a Piute ball-player. Start him out from the bench with orders to do a certain thing and he will do it, no matter what happens. He takes his instructions as sacred and final, and you can yell your head off at him from the bench. He won't even look around.

Beemis took one look at Parker Jones, striding up there with his bat choked short and the light of a great purpose shining in his eyes. Beemis knew that he had been told to bunt, and what is more, he knew that Parker Jones would bunt at everything—high, low, Jack, and the game.

Metaphorically speaking, Beemis put his groove ball back in his pocket with his eating tobacco and sent up a nice wide hook on the outside. Parker Jones bunted at it. Beemis sent up two more of 'em, and Parker Jones bunted earnestly, stoically, and ignorantly—bunted at balls that he couldn't have reached with a telegraph-pole. Then he came back to the bench, perfectly satisfied.

Rainwater was next, and we managed to make him comprehend that he was not to advertise his intentions on the way to the plate. After Rainwater had passed on, trying to dump a ball that wouldn't have gone anywhere but foul, even if he had hit it, Frankie exploded.

"Why don't they switch, and take a crash at that curve? Tell 'em to mix it up, John!"

"Never tell a Piute to mix 'em up," said John. "Never tell a Piute but one thing at a time. Give him two things to think about and you short-circuit his mental dynamo. The noble savage of these parts is not geared for the reverse. What shall we do now?"

"I've got it!" The idea hit Frankie so hard that it almost bounced him off the bench. "I've got it! Send 'em up there to wait Beemis out. He has just come from the sea-level, and if we can make him pitch a lot of balls to every man, the altitude is sure to get him along about the sixth inning. He'll blow up!"

"By the nine Trojan gods!" exclaimed John. "Frankie, you're a wizard! From the looks of that awning in front of Beemis, he's had a pretty soft summer vacation. He is away out of condition. He will begin to feel the altitude and that Pacific Street steam beer pretty soon."

While we were talking, Wendell Phillips McGee, our right-fielder, was conscientiously bunting our half of the inning to a close. He didn't know anything about a switch in the plan of attack. It wouldn't have made any difference if he had. He'd heard John say "Everybody bunt!"

Reno didn't get a man on in her half of the second, and in the third up went Franklin Pierce Gonzales with orders to wait, wait, and keep on waiting until the cows came home, or words to that effect. The only thing we forgot to tell him was to take a good healthy crash at the third strike.

"We've got a mile of altitude working for us," said John. "That ought to help some."

"I wish it was two miles!" said Clarke. "I'd feel safer."

Beemis threw Franklin Pierce a hook to start with. It was a foot outside and the Piute didn't turn a hair. He stood there with his bat wrapped around his fool neck, as if he didn't intend to take it down all season. Beemis gave him a lingering look, as if to say: "Do my eyes deceive me? No bunting? Let me make sure."

He threw another hook, a little closer, but still far enough away to be called ball number two. Not a sign of life, and the bat didn't move an inch. Right there was where Mr. Beemis tumbled to the new method of attack and governed himself accordingly; but we didn't realize it at the time. The next three came sizzling over the middle so fast that Williamson had to shove Franklin Pierce away from the plate. He was still waiting.

That put it up to Jimblaine. We thought well enough of our latest strategy to give

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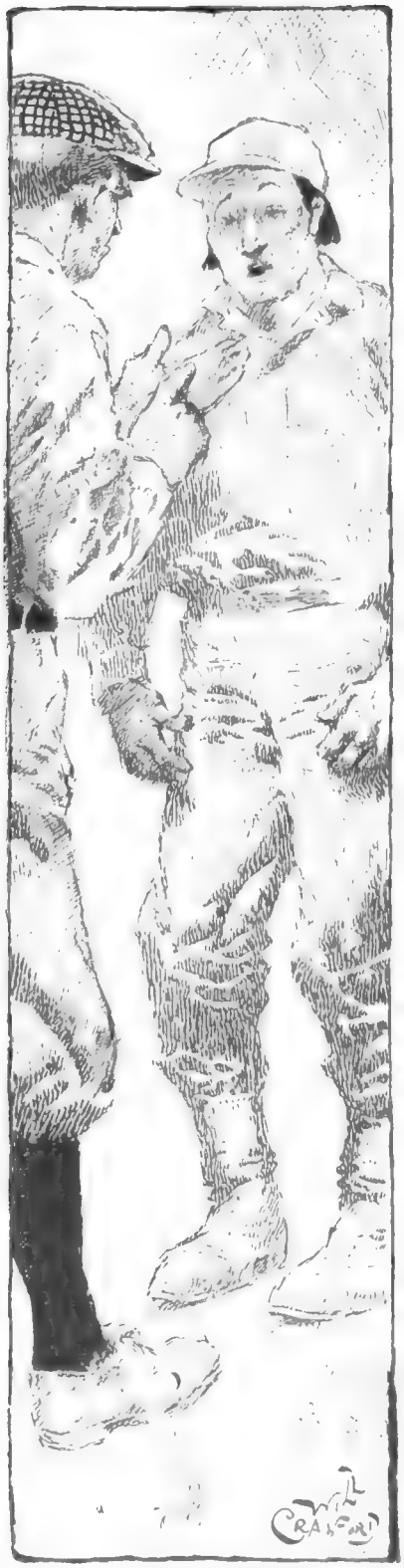

the Plumed Knight waiting orders, but we impressed on him the importance of swinging at the big one if it came over.

"Uh-huh. I wait," said Jimblaine, as he left the bench.

He planted himself in the batters' box, solid as the Rock of Gibraltar. Any one could have told by looking at him that he expected to remain there some time. If he had held a bunch of wooden cigars in one hand and a tomahawk in the other, nothing would have been added to his general air of permanence.

Beemis wasted only one heave on Jimblaine, probably to see if he was really alive. It was a bean ball, with a million dollars' worth of speed on it, and our petrified Piute did not move a muscle except to wrinkle his nose slightly and smell of the smoke as it went by. An inch closer and he wouldn't have had any nose to wrinkle. Beemis then poured three down the groove in rapid succession, and Jimblaine, suddenly remembering something, took an awful crash at the empty air after the third one was in Williamson's mitt.

"That Beemis is a cagey brute!" said Frankie. "What's the use of waiting him out if he won't work on the batters? Everything is a strike, now. Blacktooth, go up there and swing at anything you think you can reach!"

Beemis immediately recognized the fact that this Piute was out for action, not ornament, and switched to his curve ball, striking out friend Blacktooth with three smoky hooks, all in the same place.

While Jimblaine was holding the tail end of the Reno batting order scoreless, the Board of Strategy again convened.

"Frankie bothered him with that crouch," said John. "Let's send 'em all up there to crowd the plate. Nothing gets a pitcher's goat any quicker than that."

Wilsonsides, our third-baseman, and a game little Indian, led off in the fourth. We told him to climb on top of the plate and stay there. He climbed on all right, but he didn't stay long. Beemis almost knocked his head off with the first ball he pitched, and immediately raised an argument with Ferguson. Beemis claimed that Wilsonsides wasn't entitled to his base because he hadn't made an effort to get out of the way of a pitched ball, and, after looking at the book, Rusty ruled that he was correct.

He looked about as intelligent as a second-hand totem-pole.

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That busted our Strategy Board wide open.

"We'll give every man individual orders after this," said John. "In that way we'll always be one guess ahead of him, at least."

Frankie scratched another hit in the fourth, after Wilsonsides had fanned, but Scarface and Parker Jones couldn't bring him home.

The game wagged along into the last half of the fifth without a score on either side. Beemis had quit using his curve ball, we noticed, and was depending on speed, but keeping it high and close in where our Piutes couldn't get at it to advantage. Jimblaine was pitching a lot better than he knew how, on account of following my instructions to the letter, and while he couldn't keep the Reno boys from connecting occasionally, he was making them hit in the right direction, and Frankie was doing the rest.

Running-foot was a revelation to the crowd and a surprise to me. He was covering two-thirds of the Carson infield, and that wasn't all he was doing, as we discovered when he came galloping in at the end of the fifth inning.

"Beemis is having trouble with the old super!" said he. "His arm hurts him, and that's why he laid off with his curve ball."

"How do you know?" asked John, and Frankie nearly bit him.

"How *would* you know?" he barked. "I've got eyes, haven't I? Williamson has been sitting next to Beemis on the bench over there and kneading his elbow for the last ten minutes! I'm going to get classical myself. Wake up, you Wingéd Victories, and get in the game!"

It sounded almost too good to be true, but on the strength of it we managed to shoot a little pep into Blacktooth, going out for this third smack. We told him he wouldn't get a hook this time—nothing but a straight ball—and to pick on it with all his might, mind, and soul. For a wonder, he did just that thing. His drive went whistling to left field a mile a minute, and if Blacktooth had been built for speed instead of comfort he would have made the circuit instead of stopping at third.

Wilsonsides also responded to treatment, that is to say, he popped a cheap little twister over Beemis's head. It struck the ground ten feet in front of second base and bounded slightly to the left. Riley, the

There was a sudden pause in the hostilities, guns being regarded as serious.

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Reno shortstop, tore after it. It was his ball, no question about that, and maybe he would have got it and made a play for Blacktooth at the plate; but just as he reached for it McHenry, the second-baseman, plowed into him, head on, full sail bent, and carrying 350 pounds of steam to the square inch.

They both went down for the count, and Beemis had to gallop back for the ball. He recovered it in time to hold Wilsonsides at first, but Blacktooth was receiving the congratulations of his fellow-townsmen on scoring the first run of the game!

Beemis was sore as a goat. He took time out to give Riley and McHenry a combing in modern Piute with some Elizabethan English dropped in for spaces. Riley seemed inclined to resent a call-down from an Indian, but after he took a good close look at Beemis he went over and picked on McHenry instead.

"They're fighting among themselves!" yelled John from the coaching line. "This is where we make a million runs!"

Frankie was next up. On the first ball Wilsonsides was off to a flying start for a second. There was nothing the matter with Williamson's peg. It went down there like a rifle-bullet and would have caught the best base-runner in the world with yards to spare. Riley and McHenry, still jawing at each other, started from opposite sides for the bag—started for it, that was all.

At the same instant they seemed to recall what had happened to them the last time they met—and both stopped dead in their tracks. The ball didn't stop, and neither did Wilsonsides. He reached third base standing up, and everything that Beemis had said to Riley and McHenry was sweet and soothing compared with the conversational blue vitriol that boiled up out of the depths of Williamson's aboriginal soul.

And there was little Frankie, waiting at the plate, in the dead storm center, with lightning striking all around him. I can't understand to this day how he kept out.

Beemis finally steadied himself and sent up a fast ball. Quick as a flash, Frankie shortened his bat and bunted toward first. It wasn't the proper play, but he said afterward that he thought if he bunted down in that direction the big truck-driver who was playing first for Reno might run into Beemis and break his neck.

The ball was in Beemis's territory, and he went lumbering over to field it. Sure enough, the truck-driver, coming head down and tail up, crashed into him from the rear. The first-baseman went flat on his back and Beemis was staggered slightly, but he scooped up the ball and turned to throw to the plate. Seeing that he was too late for Wilsonsides, he whirled and cut loose with all he had in the direction of first base.

Now, according to the way baseball is played on the Atlantic seaboard, when the first-baseman is drawn in toward the plate the second-baseman covers the bag for him. Beemis had precedent on his side as well as tradition, but McHenry, with troubles of his own, was standing flat-footed fully sixty feet away and Beemis's heave went sailing out into the wide, wide world. Frankie heard the ball whistle between his shoulder and his ear, saw it kick up a puff of alkali dust in the distance, and rounded first base like a scared jackrabbit.

To make a short story of it, the right-fielder couldn't find the ball in the sage-brush and Frankie came all the way home!

What with the jubilee and the grand-right-and-left on the Carson side of the field and the howls of the wounded and dying on the Reno side, there was quite an interlude, during which Benjamin Beemis gathered his infield around him and delivered a brief but burning address. There must have been virtue in what he said or the way he said it, for Reno took a brace and retired Scarface, Parker Jones, and Rainwater in a row.

Our joy was soon dead. We held them in the sixth, but in the seventh Jimblaine got gay and tried to keep the ball too close inside for the left-handers and hit two of them in a row—hit them with two men out, at that. This gave Williamson his first chance to come up with the men on the bases, and his worst enemy can not deny that he made the most of it. He dug his spikes into the ground and hit the first ball that Jimblaine offered him—hit it to left center—hit it at least a mile; a nice, low drive that started three feet from the ground and kept climbing and climbing as if it never intended to come down.

As a matter of fact, I don't know whether it did or not. The outfielders didn't find it. Yes, a home run and a mighty big one; big enough to tie the score and transfer the jubilee to the other side of the field. Frankie rushed over and tied his shoestring in

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the pitcher's box, and after some coddling Jimblaine managed to get Beemis and end the inning.

When the team came in to the bench I hopped the Plumed Knight for the good of his soul, and all he could say for himself was that he had hurt his arm. Frankie did most of the talking for the Piutes. He ripped and ramped and raved in all the languages he knew, living and dead, but he couldn't prod any spirit into those miserable aborigines. They sat there with their heads in their laps, grunting at each other.

The eighth and ninth innings saw the score still tied, thanks to Frankie's desperate defense. They came within an ace of getting us in the ninth when, with Swanson on third base, and only one man out, McHenry hit a terrific line drive a little to the right of second. I could see the transportation and the two hundred bucks going out over that infield a mile a minute, but Frankie shot through the air like a skyrocket, made a blind stab with his bare hand—and the ball stuck in it. He tossed to Wilsonsides, doubling Swanson, and the yell which started on the Reno side crossed to ours and stayed there. Frankie came in to the bench, wabbling slightly on his feet and blowing on his fingers.

"Good boy!" cried Clarke, putting his arm around him. "Good boy! Win or lose, you get the transportation anyway!"

"Take your hands off me! Let me alone!" Frankie turned on Clarke and abused him like a pickpocket. He had been carrying eight fat Piutes on his back all the afternoon, and the strain was telling on his nervous system.

"You and your Indians!" he raved. "From now on, I'm white, understand? *White!* How many positions do you think a man can play for a measly two hundred dollars? Get on there, one of you savages, and I'll bring you home! A little pep, for pity's sake, a little pep! He hasn't got a thing left but a straight ball! Tear the cover off it! A little pep!"

But there wasn't any pep left in the entire tribe. Williamson's home-run had broken their hearts. Our first Piute scuffled up to the plate and sent a feeble little foul to the first-baseman, and there being nobody handy to run into him, the truck-driver caught it. The second man struck out on straight balls. Frankie was right: by this time Beemis was a very weary buck. He didn't have a thing left but his return-trip ticket, his hope of a bright immortality, and the ghost of his fast ball. Not a sign of a hook; not even a wave.

"Gee, but he's slow!" said Frankie to me, before he left the bench. "I'm going to take a round-house wallop at the first thing I see and run hog-wild on the bases. It's our only chance!"

He picked out a long, heavy bat, suitable for the kind of a swing technically known as a Moriarity, and stepped up to the plate with his teeth set. The Carson rooters cheered him, but he didn't hear them. He was listening to something that Williamson was saying to Beemis.

"Here comes that little rat again, Ben. Let's kill him!"

Of course that was an attempt to get Frankie's goat—a dangerous game to play with the little man. If ever there was a natural-born herder of angoras, it was Frankie. He went right back at them.

"Let the big stiff try it!" he howled, dancing up and down. "Go ahead, both of you! Start something! I'll make that yellow-bellied pitcher quit like a dog, the same as he did in the last game against the Pennsylvania 'Varsity! Come on! Start something, if you dare!"

Now after pitching all afternoon to a succession of dumb Piutes, Beemis was entirely unprepared for such a blast of news from home. Frankie was in the last ditch and fighting with all the weapons at his command — absolutely and irrevocably white. Williamson saw that Beemis was upset by this foul slander and, fearing that Frankie would follow it up, tried to distract his attention and drew a little news from home on his own account.

"What are you horning in here for?" said Frankie. "The reason they kicked you off the Carlisle football team was because you showed a streak as wide as the Mississippi River! Give me any more of your lip and I'll bust you on the head so hard that the echo will make you deaf for a week!"

Then Frankie opened up on the umpire. "Tell that big quitter to begin pitching, or call balls on him!"

Beemis laughed a lop-sided sort of a laugh, and up came the ball, with all the speed he could muster, as straight as a banjo string. Frankie stepped out to meet it, swinging that long bat with every ounce he had left. He nailed that cripple squarely

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on the equator, and as he swung the least little bit early, he pulled it down the third-base line like a white streak. The ball struck beyond the bag in fair territory, skidded a few times, and jumped to the left, winding up in a nest of Carson rooters and sagebrush.

Well, speaking of speed! Beemis had one glimpse of little old Frankie, lying down close to the ground and pawing dirt in a way to make Arthur Duffy resemble a ten-ton truck—and then that big Carlisle pitcher let out a snort and started after the ball himself. He didn't have any confidence in his third-baseman or his left-fielder either, and he realized that retrieving the pill in that tangle of arms and legs was going to be a job for a strong, ruthless party with the instincts and training of a fullback.

Frankie ran and Beemis ran—two bogus Piutes pounding the grit for a piece of the winners' end, and not a nickel for second money! I wouldn't have believed that Beemis had as much speed as he showed. He was a slow, heavy starter, but when he got going I knew why he had been such a demon in the scattered football field.

As Frankie took his turn for second he flashed the general situation—the ball in the crowd and three Reno players heading for it. He let out another link or two and went around second so fast that if he hadn't been doubled over he wouldn't have stayed on the ground at all. Just then into that bunch of fans went Beemis, two hundred pounds of hard, red thunderbolt with spikes on it.

Naturally, those Carsonites didn't help him any. They didn't get out of his way or hand him the ball, or anything like that. It was the third-baseman who found it, but Beemis wouldn't trust him to make the peg and grabbed the ball away from him. Then he had to kick himself out of the mess and jump into the open to set himself for the throw. By this time Frankie was straightening out for home.

I was watching him come, and when I heard the yelling suddenly die away, I knew the play was going to be close. Frankie knew it too—and there in front of him was Williamson, straddling the line, legs braced for the shock, and hands out for the ball. The ball was coming too. It must have wrenched that sore arm of Beemis's, but it was a Jim-dandy of a peg, neither too high nor too low, but just exactly right, and fairly burning the wind with its speed.

"*Slide, Frankie! Slide!*"

Just as I yelled, he left the ground with a head-first dive, straight for the gap between Williamson's legs and the plate beyond. He came hurtling through the air like the last sinner hitting it up for the pearly gates at 11:59 P. M., and the ball got there at the same time. As Frankie's head and shoulders shot through the gap, he reached out and hooked Williamson's left ankle with his right elbow, wrenching the big redskin half around and jarring the ball out of his hand. Williamson made a wild snatch for it as he was falling, but got a Piute cap and a handful of horsehair instead and came down on top of Frankie like a thousand of brick. And there was our noble hero, with his wishbone jammed into the plate, safe—all but his scalp!

Williamson was rather stunned at first. He looked at the wig, he ran his fingers through Frankie's brown bristles, he held up the wig so that everybody could see it—and the next thing I knew he was trying to crack Frankie's skull by hammering his head on the ground.

That started it. John and Clarke went tearing to the rescue, backed up by about a thousand Carson rooters, and at the same time the Reno fans came down with a roar. The Carson people wanted blood on account of the unprovoked assault upon Running-foot by an Indian three times his size, and the Reno folks had seen the wig and were after Frankie. I never saw trouble come quicker or more unanimously. It was just slam! bang! biff! on all sides of us. I broke through to where John and Clarke were fighting on either side of Frankie, who was doing some fighting himself, and there was Rusty Ferguson, his nose bleeding, his hair standing on end, and both arms working like flails.

"Hell is coughing for fair!" he yelled. "Make for the fence, boys!"

He led the way, and we fell in behind, using the old straight-line buck formation and uppercuts. The Reno folks hated to see us leaving and charged our rear. Put me down as agreeing with General Robert E. Lee that a well-fought retreat is a man's-size job. Rusty Ferguson and John Holderman, on the showing they made, ought to be generals in the army, and not one of us would be below the rank of colonel.

We got to the fence at last, put our backs

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up against it, and for the first time I had a general view of the battlefield. The two ball teams were having a fight of their own over by the Carson bench, and every Carson man had a Reno man wrapped up with him in a true-lovers' knot. The Reno surplus was menacing our front and getting ready to charge us again.

"I've got to stop this!" said Rusty, hopping up on a dry-goods box.

Out came his two forty-some-odds, and he let drive at the sun a couple of times, just to call attention to himself.

There was a sudden pause in the hostilities, guns being regarded as serious.

Baseball crowds fight hard when they fight, but not to kill.

"That'll be all now!" roared Rusty, in the lull. "I'll let drive at the first man that swings a punch! Quit it!"

"What you goin' to do about that second-baseman?" yelled Pete Evans.

"Yes! Yes! What about him?"

Rusty cleared his throat and rendered a decision, the like of which was never known in baseball; but it was sound sense, and besides, he had the hardware in his hands to back it up.

"As I understand it," he bawled, "Pete Evans is kicking on the Carson second-baseman not bein' a Piute. He's as much of a Piute as that big stiff that tried to kill him."

Loud cheers from the Carsonites.

"What's more, that Reno pitcher ain't a Piute either. I talked Piute to him all the afternoon and he didn't understand a word of it. That settles the ringer question. Now then, Carson scored the fourth run and scored it square, and there wouldn't have been any riot if the Reno catcher hadn't pitched on to a kid half his size. The game can't be finished on account of some of the players bein' laid out cold, but that ain't my fault or it ain't the fault of the Carson team, either.

My decision is that Carson wins by a score of 4 to 3, and if I hear of anybody welching on bets, that party will settle with me!"

That night we were sliding down the western slope of the Sierras in the drawing-room of a Pullman car, and congratulating ourselves on being there.

"It's a pretty lucky thing for us," said I, "that Williamson lost his noddle and took a crack at you. That was all that saved us. I never saw an Injun act as crazy as he did."

"Huh!" said Frankie. "Any Injun will act crazy if you bite a chunk out of the calf of his leg!"

There was our noble hero, safe—all but his scalp!

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"TELL ME IT'S A NIGHTMARE, ROSE."

The Real Adventure

by

Henry Kitchell Webster

AUTHOR OF "THE BUTTERFLY," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
EDWARD L. CHASE

FOR Rose Stanton and Rodney Aldrich the "real adventure" is marriage. They had fallen in love on their first encounter—when Rose was put off a street-car for refusing to pay her fare twice, and Rodney, in admiration of her spirit, got off with her. Two weeks later they were engaged.

After the honeymoon Rose was transplanted from the rather meager comfort of her home to an establishment filled with wonderful furniture and wonderful servants, with a car at her disposal, and a magic world of dances, dinners, and operas opening before her. Everything went perfectly till one night when Rodney telephoned that he couldn't go out with her to a dinner because he had to work. Rose, thinking he must be in trouble, ran down to his office—and found a husband quite tensely absorbed in a law problem which she could not even grasp, and unwilling to be disturbed. She was hurt and bewildered; but above all the incident made her keenly conscious that she had no real share in her husband's work-and-thought life. Resolved somehow to make herself his companion, she secretly began studying law and following the court news in the papers.

She began to realize, too, that she had let Rodney, who had prided himself on keeping a free space about him, clutter his life with considerations of money and social obligations. So one night she tried to talk it out with him, pleading for a less expensive house and manner of living, and for a responsibility of her own. But Rodney's pride rebelled, and then, when Rose told him that they were to have a child, he put all her ideas down as obsessions.

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Temporarily defeated, Rose waited patiently for her motherhood, in the belief that it would bring her a real job, so that she need no longer try to break into that part of Rodney's life which he lived apart from her. But when the time came, and there were two babies instead of one, she was not allowed to care for them. She wanted to dismiss the nurse's assistant and take over her work—at least to wash bottles and sterilize milk for her babies. But the nurse would not stay on those terms, and Rodney put his foot down. And when, after the nurse had saved the life of one of the babies, Rose made her request again, he broke out at her in anger.

THE sudden flaw of passion that had troubled the waters of Rodney's soul subsided, spent itself in mutterings, explanations, tending to become at last rather apologetic. He said he didn't know why her request had got him like that. It had seemed to him for a moment as if she didn't love the children. That was absurd, of course.

Her own rather monstrous comments on these observations had luckily remained unspoken. What if she did lose a child as a result of her effort to care for it herself? She could bear more children. And what chance had she to love them? Where was the soil for love to take root in, unless she took care of them herself? These weren't really thoughts of hers—just a sort of crooked reflection of what he was saying, off the surface of a mind terribly preoccupied with something else.

She was in the grip of an appalling realization. This moment—this actually present moment that was going to last only until she should speak for the next time—was the critical moment of her life. She had, for just this moment, a choice of two things to say when next she should speak—a choice of two ways of looking into his face. A mountaineer, standing on the edge of a crevasse, deciding whether to try to leap across and win a precarious way to the summit, or to turn back and confess the climb has been in vain, is confronted by a choice like that.

She was a mother now. Yet her relation to her husband's life was the same as that of the girl who had gone to his office the night of the Randolphs' dinner. And no external event—nothing that could happen to her

HIS BUSINESS, ROSE KNEW, WAS TO KEEP INTRUDERS AWAY.

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(remember that even motherhood had "happened" in her case)—could ever transmute that relation into the thing she wanted. If the alchemy were to be wrought at all, it would be by the act of her own will—at the cost of a deliberate struggle. There was nothing, any more, to hope from waiting.

Well, then, she had her choice. One of two things she might do now. It was in her power to look up at him and smile, and say: "All right, Roddy, old man, I'll stop being disagreeable. I won't have any more whims." And she could go to him and clasp her hands behind his head and feel the rough pressure of his cheeks against the velvety surfaces of her forearms, and kiss his eyes and mouth; surrender to the embrace she knew so well would follow.

She could make, after a fashion, a life of that. She had no fear but it would last. Barring incalculable misfortune, she ought to be able to keep her looks and her charm for him unimpaired, or but little impaired, for twenty years—twenty-five with care. For the rich, the resources of modern civilization would almost guarantee that. Well, twenty-five years would see Rodney through his fifties.

The other man in him—the man who wasn't her lover—would struggle, of course. Except when she was by, the lover would probably have a bad time of it. She'd have to find some amusing sort of occupation to enable her to forget that. But when she was there, it would be strange if she and her lover together couldn't, most of the time, keep the other man locked up where he wouldn't disturb them much.

Lived without remorse or misgivings, played magnificently for all it was worth, as she could play it—she knew that now—it would be a rather wonderful life. They must be decidedly an exceptional pair of lovers, she thought.

But if, instead, she took the leap . . . !

"Roddy. . . " she said.

He was slumped down in a big easy chair at the other side of the table, swinging a restless foot; drumming now and then with his fingers. It was many silent minutes since the storm of reproach with which he had repelled her plea for a part in the actual responsible care of her children had died away. He had spoken with unnecessary vehemence, he knew. He had admitted that—said he was sorry, as well as he could without withdrawing from his position. But he had been met by that most formidable of all weapons—a blank silence—an inscrutable face. Some sort of scene was inevitable, he knew. And he sat there waiting for it.

He thought he was ready for anything. But just the way she spoke his name startled—almost frightened him, she said it so quietly, so—tenderly.

"Roddy," she said, "I want you to come over here and kiss me, and then go back and sit down in that chair again."

He went a little pale at that. The swing of his foot was arrested suddenly. But, for a moment, he made no move—just looked wonderingly into her great, grave eyes.

"Something's going to happen," she went on, "and before it's over, I'm afraid it's going to hurt you terribly—and me. And I want the kiss for us to remember. So that we'll always know, whatever happens afterward, that we loved each other." She held out her arms to him. "Won't you come?"

He came—a man bewildered, bent down over her, and found her lips; but almost absently, out of a daze.

"No, not like that," she murmured. "In the old way."

There was a long embrace.

"I don't believe I'd have the courage to do it," she said, "if it were just me. But there's some one else—I've made some one a promise. I can't tell you about that. Now please go back and sit over there where you were, where we can talk quietly. Oh, Roddy, I love you so!—No, please go back, old man! And—and light your pipe. Oh, don't tremble like that! It—it isn't a tragedy. It's—for us, it's the greatest hope in the world."

He went back to his chair. He even lighted his pipe as she asked him to, and waited as steadily as he could for her to begin.

But she couldn't begin while she looked at him. She moved a little closer to the table and leaned her elbow on it, shaded her eyes with one hand, while the other played with the stump of a pencil that happened to be lying there.

"Do you remember . . ." she began, and it was remarkable how quiet and steady her voice was. There was even the trace of a smile about her wonderful mouth. "Do you remember that afternoon of ours, the very first of them, when you brought home

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my note-books and found me asleep on the couch in our old back parlor? Do you remember how you told me that one's desires were the only motive power he had? One couldn't ride anywhere, you said, except on the backs of his own passions? Well, it was a funny thing— I got to wondering afterward what my desires were, and it seemed I hadn't any. Everything had, somehow, come to me before I knew I wanted it. Everything in the world, even your love for me, came like that.

"But I've got a passion now, Rodney. I've had it for a long while. It's a desire I can't satisfy. The thing I want—and there's nothing in the world that I wouldn't give to get it—is, well, your friendship, Roddy; that's a way of saying it."

Rodney started and stared at her. The thing struck him, it seemed, as a sort of grotesquely irritating anti-climax.

"Gracious heaven!" he said. "My friendship! Why, I'm in love with you! That's certainly a bigger thing. Go back to your geometry, child. The greater includes the less, doesn't it?"

"I don't know whether it's a bigger thing or not," she said. "But it doesn't include the other. Love's just sort of a miracle thing that happens to you. You don't have it because you deserve it. The person I made that promise to would have earned it, if any one could. But it doesn't come that way. It's like lightning. It strikes or else it doesn't. Well, it struck us. But friendship—well, there's this about it: you can't get it any way in the world, except just by earning it. Nobody can give it to you, no matter how hard he tries. So when you've got it, you can always say 'There's something that I'm entitled to—something that's mine!' Your love isn't mine any more than the air is. I never did anything to earn it.

"And that's why it can't satisfy me. Because it doesn't, Roddy. It hasn't for ever so long. It's something wonderful that's—*happened* to me. It's the loveliest thing that ever happened to anybody. And just because it's so wonderful and beautiful, I can't bear to—well, this is hard to say—can't bear to use it to live on. I can't bear to have it mixed up in things like millinery bills and housekeeping expenses. I can't bear to see it become a thing that piles a load of hateful obligations on your back. I could live on your friendship, Roddy, because your friendship would mean that somehow I was earning my way, but I can't live on your love; any more than you could on mine. Won't you—won't you just *try* to think for a moment what that would mean to you?"

He was tramping up and down the room by now, stopping and turning short every now and then with a gesture of exasperation, or an interruption that broke off always in a sort of frantic speechlessness.

She knew he couldn't help it. Down underneath his mind, controlling utterly its processes, was a ganglion of instincts that were utterly outraged by the things she was saying to him. It was they and not his intelligence she had to fight. She must be patient, as gentle as she could, but she must make him listen.

"You've got my friendship!" he cried out now. "It's a grotesque perversion of the facts to say you haven't."

She smiled at him as she shook her head. "I've spent too many months trying to get it and seeing myself fail—oh, so ridiculously!—not to know what I'm talking about, Roddy." And then, still smiling rather sadly, she told him what some of the experiments had been—some of her attempts to break into the life he kept locked away from her. "I was angry at first when I found you keeping me out," she said, "angry and hurt. I used to cry about it. And then I saw it wasn't your fault. That's how I discovered friendship had to be earned."

But her power to maintain that attitude of grave detachment was about spent. The passion mounted in her voice and in her eyes as she went on. "You thought it was because of my condition, as you called it, that my mind had got full of wild ideas—the wild idea that I wasn't really and truly your wife at all, but only your mistress, and that I was pulling you down from something free and fine that you had been, to something that you despised yourself for being and had to try to deny you were. Those were the obsessions of a pregnant woman, you thought. You were wrong about that, Roddy.

"I did have an obsession, but it wasn't the thing you thought. It was an obsession that kept me quiet, and contented and happy, and willing to wait in spite of everything. The obsession was that none of those things mattered because a big miracle was coming that was going to change it all.

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I was going to have a job at last—a job that was just as real as yours—the job of being a mother."

Her voice broke in a fierce, sharp little laugh over the word, but she got it back in control again.

"I was going to have a baby to feed out of my own body, to keep alive with my own care. There was going to be responsibility and hard work, things that demanded courage and endurance and sacrifice. I could earn your friendship with that, I said. That was the real obsession, Roddy, and it never really died until to-night. Because, of course, I have kept on hoping, even after I might have seen how it was. But the babies' lives aren't to be jeopardized to gratify my whims. Well, I suppose I can't complain. It's over, that's the main thing.

"And now, here I am perfectly normal and well again—as good as ever. I've kept my looks—oh, my hair and my complexion and my figure. I could wear pretty clothes again and start going out to things now that the season's begun, just as I did a year ago. People would admire me, and you'd be pleased, and you'd love me as much as ever, and it would all be like the paradise it was last year, except for one thing. The one thing is that if I do that, I'll know this time what I really am. Your mistress, Roddy, your legal, perfectly respectable mistress—and a little more despicable rather than less, I think, because of the adjectives."

"I've let that word go by once," he said quietly, but with a dangerous light of anger in his eyes. "I won't again. It's perfectly outrageous that you should talk like that, and I'll ask you never to do it again."

"I won't," she flashed back at him, "if you'll explain why I'm not exactly what I say." And after ten seconds of silence, she went on: "Why, Roddy, I've heard you describe me a hundred times. Not the you that's my lover. The other you—talking all over the universe to Barry Lake. You've described the woman who's never been trained nor taught nor disciplined; who's been brought up soft, with the bloom on, for the purpose of making her marriageable; who's never found her job in marriage, who doesn't cook, nor sew, nor spin, nor even take care of her own children; the woman who uses her sex-charm to save her from having to do hard, ugly things, and keep her in luxury. Do you remember what you've called her, Roddy? I've used a gentler word than that.

"Oh, you didn't know, you poor blind boy, that I was the woman you were talking about. You never saw it at all. But I am. I was brought up like that. Oh, not on purpose. Dear old mother! She wasn't trying to make me into a prostitute any more than you are trying to make me into your mistress. You both love me, that's all. It's just an instinct not to let anything hurt me, nor frighten me, nor tire me, nor teach me what work is. All the while, without knowing it, she was educating me to be the sort of person you'd fall in love with—something precious and expensive—something to be taken care of.

"I didn't understand any of that when you married me, Roddy; it was just like a dream to me—like a fairy story come true. If any one had told me a year ago that I should ever be anything but perfectly happy in your love for me, I'd have laughed at him. But I understand now. I know why it was you could talk to me, back in those days before we were married, about anything under the sun—things ten thousand miles above my head; what it was that fooled me into thinking we were friends as well as lovers. I know why you've never been able to talk to me like that since. And I know—this is the worst of all, Roddy—I know what a good mistress I could make. I know I could make you love me whether you wanted to or not; whether I loved you or not. I could make other men love me, if I could make up my mind to do it—make them tell me all their hopes and dreams, and think I had a fine mind and a wonderful understanding. Oh, it's too easy—it's too hatefully easy!

"Do you know why I told you that? Because if you believe it and understand it, you will see why I can't go on living on your love. Because, how can you be sure, knowing that my position in the world, my friends, oh, the very clothes on my back, and the roof over my head, are dependent on your love—how are you going to be sure that my love for you is honest and disinterested? What's to keep you from wondering—asking questions? Love's got to be free, Roddy. The only way to make it free is to have friendship growing alongside it. So when I can be your partner and your friend, I'll be your mistress too. But not—not again, Roddy, till I can find a way. I'll

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HE FOUND HER IN THE TRUNK-ROOM—DUSTY, DISHEVELED, SOBBING QUIETLY OVER SOMETHING SHE HELD HUGGED IN HER ARMS.

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have to find it for myself. I'll have to go off . . . " She broke down over a word she couldn't at first say, buried her face in her arms, and let a deep, racking sob or two have their way with her. But presently she sat erect again and, with a supreme effort of will, forced her voice to utter the word: "I've got to go off alone—away from you, and stay until I find it. If I ever do, and you want me, I'll come back."

Rodney Is Forced to Believe the Incredible

THE struggle between them lasted a week—a ghastly week, during which, so far as the surface of things showed, their life flowed along in its accustomed channels. But at all sorts of times, and in all sorts of places when they were alone together, the great battle was renewed; mostly through the dead hours of the night, in Rose's bedroom, she sitting up in bed, he tramping up and down shivering and shuddering in a big bath-robe.

The hardest thing about it all for Rose—the thing that came nearest to breaking down her courage—was to see how slowly Rodney came to realize it at all. He was like a trapped animal pacing the four sides of his cage, confident that in a moment or two he would find the way out, and then, incredulously, dazedly, coming to the surmise that there was no way out. She really meant to go away and leave him—leave the babies; go somewhere where his care and protection could not reach her! She was actually planning the details of doing it! By the end of one of their long talks, it would seem to her that he had grasped this monstrous intention and accepted it. But before the beginning of the next one, he seemed to manage, somehow, to dismiss the thing as a nightmare.

An invitation came in from the Crawfords for a dance at the Blackstone the fifth of December, and he said something about accepting it.

"I sha'n't be here then, Roddy, you know," she said.

He went completely to pieces at that, as if the notion of her going away had never really reached his mind before.

The struggle ranged through the widest possible gamut of moods. They had their moments of rapturous love—passionate attempts at self-surrender; they had long hours of cold discussion, as impersonal as if they had been talking about the characters out of a book instead of about themselves. They had long, stormy, nerve-tearing hours of blind agonizing, lacerating each other, getting nowhere. They had moments of incandescent anger.

He grew more reasonable as a belief in her complete seriousness and determination sobered him. He made desperate efforts to recover his self-control—to get his big, cool, fine mechanism of a mind into action. But his mind, to his complete bewilderment, betrayed him. He'd always looked at Rose before through the lens of his emotions. But now that he forced himself to look at her through the non-refracting windows from which he looked at the rest of the world, she compelled him again and again to admit that she was right.

"Why shouldn't I be right?" she said with a woebegone smile. "These are all just things I've learned from you."

After a long and rather angry struggle with himself, he made up his mind to a compromise, and in one of their cooler talks together he offered it.

"We've both of us pretty well lost our sense of proportion, it seems to me," he said. "This whole ghastly business started from my refusing to let Mrs. Ruston go and get a nurse who'd allow you to be your own nursemaid. Well, I'm willing to give up completely on that point. You can let Mrs. Ruston go as soon as you like, and get a nurse who'll meet your ideas."

"You're doing that," said Rose thoughtfully, "rather than let me go away. That's the way it is, isn't it?"

"Why, yes, of course," he admitted. "I was looking at things from the children's point of view, and I thought I was right. From their point of view, I still think so."

She drew a long sigh and shook her head. "It won't do, Roddy. Can't you see you're giving way practically under a threat—because I'll go away if you don't? But think what it would mean if I did stay on those terms. The thing would rankle always. And if anything did happen to one of the babies because the new nurse wasn't quite so good, you'd never forgive me—not in all the world.

"And," she added a little later, "that would be just as true of any other compromise. I mean like going and living in a flat

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and letting me do housework—any of the things we've talked about. I can say I am going away, don't you see, but I couldn't say I'd go away—*unless* . . . I couldn't use that threat to extort things from you without killing our whole lives dead. Can't you see that, Roddy?"

His mind infuriated him by agreeing with her—goaded him into another passionate outburst during which he accused her of bad faith, of being tired of him—seizing pretexts. But he offered no more compromises.

Somehow or other, during the calmer moments toward the end, practical details managed to get talked about—settled after a fashion, without the admission really being made on his part that the thing was going to happen at all.

"I'd do everything I could, of course, to make it easier," she said. "We could have a story for people that I'd gone to California to make mother a long visit. We could bring Harriet home from Washington to keep house while I was gone. I'd take my trunks, you see, and really go. People would suspect, of course, after a while, but they'll always pretend to believe anything that's comfortable."

"Where would you go, really?" he demanded. "Have you any plan at all?"

"I have a sort of plan," she said. "I think I know of a way of earning a living."

But she didn't offer to go on and tell him what it was, and, after a little silence, he commented bitterly upon this omission.

"You won't even give me the poor satisfaction of knowing what you're doing," he said.

"I'd love to, Roddy," she said,—"to be able to write to you, hear from you every day. But I don't believe you want to know. I think it would be too hard for you. Because you'd have to promise not to try to get me back—not to come and rescue me if I got into trouble and things went badly and I didn't know where to turn. Could you promise that, Roddy?"

He gave a groan and buried his face in his hands. Then: "No," he said furiously. "Of course I couldn't. See you suffering and stand by with my hands in my pockets and watch!" He sprang up and seized her by the arms in a grip that actually left bruises, and fairly shook her in the agony of his entreaty. "Tell me it's a nightmare, Rose," he said. "Tell me it isn't true. Wake me up out of it!"

But under the indomitable resolution of her blue eyes, he turned away. This was the last appeal of that sort that he made.

"I'll promise," she said presently, "to be sensible—not to take any risks I don't have to take. I'll regard my life, and my health and all, as something I'm keeping in trust for you. I'll take plenty of warm, sensible clothes when I go; lots of shoes and stockings—things like that; and, if you'll let me—I'll borrow a hundred dollars to start myself off with. It isn't a tragedy, Roddy—not that part of it. You wouldn't be afraid for any one else as big and strong and healthy as I am."

Gradually, out of a welter of scenes like that, the thing got itself recognized as something that was to happen. But the parting came at last in a little different way from any they had foreseen.

Rodney came home from his office early one afternoon, with a telegram that summoned him to New York to a conference of counsel in a big public-utility case he had been working on for months. He must leave, if he were going at all, at five o'clock. He ransacked the house, vainly at first, for Rose, and found her at last in the trunk-room—dusty, disheveled, sobbing quietly over something she held hugged in her arms. But she dried her eyes and came over to him and asked him what it was that had brought him home so early.

He showed her the telegram. "I'll have to leave in an hour," he said, "if I'm to go."

She paled at that, and sat down rather giddily on a trunk. "You must go," she said, "of course. And—Roddy, I guess that'll be the easiest way. I'll get my telegram to-night—pretend to get it—from Portia. And you can give me the hundred dollars, and then, when you come back, I'll be gone."

The thing she had been holding in her hands slipped to the floor. He stooped and picked it up—stared at it with a sort of half-wakened recognition.

"I f-found it," she explained, "among some old things Portia sent over when she moved. Do you know what it is? It's one of the note-books that got wet—that first night when we were put off the street-car. And—Roddy, look!"

She opened it to an almost blank page, and with a weak little laugh pointed to the thing that was written there: "March fifteenth, nineteen twelve!"

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"Your birthday, you see, and the day we met each other."

And then, down below, the only note she had made during the whole of that lecture, he read: "Never marry a man with a passion for principles."

"That's the trouble with us, you see," she said. "If you were just an ordinary man without any big passions or anything, it wouldn't matter much if your life got spoiled. But with us, you see, we've got to try for the biggest thing there is. Oh, Roddy, Roddy darling! Hold me tight for just a minute, and then I'll come and help you pack."

The World Alone

"HERE'S the first week's rent then," said Rose, handing the landlady three dollars, "and I think you'd better give me a receipt showing till when it's paid for. Do you know where there's an expressman who could go for a trunk?"

The landlady had tight gray hair and a hard-bitten hatchet face. She had no charms, one would have said, of person, mind, or manner. But it was nevertheless true that Rose was renting this room largely on the strength of the landlady. She was so much more humanly possible than any of the others at whose placarded doors Rose had knocked or rung.

The matter of the trunk was easily disposed of. Rose had a check for it. It was at the Polk Street Station. There was a cigar- and news-stand two blocks down, the landlady said, where an expressman had his headquarters. There was a blue sign out in front. Rose couldn't miss it.

The landlady went away to write out a receipt. Rose closed the door after her and locked it. It was a purely symbolistic act. She wasn't going to change her clothes or anything, and she didn't particularly want to keep anybody out. But, in a sense in which it had never been quite true before, this was her room, a room where any one lacking her specific invitation to enter would be an intruder—a condition which had not obtained either in her mother's house or in Rodney's.

She smiled widely over the absurdity of indulging in a pleasurable feeling of possession in a squalid little cubbyhole like this. The wall-paper was stained and faded, the paint on the soft-wood floor worn through in streaks; there was an iron bed—a double bed—painted light blue and lashed with string where one of its joints showed a disposition to pull out. The mattress on the bed was lumpy. There was a dingy-looking oak bureau with a small mirror; a marble-topped black walnut wash-stand; a pitcher of the plainest white ware standing in a bowl on top of it, and a highly ornate, hand-painted slop-jar—the sole survivor, evidently, of a much-prized set—under the lee of it.

As for the hurrying life she looked out upon from her grimy window, the difference between it and that which she had been wont to contemplate through Florence McCrea's exquisitely leaded casements, was simply planetary.

And yet, queerly enough, in terms of literal lineal measurement, the distance between the windows themselves was less than a thousand yards. Less than ten minutes' walking from the worn stoop down-stairs, would take her back to her husband's door. She had, in her flight out into the new world, doubled back on her trail. And, such is the enormous social and spiritual distance between North Clark Street and The Drive, she was as safely hidden here, as completely out of the orbit of any of her friends, or even of her friends' servants, as she could have been in New York or in San Francisco.

Of course, wherever she went, whatever she did, there'd always be the risk that some one who could carry back the news to Rodney's friends, would recognize her. It was a risk that had to be taken. At the same time, she'd protect the secret as well as she could.

There were two people, though, it couldn't be kept from—Portia and her mother. Rose had at first entertained the notion of keeping her mother in the dark. It wasn't until she had spent a good many hours figuring out expedients for keeping the deception going in her letters that she realized it couldn't be done. Besides, the story given out to Rodney's friends being that Rose was in California with her mother and Portia, left the chance always open for some contretemps which would lead to her mother's discovering the truth in a surprising and shocking way.

But the truth itself, confidently stated,

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not as a tragic ending, but as the splendid, hopeful beginning of a life of truer happiness for Rose and her husband, needn't be a shock. So this was what Rose had borne down upon in her letter to Portia.

". . . I have found the big thing couldn't be had without a fight," she wrote. "You shouldn't be surprised, because you've probably found out for yourself that nothing worth having comes very easily. But you're not to worry about me, nor be afraid for me, because I'm going to win. I'm making the fight, somehow, for you as well as for myself. I want you to know that. I think that realizing I was living your life as well as mine, is what has given me the courage to start. . . .

"I've got some plans, but I'm not going to tell you what they are. But I'll write to you every week and tell you what I've done, and I want you to write to Rodney. I want to be sure that you understand this: Rodney isn't to blame for what's happened. We haven't quarreled, and I believe we're farther in love with each other than we've ever been before. I know I am with him. . . . Break this thing to mother as gently as you like, but tell her everything before you stop. . . ."

This letter written and despatched, she had worked out the details of her departure with a good deal of care. In her own house, before her servants, she had tried to act just as she would have done had her pretended telegram really come from Portia. She had packed, looked up trains, made a reservation. She had called up Frederica and told her the news. The train she had selected left at an hour and on a day when she knew Frederica wouldn't be able to come and see her off. Frederica had come down to the house, of course, to say good-by to her; and carrying her pretense through that scene was, next to bidding the twins good-by, the hardest thing she had to go through with. The only thing that enabled her to see it through, was the consideration that she was doing it for Rodney. He'd probably tell Frederica what had happened in time, but Rose was determined that he should have the privilege of choosing his own time to do it.

Her bag was packed, her trunk was gone, her motor waiting at the door to take her to the station, when the maid Doris brought the twins home from their airing. This wasn't chance, but prearrangement.

"Give them to me," Rose said, "and then you may go up and tell Mrs. Ruston she may have them in a few minutes."

"YOU'VE NEVER HAD A MOTHER AT ALL, YOU POOR LITTLE MITES."

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She took them into her bedroom and laid them side by side on her bed. They had thriven finely—justified, so far as that went, Harriet's decision in favor of bottle feeding. Had she died back there in that bed of pain, never come out of the ether at all, they'd still be just like this—plump, placid, methodical. Rose had thought of that a hundred times, but it wasn't what she was thinking of now.

The thing that caught her as she was looking down on them, was a wave of sudden pity. She saw them suddenly as persons with the long road all ahead of them, as a boy and a girl, a youth and a maid, a man and a woman. They were destined to have, each of them, their hopes and loves, fears, triumphs, tragedies perhaps. The boy there, Rodney, might have to face, some day, the situation his father confronted now; might have to come back into an empty home, and turn a stiff, inexpressive face upon a coolly curious world. Little Portia, there, might find herself, some day, gazing with wide, scared eyes at a life some unexpected turn of the wheel of Fate had thrust her, all unprepared, into the midst of. Or it might be her fate to love without attracting love—to wither that some one else might grow. What toys of chance they were!

She'd never thought of them like that before. The baby she had looked forward to—the baby she hadn't had—had never been thought of that way, either. It was to be something to provide her, Rose, with an occupation; to make an alchemic change in the very substance of her life. The transmutation hadn't taken place. She surmised now, dimly, that she hadn't deserved it should.

"You've never had a mother at all, you poor little mites," she said. "But you're going to have one some day. You're going to be able to come to her with your troubles, because she'll have had troubles herself. She'll help you bear your hurts, because she's had hurts of her own. And she'll be able to teach you to stand the gaff, because she's stood it herself."

For the first time since they were born, she was thinking of their need of her rather than of her need of them, and with that thought came, for the first time, the surge of passionate maternal love that she had waited for, so long, in vain. There was, suddenly, an intolerable ache in her breast that could only have been satisfied by crushing them up against her breast; kissing their hands—their feet.

Rose stood there quivering, giddy with the force of it. "Oh, you darlings!" she said. "But wait—wait until I deserve it!" And, without touching them at all, she went to the door and opened it. Mrs. Ruston and Doris were both waiting in the hall.

"I must go now," she said. "Good-by. Keep them carefully for me." Her voice was steady, and, though her eyes were bright, there was no trace of tears upon her cheeks. But there was a kind of glory shining in her face that was too much for Doris, who turned away and sobbed loudly. Even Mrs. Ruston's eyes were wet.

"Good-by," said Rose again, and went down composedly enough to her car.

She rode down to the station, shook hands with Otto, the chauffeur, allowed a porter to carry her bag into the waiting-room. There she tipped the porter, picked up the bag herself, and walked out the other door; crossed over to Clark Street and took a street-car. At Chicago Avenue she got off, and walked north, keeping her eyes open for placards advertising rooms to let. It was at the end of about half a mile that she found the hatchet-faced landlady, paid her three dollars, and locked her door, as a symbol, perhaps, of the bigger, heavier door that she had locked upon her past life.

Strongest among all the welter of emotions boiling up within her, was a perfectly enormous relief. The thing which, when she had first faced it as the only thoroughfare to the real life she so passionately wanted, had seemed such a veritable nightmare, was an accomplished fact. The two weeks of acute agony she had lived through (the first while she had made up her own mind, the second while she had forced it upon Rodney) had been all but unendurable with the enforced contemplation of the moment of parting which they brought so relentlessly nearer. There had been a terror, too, lest when the moment actually came, she couldn't do it. Well, and now it had come and gone! The surgery of the thing was over.

Rose dusted the mirror with a towel—a reckless act, as she saw for herself, when she discovered she was going to have to use that towel for a week—and took an appraising look at herself. Then she nodded confidently—there was nothing the matter

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with her looks—and resumed her ulster, her rubbers, and her umbrella, for it was the kind of December day which called for all three. Her landlady could stick the receipt under the door, she reflected, as she locked it.

Two blocks down the street, she found, as predicted, the cigar-store with the blue sign, and left her trunk check there with her address and fifty cents. Then, putting up her umbrella, and glowingly conscious that she was saving a nickel by so doing, she set off down-town afoot to get a job. She meant to get it that very afternoon. And, partly because she meant to so very definitely, she did.

I don't mean to say that getting a job is a purely volitional matter. There is the factor of luck, always large, of course, though not quite so large as a great many people suppose, and the factor of intelligence. Rose's intelligence had been in pretty active training for the past year. Ever since her talk with Madame Gréville had set her thinking, she had been learning how to weigh and assess facts apart from their emotional nebulæ. She'd taught herself how to look a disagreeable or humiliating fact in the face as steadily and as coolly as she looked at any other fact.

She had accumulated a whole lot of facts about women in industry from Barry Lake and Jane. She knew the sort of job and the sort of pay that the average untrained woman gets. From what they had told her, she had decided against trying department stores or factories. The only way she could see to a life of decent, self-respecting independence lay through some sort of special training — business-training, she thought. She'd begin by learning to be a stenographer — a cracking good stenographer.

Only, Rose had first to get a job that would pay for her training; and not only pay for it, but leave time for it; a problem which might have seemed like the problem of lifting yourself by your boot straps, if it hadn't been for Jimmy Wallace with his talk about chorus-girls.

The trouble with that profession, Jimmy had said, was that the indispensable assets in it were simply a reasonably presentable pair of arms and legs (a good-looking face would surely come in handy, too), and a rudimentary sense of rhythm. Another demoralizing thing about it, he had said, was the fact that the work wasn't hard enough, except during rehearsals, to keep its votaries out of mischief.

Well, there was no use blinking the facts. The one marketable asset she would possess when she walked out of her husband's house, she had recognized, was simply—how she looked. And, if that was all you had, there was no degradation in using it until you could make yourself the possessor of something else. Besides, the merit of this particular sort of job, for her, lay precisely in the thing that Jimmy had cited as its chief disadvantage—it left you abundant leisure.

With this in mind, on the last Sunday before Rose went away, she had studied the dramatic section of the morning paper with a good deal of care, and was rewarded by finding among the news notes an item referring to a new musical comedy which was to be produced at the Globe Theatre immediately after the Christmas holidays. "The Girl Up-stairs" was the title of it. It was spoken of as one of the regular Globe productions, so it was probable that Jimmy Wallace's experience with the production of an earlier number in the series would at least give her something to go by.

Granted that she was going to be a chorus-girl for a while, she could hardly find a better place than one of the Globe productions to be one in. According to Jimmy Wallace, it was a decent enough little place, and yet it possessed the advantage of being, spiritually, as well as actually, west of Clark Street. Rodney's friends were less likely to go there, and so have a chance of recognizing her, than to any other theatre in the city.

Among her friends of school and college days, the chances were of course worse. But even if she were seen on the stage by people who knew her, even though they were to say to each other that that girl looked surprisingly like Rose Aldrich, this would be a very different thing from full recognition. She would be well protected by the utter unlikelihood of her being there. Then, too, she'd be somewhat disguised, no doubt, by make-up. Of course, there remained a risk; but that couldn't be avoided.

The news item in the paper told her that the production was in rehearsal, and it mentioned the name of the director, John Galbraith, referring to him as one of the three most prominent musical comedy directors in the country.

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They hadn't rehearsed Jimmy Wallace's piece, she knew, in the theatre itself, but in all sorts of queer out-of-the-way places— in theatres that happened for the moment to be "dark," dance halls—pretty much anywhere. This was because there was another show running at the time at the Globe. She had looked in the theatre advertisments to see whether a show was running there now. Yes, there was. Well, that gave her a formula.

When she asked at the box-office at the Globe Theatre where they were rehearsing "The Girl Up-Stairs" to-day, the nicely manicured young man inside answered automatically, "North End Hall." Evidently Jimmy Wallace couldn't have phrased the question better himself.

But the quality of the voice that asked it had, even to the young man's not very sensitive ear, an unaccustomed flavor. So, almost simultaneously with his answer, he looked up from his finger-nails and shot an inquiring glance through the grille.

What he saw betrayed him into an involuntary stare. He didn't mean to stare; he meant to be respectful. But he was surprised. Rose, in the plainest suit that she could hope would seem plausible to her servants for a traveling costume to California, an ulster, and a little beaver hat with a quill in it, had no misgivings about looking the part of a potentially hard-working young woman renting a three-dollar room on North Clark Street and seeking employment in a musical comedy chorus. And yet the young man behind the grille seemed surprised. She remembered now that the landlady, too, had seemed, somehow, puzzled.

"I'm afraid," said Rose, smiling a little, "I'll have to ask where North End Hall is."

"Not at all," said the young man idiotically, and he told her the address—only a block or two from Rose's room; then cast about for a slip of paper to write it down on, racking his thimbleful of brains all the while to make out who she could be. She wasn't one of the principals in the company. They'd all reported, and he hadn't heard that any of them was to be replaced.

"Oh, you needn't write it," said Rose. "I can remember, thank you." She gave him a pleasant sort of boyish nod that didn't classify at all with anything in his experience, and walked out of the lobby.

Rose Gets a Job

WITH her umbrella over her shoulder, Rose set sail northward again through the rain, absurdly cheered. The entrance to the North End Hall was a pair of white painted double doors opening from the street level upon the foot of a broadish stair which took you up rather suddenly. At the head of the stairway, tilted back in a kitchen chair beneath a single gas-jet whose light he was trying to make suffice for the perusal of a green newspaper, sat a man, under orders, no doubt, to keep intruders away.

Rose cast about as she climbed, for the sort of phrase that would convince him she wasn't an intruder. She would ask him, but in the manner of one who seeks a formal assurance merely, if this was where they were rehearsing "The Girl Up-Stairs." Three steps from the top, she changed her tactics, as a result of a glance at his unshaven face. The thing to do was to go by as if, for such as she, watchmen didn't exist. The rhythmic pounding of feet and the frayed chords from a worn-out piano, convinced her she was in the right place.

Her stratagem succeeded. The man glanced up and, though she felt he didn't return to his paper again, he made no attempt to stop her. She walked straight ahead into a deserted, shrouded, sinister-looking place, with an interminable high mahogany counter at one side, and with a lot of little iron tables placed by pairs, their tops together so that half of them had their legs in the air. Beyond was another open door at the far end of the room, through which sounds and light came in.

Rose paused for a steadying breath before she went through that farther door, her eyes starry with resolution, her cheeks, just for the moment, a little pale. The room was hot and not well lighted—a huge, square room with a very high ceiling. In the farther wall of it was a proscenium arch and a raised stage somewhat brighter than the room itself, though the stained brick wall at the back, in the absence of any scenery, absorbed a good deal of the light. On the stage, right and left, were two irregular groups of girls, with a few men, awkwardly, Rose thought, disposed among them. All were swaying a little to mark the rhythm

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of the music industriously pounded out by a sweaty young man at the piano—a swarthy, thick young man in his undershirt. There were a few more people sprawled in different parts of the hall.

It was all a little vague to her at first, because her attention was focused upon a single figure—a compact, rather slender, figure, and tall, Rose thought—of a man in a blue serge suit, who stood at the exact center of the stage and the extreme edge of the footlights. He was counting aloud the bars of the music—not beating time at all, nor yielding to the rhythm in any way; standing, on the contrary, rather tensely still. That was the quality about him, indeed, that riveted Rose's attention and held her, as still as he was, in the doorway—an exhilarating sort of intensity that had communicated itself to the swaying groups on the stage.

You could tell from the way he counted that something was gathering itself up, getting ready to happen. "Three . . . Four . . . Five . . . Six . . . Seven — Now!" he shouted on the eighth bar, and with the word one of the groups transformed itself. One of the men bowed to one of the girls and began waltzing with her; another couple formed, then another.

Rose watched breathlessly, hoping the maneuver wouldn't go wrong—for no reason in the world but that the man there at the footlights was so tautly determined that it shouldn't.

Determination triumphed. The number was concluded to John Galbraith's evident satisfaction. "Very good," he said. "If you'll all do exactly what you did that time from now on, I'll not complain." Without pause he went on: "Everybody on the stage—big girls—all the big girls!" And to the young man at the piano, "We'll do 'Afternoon Tea.'"

There was a momentary pause then, filled with subdued chatter, while the girls and men realined themselves for the new number. Rose looked them over. The girls weren't, on an average, extravagantly beautiful, though, with the added charm of make-up allowed for, there were, no doubt, many the audiences would consider so. They were dressed in pretty much anything that would allow perfect freedom to their bodies, especially their arms and legs; bathing-suits mostly, or middy blouses and bloomers. Rose noted this with satisfaction. Her old university gymnasium costume would do perfectly. Anything, apparently, would do, because, as her eye adjusted itself to details, she discovered romper suits, pinafores, chemises, overalls—all equally taken for granted.

Galbraith struck his hands together for silence, and scrutinized the now motionless group on the stage.

"We're one shy," he said. "Who's missing?" And then answered his own question: "Grant!" He wheeled around and his eyes searched the hall.

Rose became aware, for the first time, that a mutter of conversation had been going on incessantly since she had come in, in one of the recessed window-seats behind her. Now, when Galbraith's gaze plunged in that direction, she turned and looked too. A big blonde chorus girl was in there with a man, a girl who, with twenty pounds trained off her, and that sulky look out of her face, would have been a beauty. She had roused herself with a sort of defiant deliberation at the sound of the director's voice, but she still had her back to him and went on talking to the man.

"Grant!" said John Galbraith again, and this time his voice had a cutting edge. "Will you take your place on the stage, or shall I suspend rehearsal until you're ready?"

For answer she turned and began walking slowly across the room. She started walking slowly, but under Galbraith's eye she quickened her pace, involuntarily it seemed, until it was a ludicrous sort of run. Presently she emerged upon the stage, looking rather artificially unconcerned, and the rehearsal went on again.

But just before he gave the signal to the pianist to go ahead, Galbraith with a nod summoned a young man from the wings and said something to him, whereupon, clearly carrying out his orders, he vaulted down from the stage and came walking toward the doorway where Rose was still standing.

The young man wasn't intrinsically formidable—a rather limp, deprecatory sort, he looked. But, as an emissary from Galbraith, he quickened Rose's heart-beat a trifle.

But he didn't come straight to her: deflected his course a little uncertainly, and brought up before a woman who sat in a folding chair a little farther along the wall.

Rose hadn't observed her particularly

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"YOU HEARD WHAT I SAID TO THAT OTHER WOMAN, I SUPPOSE?"

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before, though she had assumed her to be somebody connected with the show. But she had corrected this impression even before she had heard what John Galbraith's assistant said to the woman and what she said to him; for she drew herself defensively erect when she saw him turn toward her, assumed a look of calculated disdain, tapped a foot—gave, on the whole, an imitation of a duchess being kept waiting.

But the limp young man didn't seem disconcerted, and inquired in so many words what her business was. The duchess said in a harsh, high voice that she wanted to see the director; a very partic'lar friend of his had begged her to do so.

"You'll have to wait till he's through rehearsing," said the young man, and then he came over to Rose.

The vestiges of the smile the duchess had provoked were still visible about her mouth when he came up. "May I wait and see Mr. Galbraith after the rehearsal?" she asked. "If I won't be in the way?"

"Sure," said the young man. "He won't be long now. He's been rehearsing since two." Then, rather explosively, "Have a chair."

He struck Rose as being a little flustered and uncertain somehow.

It was a long hour that Rose sat there in a little folding chair—an hour that, in spite of all her will could do, took some of the crispness out of her courage. It was all very well to reflect with pitying amusement upon the absurdities of the duchess. But it was evident the duchess was waiting with a purpose like her own. She meant to get a job in the chorus. It was likely that she had had dozens of jobs in choruses before, knew exactly what would be wanted of her, and was confident of her ability to deliver it.

As Rose's heart sank lower with the dragging minutes, she even took into account the possibility that the duchess had spoken the truth about John Galbraith's "partic'lar friend." Just the mention of a name might settle the whole business. Then her spirits went down another five degrees. Here she had been assuming all along that there was a job for either of them to get! But the chorus looked complete enough.

When at last, a little after six o'clock, Galbraith said: "Quarter to eight, everybody," and dismissed them with a nod for a scurry to what were evidently dressing-rooms at the other side of the hall, the ship of Rose's hopes had utterly gone to pieces. She had a plank to keep herself afloat on. It was the determination to stay there until he should tell her in so many words that he hadn't any use for her.

The deprecatory young man was talking to him now, about her and the duchess evidently, for he peered out into the hall, then vaulted down from the stage and came toward them.

The duchess got up, and, with a good deal of manner, went over to meet him. Rose felt outmaneuvered here. She should have gone to meet him herself, but a momentary paralysis kept her in her chair. She didn't hear what the duchess said. The manner of it was confidential, in marked protest against the proximity of a handful of other people, each of whom had serious matters to bring to the director's attention.

But all the confidences, it seemed, were on the side of the duchess. Because, when John Galbraith answered her, his voice easily filled the room: "You tell Mr. Pike, if that's his name, that I'm very much obliged to him, but we haven't any vacancies in the chorus at present. If you care to, leave your name and address with Mr. Quan, the assistant stage-manager; then if we find we need you, we can let you know."

He said it not unkindly, but he exercised some power of making it evident that as he finished speaking, the duchess, for him, simply ceased to exist.

And Rose? Well, the one thing she wanted passionately to do just then, was to walk out of that squalid, horrible room. What he had said to the duchess licensed her to do so. If there were no vacancies . . . But she clenched her hands, set her teeth, pulled in a long breath, and somehow set herself in motion toward where John Galbraith was standing.

But before she could get over to him, the pianist and the musical director had got his attention. So she waited quietly beside him for two of the longest minutes that ever were ticked off by a clock. Then, with disconcerting suddenness, he looked straight into her face and said: "What do you want?"

She'd thought him tall, but he wasn't. He was looking on a perfect level into her eyes.

"I want a job in the chorus," said Rose.

"You heard what I said to that other woman, I suppose?"

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"Yes," said Rose, "but . . ."

"But you thought you'd let me say it to you again."

"Yes," she said. And, queerly enough, she felt her courage coming back. She managed the second "yes" very steadily. It had occurred to her that if he'd wanted merely to get rid of her he could have done it quicker than this. He was looking her over now with a coolly appraising eye.

"What professional experience have you had?" he asked.

"I haven't had any."

He almost smiled when she stopped there. "Any amateur experience?" he inquired.

"Quite a lot," said Rose; "pageants and things, and two or three little plays."

"Can you dance?"

"Yes," said Rose.

He said he supposed ballroom dancing was what she meant, whereupon she told him she was a pretty good ballroom dancer, but that it was gymnastic dancing she had in mind.

"All right," he said. "See if you can do this. Watch me, and then imitate me exactly."

In the intensity of her absorption in his questions and her own answers to them, she had never given a thought to the bystanders. But now as they fell back to give him room, she swept a glance across their faces. They all wore smiles of sorts. There was something amusing about this—something out of the regular routine. A little knot of chorus girls halted in the act of going out the wide doors, and stood watching. Was it just a hoax? The suppressed, unnatural silence sounded like it. But at what John Galbraith did, one of the bystanders guffawed outright.

It wasn't pretty, the dance step he executed—a sort of stiff-legged skip accompanied by a vulgar hip wriggle and concluding with a straight-out-sideways kick.

A sick disgust clutched at Rose as she watched—an utter revulsion from the whole loathly business. She could scrub floors—starve, if she had to. She couldn't do the thing he demanded of her, here out in the middle of the floor, in her street clothes, without the excuse of music to make it tolerable—and before that row of leering faces.

"Well?" he asked, turning to her as he finished. He wasn't smiling at all.

"I'm not dressed to do that," she said.

"I know you're not," he admitted coolly; "but it can be done. Pick up your skirts and do it as you are—if you really want a job."

There was just a faint edge of contempt in that last phrase and, mercifully, it roused her anger. A veritable blaze kindled in her blue eyes, and two spots of vivid color defined themselves in her cheeks.

She caught up her skirts as he had told her to do, executed without compromise the stiff-legged skip and the wriggle, and finished with a horizontal, sideways kick that matched his own. Then, panting, trembling a little, she stood looking straight into his face.

Galbraith was staring at her with a look which expressed, at first, clear astonishment, but gradually complicated itself with other emotions—confusion, a glint of whimsical amusement. That gleam, a perfectly honest, kindly one, decided Rose to take him on trust. He wasn't a brute, however it might suit his purpose to act like one.

"We've been rehearsing this piece two weeks," he said presently, looking away from her when he began to talk, "and I couldn't take any one into the chorus now whom I'd have to teach the rudiments of dancing to. I must have people who can do what I tell them. That's why a test was necessary. Also, from now on, it would be a serious thing to lose anybody out of the chorus. I couldn't take anybody who had come down here—for a lark."

"It's not a lark to me," said Rose.

Now he looked around at her again. "I know it isn't," he said. "But I thought, when you first came in here, that it was."

With that, Rose understood the whole thing. It was evidently a fact that despite the plain little suit, the beaver hat, the rough ulster she was wearing, she didn't look like the sort of girl who had to rely on getting a job in the chorus for keeping a roof over her head. Looks, speech, manner—everything, segregated her from the type. It was all obvious enough, only Rose hadn't happened to think of it. It accounted, of course, for the rather odd way in which the landlady, the ticket-seller at the Globe, and meek little Mr. Quan, the assistant stage-manager, all had looked at her as at some one they couldn't classify.

John Galbraith, out of a wider experience of life, had classified her, or thought he had,

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as a well-bred young girl who, in a moment of pique or mischief, had decided it would be fun to go on the stage. The test he had applied wasn't, from that point of view, unnecessarily cruel. The girl he had taken her for would, on being ordered to repeat that grotesque bit of vulgarity of his, have drawn her dignity about her like a cloak and gone back in a chastened spirit to the world where she belonged.

A gorgeous apparition came sweeping by them just now, on a line from the dressing-room to the door—a figure that, with regal deliberation, was closing a blue broadcloth coat, trimmed with sable, over an authentic Callot frock. The Georgette hat on top of it was one that Rose had last seen in a Michigan Avenue shop. It had found its proper buyer — fulfilled its destiny.

"Oh, Grant!" said John Galbraith.

The queenly creature stopped short and Rose recognized her with a jump as the sulky chorus-girl.

Galbraith walked over to her. "I sha'n't need you any more, Grant." He spoke in a quiet, impersonal sort of way, but his voice had, as always, a good deal of carrying power. "It's hardly worth your while trying to work, I suppose, when you're as prosperous as this. And it isn't worth my while to have you soldiering. You needn't report again."

He nodded, not unamiably, and turned away. She glared after him and called out in a hoarse, throaty voice, "Thank Gawd I don't *have* to work for you."

EDNA TOLD ROSE HER STORY IN A DINGY LITTLE LUNCH-ROOM.

He'd come back to Rose again by this time, and she saw him smile. "When you do it," he said over his shoulder, "thank Him for me too." Then to Rose: "She's a valuable girl; had lots of experience; good looking; audiences like her. I'm giving you her place because as long as she's got those clothes and the use of a limousine, she won't get down to business. I'd rather have a green recruit who will. I'm hiring you because I think you will be able to understand that what you feel like doing isn't important and that what I tell you to do is. The next rehearsal is at a quarter to eight to-night. Give your name and address to Mr. Quan before you go. By the way, what is your name?"

"Rose Stanton," she said. "But . . ." She had to follow him a step or two because he had already turned away. "But may I give some other name than that to Mr. Quan?"

He frowned a little dubiously and asked her how old she was. And even when she told him twenty-two, he didn't look altogether reassured.

"That's the truth, is it? I mean, there's nobody who can come down here about three days before we open and call me a kidnapper, and lead you away by the ear?"

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"No," said Rose gravely, "there's no one who'll do that."

"Very well," he said. "Tell Quan any name you like."

The name she did tell him was Doris Dane.

She was one of the first of the chorus to reach the hall, and she had nearly finished putting on her working clothes before the rest of them came pelting in. But she didn't get out quickly enough to miss the sensation that was exciting them all—the news that Grant had been dropped. A few were indignant; the rest merely curious.

One of the girls advanced the theory that Grant hadn't finally been dropped. She was one of the most popular chorus-girls in Chicago. The director was merely trying to scare her into doing better work for him. She'd come back all right. She had reasons of her own, this girl intimated, for wanting to work, despite the French clothes and the limousine. Her "friend," it seemed, needed to be taught some sort of lesson. Grant would come around before to-morrow night and eat enough humble-pie to induce Galbraith to take her back.

If this theory were sound—and it had a dreadful plausibility to Rose—her only chance for keeping her job would be to do as well as Grant could do, to-night, in this very first rehearsal; and she went out on the stage in a perfect agony of determination.

Yet, before she had been working fifteen minutes, she had forgotten all about her resolution not to let John Galbraith remember she was a recruit.

She didn't know she was tired, panting, wet all over with sweat. She hadn't done anything as physically exacting as this for over a year. But she had the illusion that she wasn't doing anything now; that she was just a passive, plastic thing tossed, flung, swirled about by the driving power of the director's will.

She realized, when the rehearsal was over, that it had gone well and that it couldn't have gone so if her own part had been done badly. But she didn't understand the look which he sent after her as she walked off, and when she heard him say to the world in general, in a heartfelt sort of way, "Good God!"—she didn't know that it was the highest encomium he was capable of, nor that it was addressed to her.

There was, though, as I said, a glow that saw her back to her room, and through the processes of unpacking and getting ready for bed. But when the last thing that she could think of to do had been done, when there was no other pretext that could be used to postpone turning out her light and getting into bed, she had to confess to herself that she was afraid to do it. And with that confession, the whole pack of hobgoblin terrors she had kept at bay so valiantly since shutting her husband's door behind her, were upon her back.

Here she was, Rose Aldrich, in a three-dollar room on North Clark Street, having deserted her husband and her babies—a loving, honest husband, and a pair of helpless babies not yet three months old, to become a member of the chorus in a show called "The Girl Up-stairs." Was there a human being in the world, except herself, who would not, as the most charitable of possible explanations, assume her to be mad?

Could she herself, seeing her act cut out in silhouette like that, be sure she wasn't mad?

It didn't matter now. She couldn't go back. She never could go back after the things she had said to Rodney, until she had made good those fantastic theories of hers. Probably he wouldn't want her to come back even then. He'd find out where she was, of course—what she was doing. Why had she been such a fool, going away, as not to have gone far enough to be safe? He'd feel that she'd disgraced him. Any man would. And he'd never forgive her. He'd divorce her, perhaps. He'd have a right to if she stayed away long enough. And, without her there, with nothing of her but memories—tormenting memories, he'd perhaps fall in love with some one else—marry some one else. And her two babies would call that unknown some one "mother." She must have been crazy! She'd thought she didn't love them. That had been a delusion, anyway. Her heart ached for them now—an actual physical ache, that almost made her cry out.

And for Rodney himself, for his big strong arms around her! Would she ever feel them again?

Some time or other she must turn out that light and lie down in that bed, defenseless. She had never in her life asked more of her courage than when, at last, she did that thing.

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Rose Makes an Important Choice

ROSE rehearsed twice a day for a solid week without forming the faintest conception of who "the girl" was or why she was "the girl up-stairs."

During the entire period she never saw a bar of music except what stood on the piano rack, nor a written word of the lyrics she was supposed to sing. Rose couldn't sing very much. She had rather a timorous, throaty little contralto that contrasted oddly with the fine, free thrill of her speaking voice. But nobody had asked her whether she could sing at all. She picked up the tune quickly enough by ear, but the words she was always a little uncertain about.

Finally she questioned one of her colleagues in the chorus about this haphazardness, and was told that back at the beginning of things, they had had their voices tried by the musical director, but they had never had any music to sing from; there had been half a dozen mimeograph copies of the words to the songs, which the girls had put their heads together over, and more or less learned. What had become of this dope the girl didn't know.

She was a pale-haired girl, whom Rose thought she had heard addressed as Larson. Rose made a surprising discovery when, with a friendly pat on the sofa beside her, for an invitation to sit down, the girl began answering her question. She was a real beauty. Only you had to look twice at her to perceive that this was so; and what she lacked was just the unanalyzable quality that makes one look twice.

"I don't know what you should worry about any of that stuff for," she said. "How you sing or what you sing don't make much difference."

Rose admitted that it didn't seem to. "But you see," she said (she hadn't had a human soul to talk to for more than a week, and she had to make a friend of somebody), "you see I've just got to keep this job. And if every little helps, as they say, perhaps that would."

The girl looked at her oddly, almost suspiciously, as if for a moment she doubted whether Rose had spoken in good faith. "You've got as good a chance of losing your job," she said, "as Galbraith has of losing his. Dave tells me Galbraith's going to put you with us in the sextette."

Dave was the thick pianist, whom Rose had found in the highest degree obnoxious. His announcement was entitled to consideration, though it couldn't be banked upon. There were three mediums and three big girls in the sextette (Edna Larson was one of the mediums, and so needn't fear replacement by Rose, who was a big girl). Besides appearing in two numbers as a background to one of the principals, they had one all to themselves, a fact which constituted them a sort of super-chorus.

But the intimation that Rose was to be promoted to this select inner circle, didn't, as it first came to her, give her any pleasure. Somehow, as Larson told her about it, she could fairly see the knowing, greasy grin that would have been Dave's comment on this prophecy. And, in the same flash, she interpreted the Larson girl's look, half incredulous, half satirical.

"I haven't heard anything about being put in the sextette," she said quietly, "and I don't believe I will be."

"Well, I don't know why not." There was a new warmth in the medium's voice. Rose had won a victory here, and she knew it. "You've got the looks and the shape; you can dance better than any of the big girls, or us mediums, either. And if he doesn't put that big Benedict lemon into the back line where she belongs, and give you her place in the sextette, it will be because he's afraid of her drag."

Rose forebore to inquire into the nature of the Benedict girl's drag. Whatever it may have been, John Galbraith was evidently not afraid of it, because as he dismissed that very rehearsal, calling the rest of the chorus for twelve the following morning, and the sextette for eleven, he told Rose to report at the earlier hour.

The chorus was probably unanimous, Rose reflected, in its view of this promotion. They accounted for her having got a job in the first place at Grant's expense, and a promotion so soon thereafter to the sextette, by assuming that John Galbraith had a sentimental interest in her.

There was no malice in this. Rose didn't lose caste with any of them on account of it. But a chorus girl is the most sentimental person in the world. If there's anybody who really believes that love makes the world go round, she is that one.

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So when Grant came back and ate her humble-pie in vain, and later, when Benedict was relegated to a place in the back row, the natural explanation was that Galbraith was crazy about the new girl.

Of course it set Rose all ablaze with wrath when she became aware of this. It was precisely because she had rebelled against the theory that love was what made the world go round, that she was here in the chorus. The only way she had of refuting the assumption in this case would be by making good so intensely that they'd be compelled to see that her promotion had been inevitable.

It was in this spirit, with blazing cheeks and eyes, that she attacked the next morning's rehearsal. At its end Galbraith said to her: "You're doing very well indeed, Dane. If I could have caught you ten years ago I could have made a dancer of you."

It was a very real, unqualified compliment, and as such Rose understood it. Because, by a dancer, he meant something very different from a prancing chorus girl. The others giggled and exchanged glances with Dave at the piano. They didn't understand. To them, the compliment seemed to have been delivered with the left hand. And somehow, an amused recognition of the fact that they didn't understand, as well as of the fact that she did, flashed across from John Galbraith's eyes to hers.

"Just a minute," he said as they all started to leave the stage, and they came back and gathered in a half circle around him. "We'll rehearse the first act to-night with the principals. You six girls are supposed to be young millionairesses, very up-to-date bachelor-girl type, intimate friends of the leading lady, who is a multi-millionairess that's run away from home. You've all got a few lines to say. Go to Mr. Quan and get your parts and have them up by to-night."

At half-past four that afternoon, when the regular chorus rehearsal was over, Rose asked John Galbraith if she might speak to him for a minute. He had one foot on a chair and was in the act of unlacing his dancing shoes.

"Fire away," he said, looking around at her over his shoulder. Then, with reference to the blue-bound pair of sides she held in her hand: "What's the matter? Isn't that part fat enough for you?"

"Fat enough?" Rose echoed inquiringly. "Oh, you mean long enough." She smiled in good-humored acknowledgement of his joke, and let that do for an answer.

John Galbraith hadn't been sure that it would be a joke. He'd been a musical comedy producer long enough so that no megalomaniacal absurdity could surprise him.

"All the same," said Rose, "I'm afraid I've got to tell you that I can't take this, and to ask you to put me back in the regular chorus."

He wasn't immune to surprise, after all, it seemed. He straightened up in a flash and stared at her. "What on earth are you talking about?" he asked.

"If I have words to say, even only a few, wouldn't anybody who happened to be in the audience know who I was? I mean if they knew me already?"

"Of course they would. What of it?"

"I told you," said Rose, "the day you gave me a job, that it wasn't a lark. I had to begin to earn my own living suddenly, and without any training for it at all, and this seemed to be the best way. That's all —true, and it's true that no one could come and, as you say, lead me away by the ear. Nobody's responsible for me but myself. But there are people who'd be terribly shocked and hurt if they found out I'd gone on the stage. They know I'm earning my own living, but they don't know how I'm doing it. I thought that as just one of the chorus, made up and all, I'd be safe. But with these lines to say——"

"Now listen to me," said John Galbraith; "listen as hard as you can. Because when I've done talking you will have to make up your mind. In the first place, you wouldn't be 'safe,' as you said, even in the chorus. A make-up isn't a disguise. You will be rouged and powdered, your eye-lashes blacked, your lips reddened and so on, not to make you look different, but to keep you looking the same under the strong lights. You're not the sort of person to escape notice. That's the reason I made up my mind to hire you before I knew you could dance. I saw you standing back there in the doorway. You've got the quality about you that makes people see you.

"So, if you're ashamed of being recognized in this business, you'd better get out of it altogether. On the other hand, it seems to me that if you've got to earn your living, it's nobody's business but your own how you do it. You're the one who'll go hungry

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WAS THERE A HUMAN BEING IN THE WORLD, EXCEPT HERSELF, WHO WOULD NOT ASSUME HER TO BE MAD?

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if you don't earn it, not these friends of yours.

"You've made an excellent start; you've earned a legitimate promotion. It will mean that instead of getting twenty dollars a week when the show opens, you will get twenty-five. It's a long time since I've given a person without experience a chance like that. I gave it to you because you seemed ambitious and intelligent—the sort who'd see me through. But if you aren't ambitious, if the game doesn't look worth playing to you, and you aren't willing to play it for all it's worth, why, good as you are, I don't want you at all. So that's your choice!"

His manner wasn't quite as harsh as his words, but it convinced her that he meant every one of them right to the foot of the letter.

She couldn't answer for a moment. She hadn't guessed that the choice he was going to offer her would be this!

"Take your time," he said. "I don't want to be a brute about it, but look here! Try to see it my way for a minute. Here are my employers, the owners of this piece. They're putting thousands of dollars into the production of it. They've hired me to make that production a success. Well, I don't know about other games, but this game's a battle. If we win, it will be because we put every bit of steam and every bit of confidence we've got into it and *make* it win. That goes for me, and for the principals, and right down through to the last girl in the chorus.

"Will you be able to do your share, do you suppose, if you're slinking around, afraid of being recognized? We don't care whether your pussy-cat friends get their fur rubbed the wrong way or not. The only thing we care about is putting this show across. Well, if you feel the way we do about it, if you can make it the one thing you do care about, too—why, come along. Let the pussy-cats go—" He finished with a snap of his fingers.

"The only one that really matters isn't a pussy-cat," said Rose with a reluctant wide smile, "and—he'd agree with you altogether, if he didn't know you were talking to me. And I'm really very much obliged to you."

"You will come along then?"

"Yes," said Rose. "I'll come."

"No flutters afterward?" questioned Galbraith. "No eleventh-hour repentance?"

"No," said Rose, "I'll see it through."

John Galbraith went away satisfied. Rose had the same power that he had, of making a simple, unemphatic statement irresistibly convincing.

She certainly had sand, that girl. He was mighty glad his bluff that he would put her out of the chorus altogether, unless she took the little part in the sextette, had worked.

Of course the thing that had got Rose was the echo, through everything John Galbraith had said, of Rodney's own philosophy; his dear, big, lusty, rather remorseless way. And now again, as before, when she had left him, it was his view of life that was recoiling upon his own head.

She was really grateful to Galbraith. What had she left Rodney for, except to build a self for herself; to acquire, through whatever pains might be the price of it, a life that was at the core of it, her own? Yet here, right at the beginning, she'd have begun ordering her life with reference to Rodney, rather than to herself, if John Galbraith hadn't headed her back.

Rose to the Rescue

THE impetus and direction of Rose's career derived from two incidents which might just as well not have happened—two of the flukiest of small chances.

The first of these chances concerned itself with Edna Larson and her bad voice. It was a bad voice only when she talked. When she sang it had a gorgeous, thrilling ring, and volume enough for four. Besides, she had an infallible ear and sang squarely in tune. But when she spoke, the undulations of pitch gave you something the same sensations as riding rapidly over a worn-out asphalt pavement in a five-hundred-dollar automobile—unforeseen springs into the air, descents into unexpected pits. She was simply deaf, it seemed, to the subtleties of inflection.

Daily, she reduced Galbraith to helpless wrath. He didn't mean to be a brute about it. He began every one of his tussles to improve her reading of a line with a gentleness that would have done credit to a kindergartner. But after several attempts, each more ominously gentle than the last, his temper would suddenly fly all to pieces.

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The girl, queerly, didn't seem to care. But in the dressing-room one night, after one of these rehearsals, Rose got a different view. As she sat down on a bench to unlace her shoes, she looked straight into Edna Larson's face—a face sunken with a despair that turned Rose cold. The tearless, tragic eyes were staring, without recognition, straight into Rose's own.

Rose delayed her dressing till the other girls were gone, then sat down beside Edna. "You're all right," she said, feeling very inadequate. "I'm going to help you."

"It's always like this," the girl said. "It's no use. He'll put me back in the chorus again."

"Not if I can help it," Rose said. "But the first thing to do is to come along and get something to eat."

During the next hour Rose learned, for the first time, what the weight of an immense melancholy inertia can be. The girl was like one paralyzed—paralyzed by repeated failures and disasters, of which she told Rose freely. When Galbraith had put her into the sextette, a hope, just about dead, had been reawakened. She'd learned to dance well enough to escape censure, and she'd seen for herself how indispensable her singing voice was to the sextette. And then it had appeared she'd have to talk! And her talking wasn't right.

"Look here!" said Rose, when the story was told. (This was across the table in a dingy little lunch-room.) "You're going to say your lines before to-morrow's rehearsal so that Galbraith won't stop you once. We're going to my room now, and I'm going to teach you. Come on."

In a sort of daze, the girl went. Rose put her into a chair, sat down opposite her, took the first phrase of her first speech, and said it very slowly, very quietly, half a dozen times. That was at half-past eleven o'clock at night. By midnight Edna could say those first three words to Rose's satisfaction.

They worked like that straight through the night, except that two or three times the girl broke down; said it was hopeless. She got up once and said that she was going home, whereupon Rose locked the door and put the key in her stocking.

At seven o'clock in the morning they went back to the lunch-room and ate an enormous breakfast; then Rose walked Edna out to the park and back, and they started to work again at eight. They raided the delicatessen at eleven, and made a slender meal. And at twelve, husky of voice, but indomitable of mind—Edna at last, as well as Rose—they confronted Galbraith.

When the test scene came, Rose could hardly manage her own first line, and drew a sharp look of inquiry from Galbraith. But on Edna's first cue, her line was spoken with no hesitation at all, and in tone, pitch, and inflection it was almost a phonographic copy of the voice that had served it for a model.

There was a solid two seconds of silence.

When the rehearsal was over Galbraith called Edna out to him and allowed himself a long, incredulous stare at her. "Will you tell me, Larson," he asked, "why in the name of Heaven, if you could do that, you didn't do it yesterday?"

"I couldn't do it yesterday," she said. "Dane taught me."

"Taught you!" he echoed. "Dane!" he called to Rose, who had been watching a little anxiously. "Larson tells me you taught her. How did you do it?"

"Why, I just—taught her," said Rose. "I showed her how I said each line, and I kept on showing her until she could do it."

"How long did it take you—all night?"

"All the time there was since last rehearsal," said Rose, "except for three meals."

"Good God!" said Galbraith. "Well, live and learn. Look here! Will you teach the others—the other four in the sextette? I'll see you're paid for it."

"Why, yes—of course," said Rose, hesitating a little.

"Oh, I don't mean overnight," he said, "but mornings—between rehearsals—whenever you can."

"I wasn't thinking of that," said Rose. "I was just wondering if they'd want to be taught—I mean, by another chorus girl, you know."

"They'll want to be taught if they want to keep their jobs," said Galbraith. And then, to her astonishment—and also perhaps to his, for the thing was radically out of the etiquette of the occasion—he reached out and shook hands with her. "I'm very much obliged to you," he said.

The next instalment of ***"The Real Adventure"*** *will appear in the November number.*

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Why is a Genius?

by

Woods Hutchinson, M. D.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

A SELF-MADE man is not always a credit to his maker—but he usually thinks he is. Nor has he any doubt or uncertainty as to who that maker may be. And, oddly enough, the community has usually accepted his creed on this point.

Such an abnormal degree of unanimity is suspicious. The self-made man's belief in himself as the architect of his own fortunes and the carver of his own destiny is natural and understandable, but why should anybody else encourage him in this colossal self-conceit?

Well, partly because all the rest of us have a little tin god of our own, of marvelously similar appearance to his, in the private shrine of our own inmost consciousness. In our heart of hearts we cherish with pathetic constancy the belief that whatever our most brilliant contemporary has done, we also would have been capable of doing, if we had only been given his chance.

In itself harmless and pardonable, this delusion has been industriously encouraged and ingeniously fostered in every possible way by church and state, plutocrat and priest, poet and philosopher, for the most obvious and discreditable of reasons: It is a potent means of keeping the ninety-five per cent. of humanity toiling and striving from dawn till dark, from the cradle to the grave, to win fame and distinction for themselves, without noticing that what they are really doing is building kingdoms and fortunes for the five per cent. and digging premature graves for themselves. Half the injustices and absurdities of our social structure are built upon this ancient illusion.

When, for the first time, about half a century ago, we began to substitute actual study of things as they are for a blind acceptance of the hoary lies of authority, it was not long before we began to suspect that the so-called self-made man was not altogether his own creator. In fact, we soon came to the conclusion that he was entitled to about as much honor and credit for his conspicuous success as a giraffe is for his six-foot neck or an elephant for his two and a half tons.

The genius, the exceptional man, is the creation of his race and of his time—in biological language, a "*sport*" or "mutant."

Burning the midnight candle won't make a genius of a man who wasn't born one.

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The very frequency of his occurrence can be predicted upon the law of averages. In every million human beings in each successive generation will be born from two to four individuals of such conspicuous ability as to become world-famous; five or six of national reputation; and twenty or more of such moderate grades of distinction as to entitle them to enrolment in the biographies and histories of their time.

That is to say, the really great man—the genius of the first water—will occur about once in two million births, the man of second-class distinction about once in two hundred thousand, and the man of sufficient ability to merit public mention and record about once in forty or fifty thousand. Of all living Americans, Englishmen, Germans, and Frenchmen, for instance, about one in five thousand achieves sufficient distinction to merit the appearance of his name upon the pages of "Who's Who?" or similar rosters of eminence.

Genius is no respecter of persons or ranks, and the fortunate one in fifty thousand who catches in his birthnet that lucky combination of talents and qualities floating down the ages from hundreds of previous generations, is born with a fine indiscriminateness in the hovel and in the palace.

In fact, the masses have always produced and still produce from five to ten times as many geniuses and great leaders as the more exalted and exclusive classes, if for no other reason than the mathematical one of the nursery riddle: "Why do the white sheep eat more grass than the black?" "Because there are more of them!"

Only within the last quarter-century has science furnished us with a sort of working formula for this fortuitous occurrence of genius and superior ability.

We are not individuals or units, it tells us, but mosaics—composites of thousands of separate unit characters, all capable of splitting up into millions of different combinations and combining in billions of varying proportions. Every new birth throws all these countless possibilities into the melting-pot; is the turning of a biologic kaleidoscope to form a new pattern out of at least a hundred thousand separate pieces and colors.

In that dealing of the cards of the Game of Life which we call birth, preceded by the shuffle, fertilization, to the vast majority of us (ninety-five per cent., at least) is dealt a fair whist hand, which we can play with self-respect and without positive discredit to our reputations; but to a few luckless ones fall nothing but deuces and treys; while a smaller number of children of good fortune draw a handful of face cards.

When it comes to a "show-down," one of them is no more to be blamed for his defeat than is the other to be praised for his sweep of all the stakes in sight. It is the dealer, the race, that alone is entitled to the prizes and the benefits of success, and the losses and the discredits of failure.

The only credit to which any individual is entitled is for playing fairly and squarely and fearlessly the hand that is dealt to him at birth. If he does that, he is as much a man and as fully entitled to the gratitude and respect of his race and time as the most brilliant star that ever sparkled in the firmament of genius.

In this sense, and this sense alone, all men are created equal and entitled to equal rights and consideration, not merely before the law and at the ballot-box, but in social position, in financial resources—in food, in fresh air, in sunshine, and in happiness. And the business of a democracy is to see that all men get this equality.

What is the use of filling our mouths with fine phrases and our lungs with resounding words about the absolute equality of man, when the community permits from thirty to fifty per cent. of the children born into it to be starved and dirt-diseased and foul-air-poisoned and overworked, in order that three per cent., made up of those lucky accidents called great men, and their descendants, shall be allowed to pile up a hundred times the amount of reward to which even their inborn and accidental abilities are entitled?

As a corollary of the absurd belief in the superior deserts of the self-made man, has come the scarcely less unfounded and harmful theory that the true ideal of government is a government, not by the united and balanced wisdom of its entire brain and heart, but by the single and unaided judgment of these heaven-born, superior individuals, who are supposed to be as much above the general average of the race morally and spiritually as they are physically and mentally. In other words, that a nation should be governed by its "Best Men" instead of by itself.

It has always been believed that the popular protest against the validity of Blue

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Blood, and the instinctive belief of the average man in the "accidental" character of the genius, was particularly weak on biological grounds. Indeed, the believers in Blue Blood have ever drawn from the experience of the breeders of animals, and of late years from biology, their strongest arguments in favor of establishing a permanent superior class or family, by giving unlimited scope to the best, and mating them only with the best, generation after generation.

The first apparent result of the wonderful quickening into new life of biological science, due to the genius and discoveries of Charles Darwin, was apparently to confirm and corroborate the aristocratic position so absolutely as to make it practically impregnable.

But a remarkable change has come over the spirit of the scientific world in this respect. The first herald of this was the now almost universally accepted discovery of Weissmann, that acquired characters or qualities gained during the lifetime of the individual are not inherited.

This, applied to the human race, simply and inescapably means that no matter how you may feed and rear and train and educate any given individual, or given family of children, what each one of them will transmit to the next generation will be simply the qualities and possibilities that he was born with—nothing more and nothing less!

From which follows the practical and immensely important economic conclusion that the percentage of superior individuals which may be produced by well-bred families is in no way affected by the training and education of their children; and hence, that they do not require what is called a superior social position in order to develop the best that is in them, for the benefit of the community. Any family, good or bad, will develop the best possibilities that are in it on an income, to put it very crudely, of from $1800 to $2500 a year, at present prices, just as surely as upon one of $25,000 a year; and far better and more certainly than on $250,000.

The second great revolution of viewpoint in biology and the doctrines of descent was the conclusion that all that environment of the most favorable or unfavorable character can do is to pick out and encourage or crush and discourage hereditary qualities and gifts.

Biologically, the experiment of aristocracy has proved a failure!

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Of the "Immortals" at least nine-tenths sprang directly from the plain people.

We can never, by any process of training or forcing, develop into superior individuals those who were not born superior. Education and training never created one atom of ability; they simply assist or hinder in its development the ability which is inborn.

From the earlier mistaken position, the corollary naturally appeared to follow that man might improve a race of animals for his special use by feeding and training and housing in a particular way; and second, that each human individual had the power so to improve himself and his opportunities as to make a magnificent success or a dismal failure of his life. For which success he deserved great credit, and for which failure, corresponding blame and disgrace. Both of the positions have now been proved, on biological grounds, to be at least eight-tenths untrue.

"But surely," some one will say, "it is a matter of every-day knowledge that man, by special methods of feeding, has produced animals which will lay on weight at a tremendous rate and develop such great size at such an early age as was practically unknown in the wild state." Furthermore, he has, by careful training and schooling, developed a race of horses of a fleetness and endurance unknown in "cold-blooded" steeds. Similar miracles of selective manufacture have been wrought with the wool-bearing powers of sheep, the lard-producing abilities of hogs, and the scent, speed, or fighting tenacity of half a dozen different breeds of dog.

But the moment that we come to look into the history of any of these newly created, improved breeds of domestic animals, we are confronted with the fact that, first, every one of them had its origin in one or more exceptional individuals, who appeared suddenly and by accident, usually in full possession of at least two-thirds and sometimes all of the powers of precocious development of speed, of wool-bearing, or of courage and scent, which are now so highly prized in their descendants.

In biological language, the ancestor, or, in some instances, group of ancestors, of any breed or strain of improved domestic animals was a "sport" or "mutant," suddenly appearing from commonplace or average stock and developing in one lifetime two-thirds of all the improvement of which the strain was capable. Boast as we may

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of the superiority of thoroughbred blood, every strain which is kept from mixing with the common "cold" or "scrub" blood, rapidly becomes top-heavy and degenerate.

From every known analogy of biology, and according to every established principle of the development of life in all species, outside of the human, we should expect to find that the genius, the superior person, the successful man, is a product neither of his own industry, ambition, and perseverence, nor of his environment, providing that this is not absolutely hurtful—but of the inborn and inherent characters which have been transmitted to him from his ancestors.

The direct study of the genius, of the successful man of all types, abundantly corroborates and supports this presumption. The genius, the successful man, of any but the lowest and most mediocre grade, begins to show, sometimes irregularly, but unmistakably, the characteristics which afterward win him success, before he is eighteen years of age—in eight cases out of ten; and before he is ten years of age, nearly five times out of ten.

The vast majority of geniuses, or individuals of superior ability of whatever sort, are born, not of other geniuses or of individuals of superior ability in the same or other lines, but from parents or families of average position and perfectly commonplace characteristics; although they may often bear an excellent reputation for good judgment, industry, kindness, or public spirit. Characteristics which in no way mark them off from the rest of the community, as they are—thank Heaven!—the possession of most of the human species; only three per cent. at the top, and five at the bottom, being exceptions to the rule.

Of the really and undisputedly great men, the "Immortals" of every age and nation, at least nine-tenths sprang directly from the soil, from the plain people, from parents who were just real men and true women.

In geniuses of the second magnitude a larger percentage come from parents who had already distinguished themselves somewhat above the average, or from families, previous generations or collateral connections of which had done so. When we come to able men of the third and fourth grades, the inheritance of moderately superior strains of ability is still more distinct.

The net experience of the formation of aristocracies, of the endowing and supporting of superior families in the hope that they will yield a return of superior individuals to the community or nation, has been the production of very few geniuses of the first water, a handful of second-class celebrities, a considerable body of respectable mediocrities, slightly above the average; and a painfully large number of culls, misfits, spendthrifts, rakes, imbeciles, epileptics, and insane.

It would seem that the artificial environment of superabundance and luxury has distinctly tended to encourage the production of the last group. At all events, they have come to give, so to speak, the tone or flavor to the whole body of the majority of aristocracies, upper ten thousands, or four hundreds.

The descendants of sports, in the biologic sense—showing the opposite oscillation of that unbalance which marks genius—seem sadly inclined to develop into "sports" of another sort—and not always of the "dead game" variety. There can be little question, from the dispassionate, biological point of view, that the experiment of aristocracy, of class-breeding—as hitherto conducted, at least—has proved a distinct failure, considering what it has cost the community.

WHO MAKES THE SELF-MADE MAN?

It will be generally admitted, then, that the great genius, the man of transcendent ability, does not, in any true sense, make himself, but simply develops the characters with which he was born; lives his own life as naturally, as inevitably, and as free from either credit or discredit as the hod-carrier or the plowman. But there will be some difference of opinion as to the status in this regard of the able man of the second, and still more of the third and fourth classes, particularly of the superior individuals whose gifts have been of such character as to enable them to accumulate considerable amounts of property or of money.

Nine-tenths of the varying degrees of what we are pleased to term Success in Life is due to the qualities, or lack of them, with which we are born. Broadly considered, ninety per cent. of all men are equally industrious, equally persevering, equally self-controlled, equally "good," yes, equally ambitious. But the final net result of the full exercise of all their powers and their

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virtues is extraordinarily different.

Most men, roughly speaking, earn, say, five per cent. on their inherited capital; but some are born with one talent, others with ten. There are, of course, those who waste and squander their patrimony, and those who conserve and nurse it to the best advantage. But they scarcely affect more than a fraction of a per cent. of the total net result.

It is customary to dwell long and fondly upon the struggles, the incessant toil, the disappointments and the poverty which the genius, the successful man, has had to pass through in order to mature and demonstrate his powers. But we forget to mention the equally determined, heroic, devoted, and life-long struggle which the average man wages, and has ever waged, with his surroundings to win the lofty prize of a reasonable supply of bread and butter, and the distinguished position of an average citizen.

The only thing unusual about a

The self-made man deserves no more credit for his success than a giraffe for his neck.

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"genius in a garret" is the genius—not the garret; thousands of his unknown contemporaries are born and die in such dwellings.

The more broadly and dispassionately and biologically one studies the great mass of mankind, regarding them as a physician regards the families entrusted to his care, not as what they claim to be, not as they imagine themselves, but as what they are, and what they actually do, the more profound becomes one's appreciation of the courage, the kindliness, the honesty, the fidelity—and above all, the patient, pathetic, unremitting industry and loyalty of the average man and average woman; which again means about ninety per cent. of the species.

WHERE THE COMMUNITY COMES IN

So much for the share of the success of the Self-Made Man which is due to his birth. What further share, if any, is due to his surroundings and the assistance of his fellows, during his lifetime?

First of all, he has the advantage of the vast and enormous sum of human knowledge, accumulated with painful slowness throughout thousands of past generations. What could the most brilliant intellect ever born into the world accomplish, for instance, even in this twentieth century, if by some combination of disasters every book and every library in the world, and the knowledge of their contents, were to be swept out of existence?

Supposing that it were possible to blot out of existence the discoveries of the last three-quarters of a century, involving our command of steam, of electricity, of modern chemistry, of modern science—agencies which have increased the comfort of the race, have piled up and created more material and resources in those seventy-five years than had ever been accumulated before in the whole history of mankind—what could the most brilliant brain accomplish as an inventor, a captain of industry, a scientist, or a financier?

There is another and even more intimate sense in which the success of the self-made man is due to the assistance of the community and the race; and that is the simple and self-evident one of his education. Roughly speaking, with the exception of the fortunate five or ten per cent. who are able to defray the entire expense of the education of their own children, the vast majority of American citizens are educated more or less completely at the expense of the state; and even in the case of the children of the well-to-do classes, the bulk of their education is obtained at institutions which were founded by moneys donated or legacies left in some former age, or are today supported by the voluntary contributions of religious and philanthropic organizations or by public-spirited individuals.

There is not a college in the land, for instance, which pays more than thirty-five per cent. of its expenses out of the tuition fees of its students, and the majority of them pay less than fifteen. Surely the community is entitled to some interest on, and return to itself for, this enormous expenditure of means. The more so that, by one of those singular injustices which are so common, it is the children of the more successful, of the middle and upper classes, who obtain the largest per cent. of their education at the expense of either the present state or of past generations. Our lawyers, our doctors, our clergy, our college men, receive their education at state expense or from the endowments of the past until they are twenty, twenty-five, or twenty-seven years of age. The children of the working classes for barely half that time—only until fourteen or fifteen years of age. The community can demand, as a right, more from the professional and superior classes than it can from the average mass.

In still another way the community is a partner with a successful man in his success, and that is in the way in which it cooperates with him and furnishes a field for the display of his abilities. It is perfectly obvious that the most brilliant genius of High Finance would never accumulate anything but the most insignificant of "piles," to say nothing of fortunes in stocks and bonds, if he happened to be born in a little village of Pueblo Indians in a remote and isolated valley in the desert.

He must be given counters to play his game with; and those counters are the institutions, property, and in, alas! too many cases, the blood and the happiness of his fellow men. If a man is to make a success he must first of all have the environment in which he can develop his powers; second, the arena into which he can enter to display them; third, a mass of individuals of

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inferior ability who will follow his leadership and pay him his price.

The average man is eager for *real* leadership. If his splendid loyalty is responded to, even inadequately, he will promptly endow his chosen leader, his idol, with the good qualities that are a reflection of his own inherent nobility.

We talk much of the part played in history by the hero, the reformer, the statesman, the great thinker, but what could any one of those have accomplished if he had not been followed, believed in, supported, yes, idolized and gratuitously endowed with many of his noblest and most godlike qualities by the devotion, the sterling common sense, the dauntless courage of the masses, whom he is supposed to have led and enlightened? About as much as Napoleon could have done without an army!

In every possible sense, from every conceivable point of view, at every stage in his success, the Self-Made Man is a product of his time—a child of the race he is born of. Who, then, is entitled to the major share of the benefits or results of his activities?

Broadly considered, the successful men should be regarded in the same light as the great municipal corporation; as the holder of a natural monopoly, entitled to a fair and legitimate return upon his capital. That is to say, what is needed to keep him in a state of health, efficiency, and happiness. But all proceeds above this should revert to the community, or, in commercial language, be applied to a reduction of rates and charges.

Not only is this true, but we are even beginning gravely to suspect that anything transmitted to the next generation, beyond the noble pedigree of inherent good qualities, and a fair and generous education and training, is not only of no advantage to that favored individual, but a detriment, which easily deepens into a curse. The curse and the handicap of rich families, of the better classes, of the aristocracy, is their riches; and from a biological point of view, it seems already inevitable that in the interests, first of justice to the community, and second of justice to the children of the successful men themselves, no one at death shall be allowed to transmit to his children, or any other relatives, any larger sums than may be necessary to complete their education, or to care for and support them during the remainder of their lives if handicapped by age or invalidism.

This is all that any man worth the powder that would shoot him, whether superior or average, really cares for or demands—opportunity to live his life, to achieve and triumph in his work; yes, and in ninety-nine per cent. of all of us, to serve his nation and his time.

OCTOBER

BY MARGARET WIDDEMER

DONE with the Spring's unrest and gleam,
The Summer's toil and rich unrest,
With nothing left to seek or keep,
Before she turns to Winter sleep,
Earth lays her golden head to dream
One month against's the gold sky's breast;

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Sunday Afternoon

by

Grace Sartwell Mason

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROBERT AMICK

ALL THE DISHES TASTED ALIKE.

"ROAST beef, fricassee chick'n, boiled tongue, 'n' ham with apple fritters!" the voice of Susie chanted in the ear of Sam Hodder, hardware drummer. With her left hand she readjusted in her golden psyche an ornament that would have made a cannibal chief pale with envy, and out of the corner of her left eye she glanced sidewise at the ladies'-shoes drummer across the table.

Sam Hodder recalled his wandering thoughts with an effort. He had not heard a single word of Susie's song, but he knew from many years of Sunday dinners in the Hotel Erie and others like unto it, that there was one item a man could always count on. So he ordered chicken in a tired voice, and went back again to his abstracted staring at the label on the catsup-bottle in front of him.

Susie turned away from him, mentally indexing the fact that Mr. Hodder's hair was wearing thin on top, and went around the table to the side of the shoe drummer.

"Fricassee chick'n," said the shoe drummer briskly, smiling up at her with a golden-brown eye. "A little boiled ham on the side and a couple o' apple fritters. You know what part of the chicky I like, don't you, Susie?"

Susie plucked the ornament out of her hair and stabbed it in again. "Could I forget it?" she asked. "Tea 'r cawfee?"

The shoe drummer said he would take coffee, large and hot. Then, carefully spreading a napkin over his tan-colored vest, he turned his cheerful countenance toward the hardware drummer. "Well, Sam, what's the good word? Makin' money, what? Why didn't you come round to Twenty-seven last night? Left word at the desk to send you up when you got in. Had a great little game. What's the matter with you, Sam? You ain't off your feed, are you? Look kinda green around the gills!"

The hardware drummer did not reply. He merely shook his head, not lifting his eyes beyond the label of the catsup-bottle. He had eaten a sliver of chicken, pecked at an apple fritter, made a hole the size of a walnut in a side dish of mashed potato, and drunk a half-cup of Mrs. Mary Chester's famous coffee, strong and fragrant; and he now leaned back in his chair, his hands in his pockets, waiting for Susie to chant the dessert in his ear.

He was older by ten years than the ladies'-shoes drummer. In the hair above his ears there were silver patches; there were fine lines radiating from his eyes and grooving down from his nose to the corner of his mouth; in the stiff, close-cropped mustache you could easily count eleven white hairs; his mouth was grim and his eyes were tired. Every dish he had eaten for dinner had tasted exactly like all the others to him.

He looked at the congregation of condiment bottles in the center of the table—Worcestershire sauce, catsup, pickles—

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standing on a napkin the edges of which were crimped like pie-crust; he felt the damp, clean Sunday table-cloth across his knees; he heard the crisp staccato of Susie's heels across the bare floor, the clatter of dishes beyond the swinging door, the song of the Swedish dish-washer; he listened to the eternal shop-talk and poker-talk of the shoe drummer opposite; and suddenly it seemed to him that he had heard and seen and felt these things for the length of ten dreary lives. He felt suddenly sick within him, nauseated, intolerably blue.

"No dessert," he mumbled as Susie opened her mouth. "Take a nap, I guess. See you later, Bob."

He scraped back his chair and went out of the dining-room, leaving Susie staring after him.

In the office he filled his cigar-case, lighted a cigar, and stood looking out of the window at the empty street. The trees in the little square opposite the Hotel Erie were bare, and their dry leaves scurried hither and yon under the lash of the gritty autumn wind. Dust spirals danced down the unwatered street and flung themselves against curtained store-windows.

The side door of Morganstein's clothing store opened cautiously and the drummer for Rosenberg & Samuel's came out, carrying two bulging grips—Sunday forenoon was always his best time to catch old Morganstein's orders. He hastened across the street with the earnest air of a man that knows from bitter experience there is a limit to the white meat of chicken, and came into the office puffing cheerfully.

"Had your dinner, Sam?" he asked as he slammed his grips under the counter, but the screen door into the dining-room had banged behind him before Sam muttered, "N-yes!"

A thin blue cloud of smoke hung midway between the ceiling and the checked brown-and-red linoleum on the office floor. In front of the gas-stove three steady boarders of the Hotel Erie sat in three armchairs and argued as to whether the new plate-glass in the Agriculturists' Bank had cost as much as the new decorations in the First National. The hardware drummer remembered that they had been talking about the same thing four Sundays before. The somnolent drone of their voices was stabbed through by the irritated voice of old MacIntyre, traveling for the Albany Paint Company, who was talking over the telephone with the livery stable. And above everything sounded the clatter of dishes from the dining-room, and the voice of the clothing drummer asking for a second order of apple fritters.

The hardware drummer made a gesture that was savage and hopeless, swung around on his heels, and went up-stairs to Number Eighteen.

"YOU KNOW WHAT PART OF THE CHICKY I LIKE, DON'T YOU, SUSIE?"

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Taking off his coat and shoes, he flung himself face down on the bed. With his nose buried in the pillow he could smell the faint, musty odor of ancient feathers. He turned over on his back. The pillows at Home never smelled that way!

He could hand it to his wife—she was an A-1 housekeeper. Mary Chester was a good cook—that's why they all tried to make the Hotel Erie for over Sunday—but Margaret's cooking had a touch, a something, that was different. Take the muffins she made for Sunday night tea. Toasted over the coals of the wood fire, and eaten on the little round table right there in front of the fire, there was nothing in the world any better. With the damson preserves she put up in the fall, you couldn't get anything as good as those muffins at the most expensive restaurant in the world!

At the thought he turned over on his face with a groan. He was remembering his last Sunday night at Home.

"She might have realized," he thought, "that when a man's on the road three weeks running there's nothing looks so good to him as Home! She might have realized that. Asking me to take her out to dinner Sunday night! Why, good Lord! I'd rather eat a plate of beans at Home with her and Dick than a ten-dollar spread at the Waldorf Astoria. But she never stopped to think of that! Cried, and said she was tired of never going anywhere because she never had a husband at Home to take her! Cried—on my Sunday at Home! I don't know what's getting into the women these days. Restless, that's it. Just plain restless. Why, anybody'd think I was having all the fun. Fun—on the road! I'd like to see her try three weeks of small-town hotels! She'd be willing to stay at Home for the rest of her life. . . . My Lord! and I've been at it for twenty-one years . . ."

His thoughts drifted back down the vista of those years. He saw himself starting out with his new grips and his young enthusiasm, his immense confidence in himself and his belief in the future. Why, in those days he could eat anything, he could sleep anywhere, nothing fazed him, no territory was too hard for him to tackle. He liked the life; he never neglected a customer in those days in order to make a favorite hotel for Sunday. Sunday afternoons in those days he always got a train to his next town, if there wasn't a train he drove, so as to be on the job bright and early Monday morning.

And he liked doing it—that was the point, he *liked* it!

He hadn't liked it quite so well after he married Margaret, that was natural. Sundays and evenings began to drag, for he couldn't help thinking of what he and she would be doing if he were at Home. Margaret fixed it so that his precious days at Home were perfect; she had always done that, he'd give her that credit. And until little Dick came she often met him at the train, or she saw him off on Monday mornings; and sometimes she'd spend Sunday with him if he made a town near Home.

He and she had had some great hours in those days, discussing what they'd do when he left the road and went into business for himself. Sunday evenings they'd sit in front of the fire, or, if it was summer, out on the shaded veranda, hand in hand, and talk about how bully it would be when "good-by" meant only till dinner time! And on these evenings, as the hour grew later, they'd fall silent, thinking that next Sunday night he'd be on the road. There was always that little stinging pang at the end of their Sunday evenings—because of Monday morning.

Of course, as they both grew older, partings became more of a habit. They took their separate lives for granted; they talked less about what they'd do when he left the road; they agreed that it wouldn't do to risk everything when young Richard would so soon be needing a tip-top education.

The little hotel room was very quiet; with the quiet of Sunday afternoon, which is the dreariest or the most peaceful quiet in the world, according to circumstances. When he came in he had lighted the small gas-stove, and the room grew warm and close. Under its heavy air he presently fell asleep, lying on his back with his mouth open and a dingy red silkoline comforter across his knees. He waked up with a heavy head and a woolly taste in his mouth.

Swinging his legs off the bed, he looked dully about the room, at the newly varnished bureau covered with a red-bordered towel, at the pine washstand blistered by the heat from the gas-stove, at the clean, limp towels; at the Brussels carpet with its worn red roses, and at his travel-stained grips under the window. He was not a swearing man, but as he stood up he said under his breath:

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"What a hellofa life!"

He opened the one window, but closed it when he found that the raw wind swooped in and blew the towel off the bureau. Then he set the door into the hall ajar, took the thick ice-pitcher off the small center table, and, opening one of the grips, got out his order-book, note-books, stationery, and blanks. But all his movements were listless. He dreaded to open his books. In his heart he knew that their pages for the last three months showed he was slowing up.

He did not know that he had reached the dangerous age; but he did know that his sales this autumn had dropped below any autumn sales for ten years. He did not know that many men at his age would discover the same thing if they took stock of themselves. He only knew that some vague instinct warned him of the necessity for fresh stimuli, for change, for a new start.

"I oughta go on to Erie to-night," he thought drearily. "Bradley's due there to-morrow, and if he gets at old Hepburn first he'll leave nothing for me but good morning and good-by. But Bradley's young. He doesn't mind traveling half of Sunday night on a local. Well"—he rummaged in the grip—"let's see a time-table. Seventeen leaves here at 9:10 to-night, and gets in there at 12:30. 12:30! Oh, Lord! What's the use, anyhow?"

SHE SAW HIM OFF ON MONDAY MORNINGS.

That was the trouble, and vaguely he knew it. There didn't seem to be any use in a number of things lately. The work, the firm, the road—they'd all gone stale. He saw himself in the mirror over the bureau, just a middle-aged drummer, growing gray, and tired and grim. He was slowing up.

"I've stuck to the road too long," he thought. "I ought to have made a break twelve years ago, when Meg and I were first married. When a man turns the forty corner there are a lot of things he's scared of, things that would never have fazed him at twenty-eight. Well, I must turn in that report to-night, sure."

He opened the books, got out his fountain-pen, wrote awhile. Then he stopped and stared out of the window. In the square two boys had met and were conversing over the head of a dog one of them was leading by a piece of twine. The larger of the two boys reminded him a little of his own son. Dick had just that air of bursting vitality and spirits. With a boy like that you never could tell what he'd do next. A father ought to be with his son all the time—but what was the use of thinking about it?

Maybe Margaret wouldn't be any more contented *if* he was at home all the time. She hadn't taken the trouble to get his Saturday night letter to him this week, although she knew his route as well as he knew it himself. He'd come in last night tired and blue, and there was no letter from Home. She'd missed him on Tuesday, too, and the letter had followed him for two days. She never used to be careless.

Of course, he might have hurt her feelings a little, that last Sunday night at Home, but that was no excuse for her neglecting to write to him.

Now, if he went on to Erie on the 9:10, the letter, arriving on the early mail next morning, would follow him until the middle of the week. Well, that was another reason for waiting over till morning. Let young Bradley get at Hepburn first if he could. What was the use of a man's killing himself when there was nobody that cared much what he did?

A deadly and terrible boredom seized him. If he had been a drinking man this was the moment when he would have taken a flask out of his grip. A man, he thought, would be justified in doing 'most anything to get away from the kind of thoughts he had this afternoon. He drifted to the door, opened it, and stood looking down the hall.

Through the open transom of Twenty-seven curled a blue wreath of tobacco

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smoke, and he heard the click of ivory disks. As he stood there, Susie, the head dining-room girl, came down the intersecting hall, her eyes roving, an air of expectancy and of leisure about her, a sort of appeal in her eyes that was at once bold and unsophisticated. It occurred to him grimly that here was a choice of two ways of amusing himself.

Well, and why not? He couldn't stand much more of the lonesomeness of that room and the drag of his own thoughts. He might write a letter Home, he supposed; but he wouldn't. Margaret hadn't written her Saturday letter to *him!*

He took his shoulder from the frame of the door, his mouth tightening; took a step into the hall—and stopped, for a voice called him from the stairs.

"Want some popcorn, Mr. Hodder?"

He looked around with a start. His landlady was toiling up the stairs with a bowl of snowy corn in her hand. Its fragrance reached him as soon as her voice.

"I remembered when I was poppin' this corn that you was from the state o' Maine, too," she said, smiling genially. "And I said to myself that I'd bet you'd like some to remind you of Down East. They do tell me I know how to pop corn."

"Why, sure, I'd like some! Thank you! Won't you come in and sit down a minute?"

He stepped back into his room, and Mrs. Chester, after a quick, keen look at his face, and a little darting, imperceptible glance at Susie's retreating back, came in and sat down in a tentative way on the edge of a chair. She nodded in the general direction of Twenty-seven.

"You don't set much store by those doin's, I guess?" she remarked. "How's Mrs. Hodder and the boy?"

She glanced toward the bureau, and Hodder was aware for the first time that he had not unpacked the little photograph of his wife and son that always smiled at him from the bureau-top of Sunday afternoons.

"They're well," he said. "At least, I suppose so. Didn't get my usual letter last night."

"That so? Well, it'll be along tomorrow, most likely. Beats all, when you're writing twice a week, how quick the day comes round. I know, for I used to write Wednesdays and Sat'days to my girl at school. And when her letters was one mail late, I'd feel like cryin'. Foolish, ain't it to, care like that?"

"Yes, I suppose it is foolish." Hodder was eating his popcorn with an absent-minded relish, his gaze out of the window.

The landlady's eyes went from the empty bureau-top to the face of the hardware drummer, accurately appraising his mood.

She had wonderfully blue eyes, deeply puckered at the corners; the sort of eyes one sees sometimes in the faces of old Down East sea-captains. When she considered a problem her eyes puckered themselves and appeared to gaze out over vast spaces. And yet the only ship she had ever sailed was the Hotel Erie; she had sailed it for forty years—absolute captain, kindly and shrewd and amazingly wise to the ways of her gripsack passengers.

She crimped a corner of her white apron meditatively. "Let's see: how long you be'n on the road, Mr. Hodder?"

He sighed. "Twenty-one years."

She made a clucking noise with her tongue. "Tst! It don't seem that long since you blew in here on your first trip. You was nothin' but a boy then. 'Member that Sat'day night the' was a party over to Maccabee Hall, an' I introduced you to ten girls hand-runnin', and you learned 'em all to two-step? And now you've got a boy of your own old enough to go to parties! I expect he misses you when you're away?"

Hodder withdrew his gaze from the window. He felt suddenly hungry to talk about the things that lay so heavy on his heart. There was something in the comfortable, strong old face of his landlady that drew words from him, something that was like a hand held out to him. He began to tell her about young Richard, his school and his sports. And she listened, nodding now and then.

"A boy of his age needs a father all the time," she said.

"I know it. That's what worries me sometimes. His mother has brought him up fine; couldn't be done better. But he's growing beyond her. Last time I was home he was going around with a new boy, somebody he'd picked up at school. I didn't like the looks of that boy at all; but what could I do? Home for four days and off again on Monday morning. Sometimes it seems as if I hardly know Dick. His mother tries to keep me in touch with everything; always writes what they've done and who they've

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"LET'S SEE: HOW LONG YOU BE'N ON THE ROAD, MR. HODDER?"
HE SIGHED. "TWENTY-ONE YEARS."

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met, and all that; but it isn't the same as being there myself. Last time I was home my wife had made some new friends, folks she seemed to like real well. But I hadn't any time to get acquainted with 'em. When I'm home the time seems awful short. I don't want to go out and meet new people."

He put the empty popcorn-bowl down on the table, and sat looking down at his clasped hands. . . . "But Margaret, my wife, she's got lots of spirits—kind of a girl, yet. She likes to go out occasionally. She says it's hard on her, never having a husband at home to take her out. I don't know . . . maybe it is . . . "

His voice trailed off. He looked up from under his brows at Mrs. Chester, and there was a wistful question in his eyes.

She nodded emphatically, with an additional little pucker about her eyes. "It's just as hard on the wives as it is on you boys, the road is. D'you remember young George Hamilton, used to travel for the Belknap Soap people? Well, I'll tell you something that happened to him once. He got married, you remember, the very first year he was on the road—a nice, pretty girl, not much out of her teens. She used to come down here and stop over Sunday with him sometimes, and they seemed to think the world and all of each other.

"But of course when the first baby came along she had to stay to home; and George used to mope around here Sundays, and write a letter home every day. That is, at first he did. But George wasn't a natural moper. He was just bound to work off his spirits somehow, and he took to amusing himself like they're doing down there in Twenty-seven, which wasn't good for him anyhow you look at it.

HE STOPPED, FOR A VOICE CALLED HIM FROM THE STAIRS.

"One Sat'day he come in on the 7.10, and he asked first thing if there wasn't a telegram here for him. There wasn't, and no letters either. I was in the office that night and I saw how he kind of set his jaw and looked out of the window as gloomy as a thunder-cloud for a minute. And then he begun to round up the boys that had come in for over Sunday. My land! what a night they had! Next day he didn't get up till noon, but when he come down he wanted to know of Obadiah if there hadn't been a telephone call for him from Connellsville; and I knew then that he'd had a quarrel with his wife.

"That afternoon he hung around the telephone-booth till three o'clock; and then seeemed's if he just blew up! And if he didn't go and get a rig and take Minnie McClosky out buggy-riding! Minnie was my head dining-room girl, then—a pretty girl, but too reckless for her own good. Well, they hadn't been gone an hour, when the 'bus come up from the station, and in it was George's wife!"

Mrs. Chester paused and gave a little chuckle. "I believe that was the first time in my life I was ever really flustered! I never put in such a Sunday afternoon in all my days. Of course, I had to fib right and left. George's wife looked so pretty and so pleased with herself and so excited, that

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I knew she'd come to surprise George and make up; and I couldn't tell her he was out buggy-riding with Minnie McClosky, could I? So I told her, I guess mebbe he'd gone to see a customer in Tompkinsville, and he'd be back by supper-time, sure. Then I coaxed her back to my sitting-room, for I knew that she could see everybody that drove up, from the windows of George's room. And *I* wanted to see George first.

"So all that blessed afternoon I just trotted from my sitting-room to the front office; and I did everything I could think of to keep her in the back part of the house. Supper-time come and no George, seven o'clock and eight o'clock, and George's wife began to grow sober and uneasy.

"And I was about tuckered out with excuses for George, when I heard a horse drive up in front and I made a bee-line for the office. It was George, all right, but Minnie had gone around to the kitchen door. George didn't look very happy. I was just opening my mouth to tell him his wife was here, when I heard her coming quickly across the dining-room. I had just time to sing out loud: 'Did you see your man in Tompkinsville, George?'

"George stared at me. Then I saw his mouth drop open, his eyes grow big and dazed. He'd caught sight of his wife standing in the dining-room door. She looked so pretty! I'll never forget the way her eyes shone, when she said: 'I thought I'd spend Sunday with you, George!'

"And George—he looked as if he'd been born again! I knew right away that everything was all right. Whatever trouble had been between 'em was all over the minute they had seen each other's faces.

"But, my land, they'd had a narrow escape! And I guess it kind of sobered George. For the next time he come through here he told me that he'd persuaded the firm to give him a position in the factory. And in a month he'd left the road. I hear now that he's doing fine; got an interest in the business, I was told. I had a postal from him a while ago—a picture of his house, with Mrs. George and the baby on the veranda, and George sprinkling the lawn. And they looked as happy as any one could wish for!"

A silence fell upon the room. Mrs. Chester pleated her apron and smiled her shrewdly tender smile; and Sam Hodder gazed out of the window.

"A thing like that," he murmured, "sort of does a fellow good to hear."

Mrs. Chester upheaved her comfortable bulk from the chair. "I hear that Leonard's going into business for himself, too. I'm glad of that. Tom Leonard's a fine fellow. I'd hate to see him stay on the road until he gets like old MacIntyre, cranky and sour and dyspeptic. Queer how some of the old ones get that way, ain't it, Mr. Hodder?"

He smiled grimly. "I don't know as it's very queer. I'm getting that way myself!"

She gave her rich and soothing little chuckle. "Oh, no, you'll never get that way. Because—" she turned and looked at him, her blue eyes strangely compelling—"because you're going to leave the road!"

Hodder looked up startled. "What makes you think so?"

She withdrew her gaze from his and looked out of the window. More than ever her old blue eyes resembled the eyes of a New England sea-captain, shrewd and prophetic and serene.

"Because the road's no place for a man over forty," she said. "All right for young ones; but when a man gets to be forty he needs his home and his wife and his own business. If he don't strike his roots down somewhere then, pretty soon he'll begin to dry up and drift. The sap goes out of him. I know; I've seen

"WANT SOME POPCORN, MR. HODDER?"

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it happen time and again. And then, there's another reason—your wife. I know her kind. She's fine, and she's no coward. I'll bet she'd be willing to risk something this very minute to have a real home and a husband to eat breakfast and dinner with her every day. But you want to remember that every day after forty makes it harder for a woman as well as for a man to take risks. If you're going to leave the road, you leave it now!"

She moved toward the door. "I'm an awful talker when I git started! Here I've took up all your Sunday afternoon."

For a long time after she had gone, Sam Hodder sat staring at the roses in the Brussels carpet. The room was neither empty nor dreary now. It was as if the stagnant air of it had been changed.

When the room began to darken he shuffled the red-bound books back into one of the grips and went down-stairs to the office. It was the quiet hour between dusk and Sunday night supper. There was no one in the room but the old clerk, Obadiah, dozing over a Sunday paper. The door of the telephone-booth stood open.

Hodder looked at it, put his hand on the knob, turned away, walked nervously to the window. Then suddenly he threw his head up, drew a long breath, and bolted into the telephone-booth.

Three minutes later he hung up the receiver with a hand that shook a little. His eyes were no longer tired. They snapped with excitement. He tore down the receiver again and called a second number.

"Yes, yes, all right," he said after a five-minute wait. "Hello! Hello, Mrs. Hodder . . . Yes, this is Sam! Why? Are you in the habit of receiving long-distance calls from gentlemen——"

A pause, while a smile of slow, ineffable satisfaction began to creep over his face. Then——

"Why of course I'm all right, old dear. I just got kind of homesick. Thought I'd call you up. What are you and Dick doing? Just going to have tea? Lord! I wish I was there! Do you—would you like to have me there, Meg?"

Another pause, while the smile deepened.

"Oh, come now, don't you kid your old husband! Lonesome? Well, so have I been, dear. Look here, mother, how would you like to have me home all the time, for good? Now, now, wait a minute! There's nothing settled. I'm just feeling around. I just had a talk over the 'phone with the boss. I heard a few days ago that there was an opening in Brookford for a hardware store, and so this afternoon I—I got to thinking it over, and I bucked up and telephoned Hayes.

"I asked him how he'd stand on a proposition to put a small line in there and let me run the thing. He said he'd send Bucks down there Tuesday to look the territory over. Said it sounded good to him. Said the firm hadn't a man on the road they'd sooner give the chance to than me. Oh, he handed it to me fine. Great old boss, Hayes is. I thought maybe you'd like to know. Of course nothing is settled yet, y'understand, Meggie. Brookford is an A-1 little town; but maybe you wouldn't like to move —What? Why, girl, what's the matter with your voice? Not crying, are you? Bless your old heart, I'm sorry, too, for last Sunday afternoon. I was a selfish, cranky old codger. But if we move to Brookford, if we *do*, I promise I'll take you out whenever you want to go. . . .

"Say, we'll have a house with a lawn for me to sprinkle, if we make that Brookford move, and—What? Yes, I know I'm talking over three minutes, but hang expense! What is Dick doing now? Me? Oh, I'm going to have supper now and then light into my letters, for I'm going to take the 9:10 to Erie to-night . . . What? You did! Well, I didn't get it, and I was as blue as blazes this afternoon. But I'm not now! Everything's all right now . . . Good night —old dear . . . and say good night to Dick for me."

He came out from the telephone-booth treading the air like a young man. The tired look was gone from his eyes, the grim line from his mouth. He cast a glance at the back of the dozing Obadiah, then he went around behind the counter to the letter-rack. There, in the wrong pigeonhole, was a familiar, fat gray envelope, postmarked the night before. With a smile of complete satisfaction he buttoned it in his left-hand breast pocket.

"Obadiah!" he shouted. "You chuckle-headed old fraud! Can you remember to get my grips down to the 9.10? Here, remember it with this! G'wan! You may not have me with you always! Supper ready? Lord, but I'm hungry! First time in a week!"

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UNDER THE SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE

EDITOR'S NOTE—Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. We shall gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree," enclosing stamped, addressed envelope.

Jack Dunn, manager of the Richmond team, was trying out a bunch of rookies in the ball park last spring, when a newcomer blew in who said he was an outfielder. He was a tall and robust youth, very green, but with plenty of confidence in himself, and he praised his own ability so highly that finally Dunn, who needed a good outfielder, said:

"All right, sonny. Trot out in left field and I'll bat you out some fungoes."

Instead of taking his position, the recruit stood still and gazed about him in a puzzled sort of way. Then, scratching his head, he asked confidentially:

"Say, Mr. Dunn, where is left field on these grounds?"

With the coming of the twins the entire household arrangements were sadly disorganized. Master Bobby and Miss Dorothy were relegated to the background, where they moped and sulked.

Bobby, more militant than his sister, was scouting through the upper halls one morning when he discovered the twins being prepared for their bath. Having in mind the fate of several litters of kittens within his knowledge, he rushed to the head of the stairs, and, beckoning to his sister, cried in a hoarse whisper:

"Dottie, come on up, quick! They're goin' to drown one of 'em!"

LEW FIELDS. *Photo by White*

A twelve-cylinder touring-car came dashing down Fifth Avenue, violating all rules of the road. At the wheel was a man who looked like autocracy. It was very obviously his new car, and he was enjoying it alone. The pavement was wet, and the car skidded at Forty-second Street, knocking a Ford runabout into the curb.

Policeman O'Flanagan saw the outrage and rushed over to the offending driver with blood in his eye. "What's your name?" said he, angrily.

The man in the big car stood up, smoothed down his well-cut coat, and said calmly "Casey."

O'Flanagan gulped hard, looked at the man suspiciously, and asked: "How do you spell it?"

"C-A-S-E-Y."

"What's your first name?"

"Dennis."

O'Flanagan's face did a transformation act, and, leaning over, he said confidentially: "Now, what the hell are we going to do to that damned little Ford for backing into you that way? 'Twas an outrage!"

Farmer Brown, while his crew of threshers were "washing up" one morning, noticed among them a Swede who was not engaged in the use of water, soap, and towel.

"Well, Harris," said the farmer, "aren't you going to wash this morning?"

"Naw," returned the Swede; "it don't make me dirty to sleep."

A man was brought before a police court charged with abusing his team and using loud and profane language on the street. One of the witnesses was a pious old darky, who was submitted to a short cross-examination.

"Did the defendant use improper language while he was beating his horses?" asked the lawyer.

"Well, he talk mighty loud suh."

"Did he indulge in profanity?"

The witness seemed puzzled. The lawyer put the question in another form:

"What I mean, Uncle Aus, is—did he use words that would be

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proper for your minister to use in a sermon?"

"Oh, yes suh, yes suh," the old man replied with a grin that revealed the full width of his immense mouth; "but dey'd have to be 'ranged diff'runt."

Mrs. T. P. O'Connor tells about a sight-seeing tour which she made in a New Orleans auto-bus:

"The car was full of tourists, and the guard shouted with a strong voice through a megaphone. Nothing of his intonings remains in my memory except his reply to a tourist who asked, as we entered one of the beautiful cemeteries, what the four figures kneeling at the corners at the base of a tall marble shaft represented. He answered: 'That monument was erected by Mr. Moriarty, and the four figures represent Faith, Hope, and Charity, and Mrs. Moriarty.' "

A young lady who lisped very badly was treated by a specialist, and learned to say the sentence: "Sister Susie's Sewing Shirts for Soldiers."

She repeated it to her friends, and was congratulated upon her masterly performance. "Yeth, but ith thuth an ectheedingly difficult remark to work into a converthathion—ethpethially when you conthider that I have no thither Thuthie."

A number of local Grand Army veterans were having a reunion, and were entertaining brother members from a neighboring state. Some of the visiting veterans protested against certain proposed legislation by the State Assembly.

One of the speakers became so vehement in his remarks and painted the situation so despairingly that an earnest auditor, overwhelmed by the oratory, jumped to his feet and cried excitedly:

"Comrades, is it possible that we died in vain?"

One summer day a farmer lad noted for bashfulness and slowness of speech appeared at the door of a neighbor named Smiley, and explained that a load of hay which he had been driving had upset. He asked Smiley to help him reload it.

"Willie," said the jovial farmer. "mother will soon have dinner ready. Come in and eat with us, and then we will attend to the hay."

"I'd like to," said Willie, "but I don't know what father would say."

"Oh, he wouldn't care," said Smiley; "I'll tell him how it was—" and thereupon he ushered the young man into the house.

After dinner he left his wife and daughter to entertain Willie while he read the paper, over which he fell asleep. Some time afterward he awoke and suggested to Willie that they walk down to the back pasture and look at some calves before reloading the hay.

"I'd like to go," said Willie, "but I don't know what father would say."

"Oh, he wouldn't care," said Smiley. "By the way, where is your father to-day?"

"Why, he's under that load of hay," said Willie.

Mrs. Morgan had a colored maid named Sarah. One Sunday afternoon the mistress saw Sarah's lover leaving the house clad in a suit of white flannel. A little later, when the maid appeared, Mrs. Morgan said:

"Sarah, that beau of yours should never wear white. He is so very black that white clothes make him appear all the blacker. Why don't you give him a hint?"

"Why, Mis' Morgan," said Sarah, with animation, "I done give him er lot ob hints, but he jes' natterly ain't got no sense an' he didn't take 'em."

"Probably you didn't make the hints strong enough," said the mistress.

"Well, no'm, dat's jes' what I think myself," agreed Sarah, reflectively; "I don't believe I did. I jest looks at him right hard, an' I says 'Niggah, yo' sho' do look like a black snake crawlin' out ob cream, you do!' Thet's jes' all I says to him, Mis' Morgan."

"Well, if that Watson isn't the most conceited, self-satisfied, self——"

"Yes, I've heard you say something of that kind before. What's started you off this time?"

"He just sent a telegram of congratulations to his mother."

"Well——?"

"To-day's his birthday."

Mayor Riddle of Atlantic City responded at a recent dinner to a toast to the summer girl.

Said he: "She is made out to be very worldly and sophisticated, but, as a matter of fact, the average summer girl is as innocent as a little child. I don't believe that was a typical summer girl to whom a young man said on the beach in the moonlight:

" 'You're not the first girl I've kissed by any manner of means, you know.'

" 'And at that,' she answered, 'you've still got a lot to learn.' "

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Everybody's MAGAZINE

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Keep Posted

A Brisk Summary of Big Events and Issues

HAITI WOULD LIKE TO KNOW UNCLE SAM'S INTENTIONS. SO WOULD OTHER CARIBBEAN REPUBLICS

WHERE do we stand in the Caribbean? Haiti has asked us the question, and Europe is waiting for the answer—as well as not a few Americans. How far do we intend to go toward rehabilitating Haiti?

Broadly, the question raises again the positive side of that well-known Monroe Doctrine. We have prohibitions for Europeans in Caribbean America; have we any planful initiative for Americans there?

Conditions in Haiti are certainly hectic for the Haitians. That negro republic, occupying with its slightly larger sister-republic, Santo Domingo, a luxuriant sub-tropical island just off the southeastern tip of Cuba, has not had a substantial period of peace since 1805,

Drawn by Vincent Lynch

when a fierce negro rebellion practically effaced the white race from the island. Its history is illumined by one superb career, that of its liberator, Toussaint L'Ouverture, whose fame has been made imperishable by Wendell Phillips. But, in spite of the heritage of his inspiration, the government of Haiti has been a century of unprogressive unstability, broken by periods of infamous anarchy such as that which has just passed.

It looks as if our initiative in Haiti this time would keep that little republic on good behavior for some time to come. We have given notice that the anarchy which has produced twelve "presidents" in the past few years must come to a stop—and, as a peremptory guarantee to that end, we have demanded that the municipal and the rural police shall be under the orders of American officers.

Furthermore, Haiti must arrange her debts to foreigners and put her financial house in order. To see to it that this is done, we demand an effective control over Haitian customs as well as the administration of the national finances, which shall be controlled by an American Receiver-General and an American staff of employees. The form of this agreement is to be a Convention which is to last ten years.

Haitians do not fear that we will hold their country in pawn for the $3,000,000 interest

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charges on her foreign debts so much as that we may ask a reward for our stewardship. They fear our designs on the Mole St. Nicholas.

The Mole St. Nicholas is a fine harbor on the west coast of Haiti which dominates the Windward Passage in much the same way that Guantanamo dominates it on the Cuban side. The Windward Passage is the principal channel through the West Indies to the Panama Canal. For a possible European aggressor to the United States to control that harbor is a contingency to which we are enthusiastically averse. And there you have it.

The case of Haiti is typical of the issue that is being forced upon us at a dozen points to-day in Caribbean America. Our diplomatic control in these seas has increased during the past fifteen years in many ways of which the American public know not at all. We collect the customs in Santo Domingo to-day, the better-behaved half of this turbulent island, and its comparative stability of government is largely due to the fact that American officers watched the last Dominican election. And the State Department didn't recognize the successful government until these officers vouched for the election,

We collect Nicaragua's customs, and over Nicaragua, as over Cuba, we exercise our paternal ban that forbids any foreign loans or any foreign treaties without our consent. With Nicaragua, too, we have the unlimited right to construct, and to prevent any one else from constructing, the ship-canal which was long the rival idea to Panama.

Salvador, Honduras, and Nicaragua have granted us the sole right of making a naval base in the Gulf of Fonseca in the Pacific, a precaution that caused considerable interest in Japan.

Our interest in the Republic of Panama—Colonel Roosevelt has given it the name of manipulation, and he ought to know all about it—is profound and notorious.

Honduras is deeply in debt to us, and when in 1911 she borrowed $7,500,000 more we stopped just short of a financial protectorate.

Since the Spanish War, by incidents such as these, we have been drifting steadily toward regarding the little free states around the Caribbean Sea as what diplomats in the Far East label "spheres of influence."

Still, we must face the fact, however, that Central American governments do not remain long in office. The business of revolution-brokerage still flourishes, and Americans are the principal clients. Unfortunately, it is from these Americans that you hear the ever-increasing demand for a United States clear down to the Panama Canal.

In the West Indies, Cuba is a visible sign that annexation need not be a part of the American program. Porto Rico we took over under stress of war sentiment, but the chief agitation in Porto Rico is not for independence but for statehood. The choice is eloquent. Cabot Ward, ex-President of the Porto Rican Senate, claims that the island's administration, largely in the hands of Porto Ricans, is more honestly carried out than that of most of the states of the Union.

The Porto Ricans now have a majority of the Supreme Court. Their trade has increased since 1901 from 17½ to 93 million dollars. Their sugar business has multiplied four times and their tobacco business fourteen times. Major Ashford's sanitary revolution has driven out the terrible hookworm, and increased labor efficiency and health over sixty per cent.

Getting prosperous so fast, thank you, that they would like statehood.

The great plantation strikes of last year show that the ancient feudalism which delayed the suppression of slavery till 1873 still persists. But the contrast with any one of the free republics of Caribbean America is still overwhelming.

By such a witness, American expansion in the Caribbean, if it brings with it an initiative really representative of the American people, is justified by success. But in Haiti, as in Central America, the trend of our interference is still purely political and precautionary, and has no reference as yet to the Greater America hinted at in business circles.

The mass of the American people wish to go no farther than compelled to go by the need of protecting the Caribbean and Central American states against the just resentment of the world.

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SHRINK, COLISEUM! FADE, CIRCUS MAXIMUS! WE HAVE A BIGGER THEATRE

THE biggest theatre for outdoor sports in the history of the world will be opened this month of October on Long Island.

Of course Pliny did say, some two thousand years ago, that the Circus Maximus could accommodate 250,000 people, taking them as they came, thin and wide, on race days. We don't believe it!

Other imaginative estimators of his time said that the little old Coliseum would seat 87,000 spectators. Probably the box-office man added "comfortably." That sounded plausible to us, but it really wasn't so. Not long ago, but many years too late to call any of the original authorities liars, a busy man measured what is left of the Coliseum, calculated, and proved conclusively that it would have been a tight squeeze to seat 45-000 old Romans in this theatre, and that only 5,000 hoi-polloi could have found standing-room.

Tush! We already have the Harvard Stadium that seats 50,000 and the Yale Bowl with a capacity for 70,000. And along comes this biggest thing ever, which will provide seats, including grandstand and bleachers, for 130,000 sport lovers. It is the Sheepshead Bay Speedway, located on the old race-track, along the road to Coney Island.

The first event on the two-mile track, which is the last word in engineering design, will be the Astor Cup Race of 350 miles, for $50,000 in cash prizes. Within the enclosure are 450 acres to be divided into various-sized grounds for all sorts of sports. Here is a list of a few that have been provided for: football, baseball, aviation events, tennis, on half a hundred courts, military tournaments, polo, horse-shows, skating and hockey in winter, and, perhaps, outdoor grand opera on a magnificent scale.

Included in the board of directors and the list of stockholders are enough bank presidents and big business men to supply all the millions this venture may demand.

We believe that it is bigger than the Circus Maximus.

WHEN YOU ARE REAL MAD YOUR BLOOD CLOTS AND YOU GET STRONGER

TO THE aphorism "Smile and the World Smiles With You," scientific research has recently added—"and so does your liver." Smiling is not a mere exercise of the lips—it is a state of the body. So are hate and anger and fear and remorse and pain and the fighting spirit.

Physiology is investigating these emotions, and odd and fantastic are its conclusions. Appleton's has just published a book written by George B. Cannon, Professor of Physiology at Harvard, called "Bodily Changes in Pain, Hunger, Fear, and Rage," which gives the results of a series of interesting experiments in the reactions of emotional excitement on the body.

Among other things one gets from this book is a higher appreciation of the wonderful coordination of all our bodily functions. Under the stress of strong emotion, the body answers quickly with a chorus of physical changes which include the stoppage of the process of digestion, the setting free of sugar in the body, the abolition of normal fatigue, the faster clotting of blood, and the concentration of what might almost be called a fluid second-wind against the threatened stress.

In other words, nature musters all of her reserves on the fighting-line ready for action. And the wonder of them all is that while they interrupt the normal processes of peaceful living, especially, for instance, in the stoppage of digestion, they are agents of some greater good which quickly cleanses

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and invigorates the human organism. The thickening and clotting of the blood, which is a direct result from countless instances of emotional stress, is a tremendous invigorator. It drives the heart, closes wounds, maintains the physical tone under which alone feats of strength and endurance are possible, and aids generally the chances of self-preservation in fierce struggle.

Professor Cannon has tracked these emotional storms with the social analogy in view, so when you say to him, "Do you mean that it is by fighting and war that the race as well as the body is to be preserved?"—he retorts with a chapter on "Fighting Emotions," which takes up vigorously this challenge.

"We are concerned with the question of exercising the fighting instinct," he says, "thus assuring the physical welfare of the race. But a modern war of savagery and machines is neither exercise to the body nor initiative to the mind. Pressing an electrical current and pulling the trigger finger have weakened even the low emotions of war. It is in the great games of old, in the clean, honorable fighting contention of sport, that the young men of a nation grow truly strong in emotional stress."

An honorable conclusion to a brilliant theory.

**RAH! RAH!
ELEVATOR
AND
OFFICE
AND
'BUS BOYS'
SCHOOLS!
RAH!**

IF ONE of New York's big modern apartment-houses could be picked up and spread out, villagewise, in the country, each apartment on a fifty-foot lot, the result would be a very complete town of a thousand people or more.

It would have its own heating and electric plants, a telephone central, a community dining-room, and an orchestra, a detective, and carpenters, electricians, firemen, and plumbers. And an official Mrs. Grundy. The janitor would very naturally become the chief magistrate and court of last resort. Very likely this town would contain a dentist and a doctor and a minister, and probably more lawyers and brokers than any town of this size could support.

Very complete little communities, these modern apartment-houses. No wonder that some wise men have just started a school in New York to train elevator-boys and apartment-house employees. The elevator route is the quickest way to New York's domestic hearth. An ambitious man who wanted to deal out a little happiness or pain daily to flat-dwellers would, if he could not be janitor, probably select the job of elevator-boy. We venture to claim that, if the valedictorian of the first graduating class of elevator-boys should happen also to have a sweet disposition, he ought to add ten dollars a month rental value to every apartment in the building where he may be employed.

Another school, also in New York, has been opened to train omnibuses. No, not the kind you ride in, but the men who carry dishes in the dining-rooms of hotels and restaurants, and who understudy the waiters. Some of the most successful hotel and restaurant men in this country began as omnibuses. George C. Boldt, proprietor of the Waldorf-Astoria, is Prexy of this school. The old-fashioned, red-nosed omnibus, who occasionally punctuated your best story by sliding to the floor a pile of dishes of assorted sizes and assorted clatters, is being replaced by graduates of the omnibus school.

Two requisites to matriculation in the school are neatness and cleanliness. Scholars are taught how to carry dishes and how to set tables. The equipment consists of a service-table, a small guest-table with covers for two, and a large guest-table with covers for four, and of course a complete table service that goes with them. The only thing that the school lacks now is a college yell—and, yes—we also thought of that same yell.

But that isn't all the new school-news in New York this year. No siree! Down in a basement on Tompkins Square is the only Office-Boys' Training School in the world. The head of this school is a Columbia College man, and he tries to teach a boy simple office duties and to stimulate him with an ambition to be a success. Boys are taught how to take telephone calls, wrap

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parcels, fold and seal letters, receive callers, run errands by the quickest route, and how to become competent in all the things that an employer wants in an office-boy and seldom finds. It would seem as if these three schools made education unanimous.

IS THE LITTLE STORE AROUND THE CORNER OF VALUE TO YOU?

THE Dodo is extinct. Probably through no fault of his own. Possibly, just possibly, he may have paid the penalty for a lack of foresight, if the Dodos could be expected to have foresight. Had he begun some generations before he ceased to exist, developing his wings for long flights, perhaps he could have evoluted into a rival of the carrier-pigeon. Perhaps! But he was just a Dodo, and now there are no more of him, though his name still lingers in the dictionary.

Is the independent retailer of this country threatened with the fate of the Dodo? Yes or no?

Sounds like a foolish question, doesn't it? Here are some facts for you to mull over before you answer.

The two hundred and fifty thousand country stores in the United States do an annual business of two billion five hundred millions of dollars. Twelve hundred mail-order concerns last year did a business of five hundred millions of dollars. They expect to do much more next year. Ninety per cent. of this business is in merchandise on which the small retailer, if he is a good retailer, can successfully compete in quality and price. That is, he could compete if his old customers had not been misled by cut prices on a few standard articles into the belief that the mail-order houses and the price-cutting chain-store and price-cutting department-store undersold him right down the list.

Honest competition is not a menace to the independent retailer. His store, if properly conducted, is the most efficient medium for the distribution of goods to the ultimate consumer. His overhead cost is less by from ten to twenty per cent. than that of the big store. Moreover, he is a neighborhood necessity. Economically, he is justified. We need him, but we are likely to lose him if he can't make a living.

For years now, the country storekeeper has been up against it hard, and only recently has he been able to identify the It. Unfair Competition is Its legal name, and the legal naming of it is so recent that the novelty has not worn off.

The Big Club of the unfair competition of the mail-order concern, the chain-stores, and some big department-stores has been price-cutting of well-known trade-marked articles to attract business.

The esteemed and much adjudicated Sherman Act seemed to protect the price-cutter and punish the price-maintainer. Then along comes the Clayton Act of last year. And in a case brought under it, Judge Hough of the United States District Court of New York has just rendered a decision that ought to be full of encouragement for the independent retailer as well as for the much-abused manufacturer.

It assures a manufacturer of a trade-marked article the right to refuse to sell to a customer who cuts the price, and the right to request others not to supply him with his goods. That has, conservatively speaking, been at least a doubtful right in the past. This much of the decision is positive. And by implication the decision goes far toward recognizing certain principles which the advocates of price maintenance have been striving to have the courts recognize.

Here are the facts:

The Great Atlantic and Pacific Tea Company operates a chain of "Economy" grocery stores. These stores make no deliveries. They have no telephones. They give no credit and employ only one attendant, who closes the shop when he goes to meals. In buying, they are wholesalers, and in selling they are retailers.

Last January these stores began selling Cream of Wheat at twelve cents a package —a cut-rate attraction. The independent retailer had to sell this article at not less than fourteen cents a package to make a fair profit. The Cream of Wheat Company

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had been trying to have its retailers maintain the standard retail price. It declined to sell any more of its Cream of Wheat to the Great Atlantic and Pacific Tea Company because their price-cutting was a menace to legitimate trade in this article, and it sent circulars to the jobbing trade, asking them to keep its product out of the hands of the price-cutting company.

Thereupon the Tea Company sought to enjoin the Cream of Wheat Company, alleging a violation of the Sherman Act and of the Clayton Act. This company set up the defense that Cream of Wheat was a trade-name for "purified middlings," and that no monopoly of "purified middlings" was possible. Anybody with an expert eye for color, size, and quality of middlings could sort out a product as good as Cream of Wheat.

For eighteen years, by care in the preparation of the product, uniformity of goods, and advertising, the public has been educated to ask for, and get, something good to eat under the name of Cream of Wheat. Cream of Wheat is not patented. Nor does it control the "middlings market." But to create a market for any just-as-good substance under another name would necessitate traveling the same long and hazardous path by which Cream of Wheat reached success. Its only monopoly is in its trade mark which stands for the guaranteed quality of its product.

In his decision denying the injunction, Judge Hough says very clearly:

"The only competition prevented or sought to be prevented by defendant's acts, is that of Cream of Wheat against itself; the only trade restrained is the commercial warfare of a large buyer against small ones, or that of a merchant who for advertising purposes may sell an article at a loss, in order to get customers at his shop, and then persuade them to buy other things at a compensating profit."

And again:

"If injunction were granted, defendant and many retailers would be injured, and the microscopic benefit to a small portion of the public would last only until plaintiff was relieved from the competition of the fourteen-cent grocers—when it too would charge what the business would normally and naturally bear."

There is hope for the independent retailer in this decision.

AMERICA MAKES A MEDICAL INVASION OF CHINA, BY REQUEST

AN AMERICAN campaign unique in the world's history has just been begun in China. Under the direction of Dr. Wallace Buttrick of the Rockefeller Foundation, a commission backed by practically unlimited funds landed in that country last month to establish a health system as efficient as that of Japan, and to create a series of medical colleges where leaders of a much-needed sanitary reform movement may be trained.

During the past year a commission, including President Judson of Chicago University, Dr. Peabody of the Harvard Medical School, and United States Consul Greene of Hankow, has made a thorough study of the public health and medical practise of China. It reported to the Foundation that the four hundred and fifty medical missionaries scattered over China to-day are doing a great work, but that they and China need additional help.

Of the seven special medical colleges run by our missionaries, only one, the Union Medical College of Peking, has even an approximately satisfactory plant. Here the China Medical Board will establish headquarters.

Among other innovations already outlined are six fellowships, of a thousand dollars apiece, to be established for Chinese graduates to study abroad, money to the mission societies to send out more trained nurses, the improvement and better equipping of medical college buildings, and the establishing of two fine modern hospitals solely for the treatment of tuberculosis.

A scheme of this nature emphasizes to China, more than all our diplomatic sympathy, the genuine desire Americans feel to help her where she is weakest.

It is significant that to America was

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awarded the Hwai River reclamation contract, which is now being financed through our Red Cross to the extent of twenty millions of dollars. This plans to reclaim and fundamentally reconstruct the center of China's flood district. American enterprise could have found no more vital engineering work in China.

It is an articulate China which our new Medical Board has gone to serve. Whether she retains the Cromwellian Republic of Yuan Shi-k'ai or again courts a monarchy, she has accomplished within the last few years the consolidation of her people, a solvent cash account which asks no favor of foreign creditors, and, above all, she is learning the meaning of patriotism. The future of China stirs the imagination.

DON'T LET YOUR DOUGHNUT BLUFF YOU! SCIENCE IS AT YOUR QUICK-LUNCH ELBOW

IF YOU had read somewhere that a pound of rye bread contains 9% protein, 1% fat, 53% carbohydrates, 1.5% mineral matter, and 1170 calories — count 'em—would that hasten your decision in a quick-lunch room? It would not. Some of us don't even know what proteins and carbohydrates and calories mean in foods.

"The Analysis and Cost of Ready-to-Serve Foods," just published by the American Medical Association, has come to the rescue and tells you the right thing to do about them in terms of pie, doughnuts, hash, and other familiar things of the hasty-lunch counter. It is the philanthropic work of F. C. Gephart, a chemist of the Russell Sage Institute of Pathology, and of the Medical Division of Bellevue Hospital. This book tells you how to measure your food-values as an engineer measures coal to get up steam.

Are you a bookkeeper? Then take 2,500 calories a day. That is enough food for you to burn by the processes of digestion and assimilation. It will produce an amount of heat that applied otherwise would turn nine gallons of water into steam. If you are a locksmith, you will need from 3,000 to 3,500, and if a street-paver from 3,500 to 4,000 calories. Besides these you will need a quarter of a pound of protein each day to repair the wear and tear on the machine. Divide these figures by three for a lunch allowance.

You can even estimate from this book that it would cost you $14.53 a day to balance your food properly if you were a bookkeeper and fed yourself only champagne; but in this case you will be wiser to do your balancing before taking. For the man who wouldn't know a calory if he met it on the street, this book gives familiar diet-tables in calory terms. It also tells you the use or uselessness of eating any one of three hundred and fifty different foods, ranging from pickles to banana layer-cake.

As a result of this research, a model lunch-room has been established to feed scientifically four hundred employees of New York's Board of Health. They can tell by a glance at the bill of fare just what food-values they are getting from each dish. No matter how shyly a ham sandwich may seek to disguise itself, it can't escape the chemist's brutal analysis on this bill of fare. To make easy the task of getting one thousand calories, two balanced luncheons are provided each day. One costs fifteen cents, and the other thirty-eight cents.

The first, for example, consists of half a pint of tomato soup, three heaping tablespoonfuls of macaroni and cheese, two slices of bread and butter, and two heaping tablespoonfuls of ice-cream. Or, if the eater chooses to select for himself, having obtained a calory "bogy" score fitted to his physical needs, he may lunch on other dishes in this restaurant most scientifically and cheaply, and—yes, we must add that much-abused adverb—efficiently.

Perhaps some day other quick-lunch rooms may tabulate food values over their supplies, so that all of us who are forced occasionally to eat hastily may do it as scientifically as New York's Board of Health employees, and as healthfully.

Or at the Plaza or the Ritz or the Waldorf. And in the suburban home.

"Mary," says John at breakfast, "more pancakes." And scientific Mary says: "No more.—You've had 1023 calories now. Run for your train."

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IS OUR "FREE PRESS" FREE? RECENT TESTS BY FOREIGN AGENTS

IT IS probable that "Tody" Hamilton never heard of the psychology of the crowd when he began stimulating public interest in the late P. T. Barnum's great moral aggregation of bareback riders and jungle beasts. That was before psychology became so common that it got into politics. "Tody" just stimulated.

And so successfully that he created a new "profession," by which many able men to-day can earn a good deal more than a bare living — the "profession" of press-agenting. Several of these men in New York are credited with salaries of twenty-five thousand dollars a year. The press-agent tries to get before the newspaper-reading public the things about his employers that his employers want the public to read. Sometimes he succeeds.

This doesn't necessarily mean tainting the news, though in spite of the most conscientious efforts of the best newspapers that is what it amounts to—sometimes.

For instance: What purported to be an authentic statement of the employers' side of the Colorado labor disputes was published generously by the newspapers last winter. Fine! We not only had the employers' side of this controversy, but we had with it assurances from college presidents, ministers, and "prominent citizens" that at last we had the real thing. This proved later to be a job by one of the highest-paid press-agents in the country. Tainted news? Well, he had done his best for his employers, and it wasn't labeled "press-agent" when published.

There are press-agents now for every conceivable undertaking from social climbing to big business, even as big as the business of the nation.

One of the most active agents in New York this past six months has been Mr. M. B. Claussen, with his German Information Service. Because she has controlled no cable since the war began, Germany has been compelled to send her news to this country by wireless, supplemented by the efforts of Mr. Claussen. He has issued a daily bulletin of five newspaper columns, which has been sent to managing editors all over the country. Perfectly legitimate work even if one gathers from it the suspicion that Russian, French, and English news is coined to suit the demand in Berlin.

In addition to this bulletin the Service provides special articles and wireless news, and for the latter more than five hundred American newspapers pay from two to twenty-five dollars a month.

Though the press-agent may skilfully accelerate or even taint public opinion by "subtlety of representation," he is not a menace to a free press. Nor did the German agents refer to this sort of work in their recent lively denunciation of the big American newspapers as a "subsidized press." They meant venal newspapers—papers that had been bribed secretly to advance the interest of the briber.

The recent dramatic exposures by the New York *World* of the activities of these German agents permit the innocent bystander to draw his own conclusions about this serious charge. The correspondence published by the *World* shows that among other things which German agents sought to buy up for their country, besides strike-leaders and ammunition plants, were newspapers, magazines, and news associations.

There is no indication in this correspondence that Germany was not ready to pay the price. She already securely controlled the big Wolffe News Agency at home, and if the American press was in the market, there seemed to be no reason why she could not buy public opinion in this country.

What has been the net result of this purchasing campaign in the United States?

According to the *World's* disclosures, German agents succeeded in putting on their pay-roll only two newspapers—weeklies—so obscure that the naming of them here would convey no identity to EVERYBODY'S readers.

That doesn't look as if shopping for papers that could be subsidized was particularly good in this country.

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